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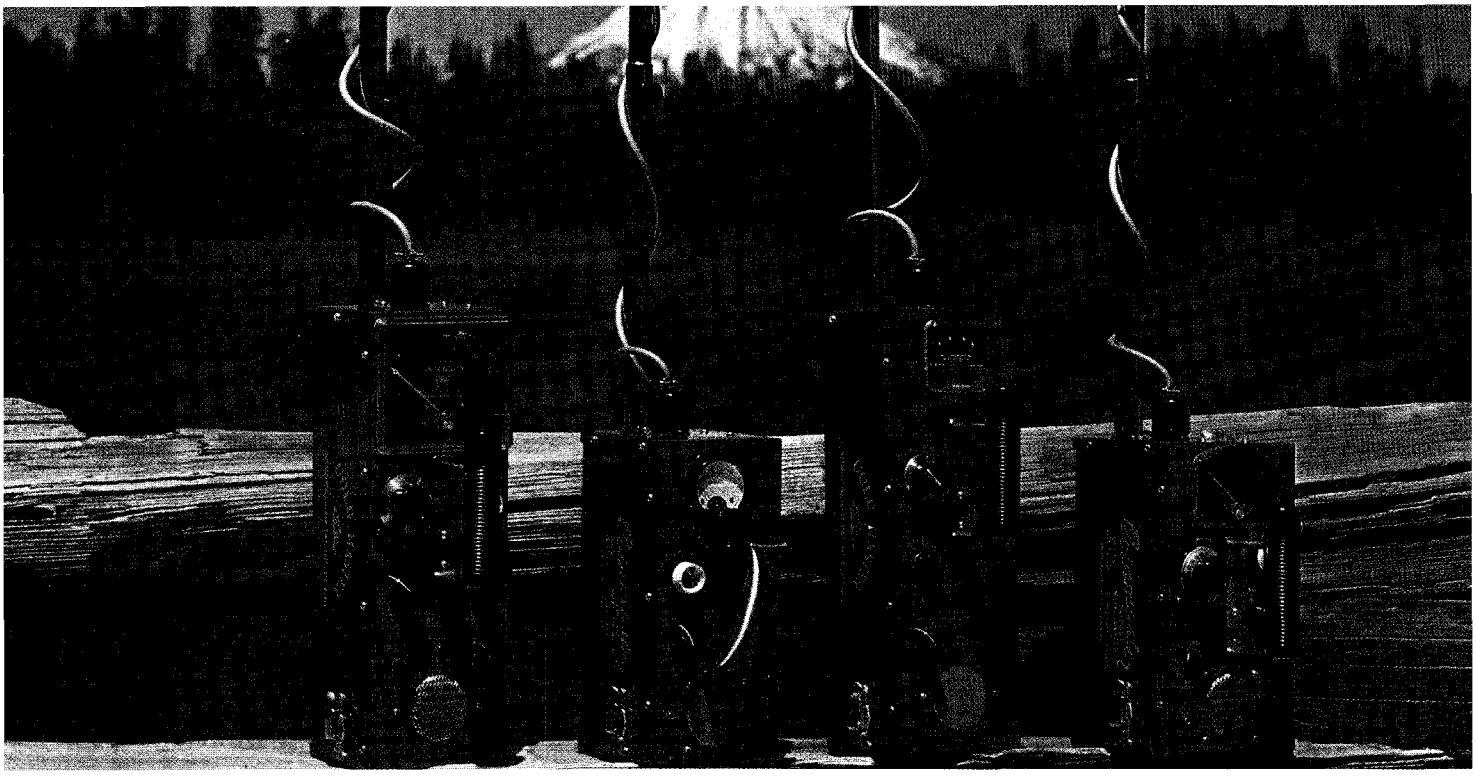

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

May-June, 1971
Volume 18, No. 5
Whole No. 105

True West

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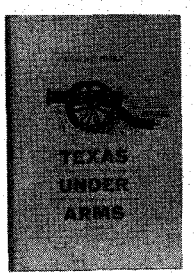

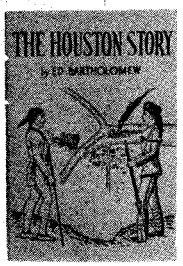

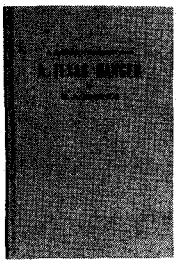

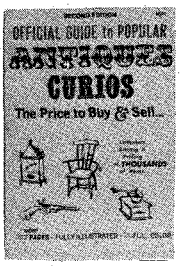

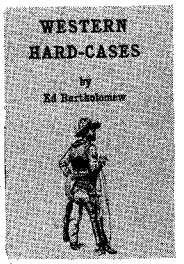

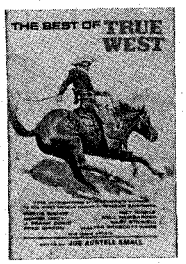

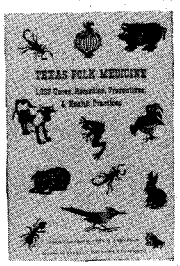

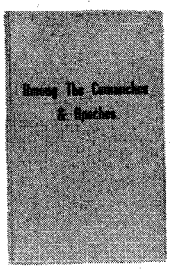

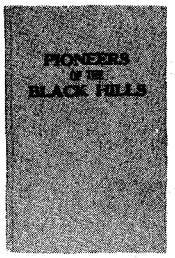

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Truly Western

Pvt. Louis Charlo

In the February 1971 issue of TRUE WEST there was an article on Ira Hayes. I found while reading the article that the magazine mentioned a relative of mine. The fellow's name is Charlo (deceased). It stated that he was a Crow Indian, which isn't true. He is enrolled as a Flathead (Salish) from the Salish and Kootenai tribes of the Flathead Reservation in western Montana. He happens to be my great-grandmother's nephew. Incidentally, she is still alive, five generations of us. Anyway, is there any way that this error can be corrected? We, the relatives, would greatly appreciate it.—Dan Neuman, Box 1358, Agana, Guam 96910

Hashknife Men Identified

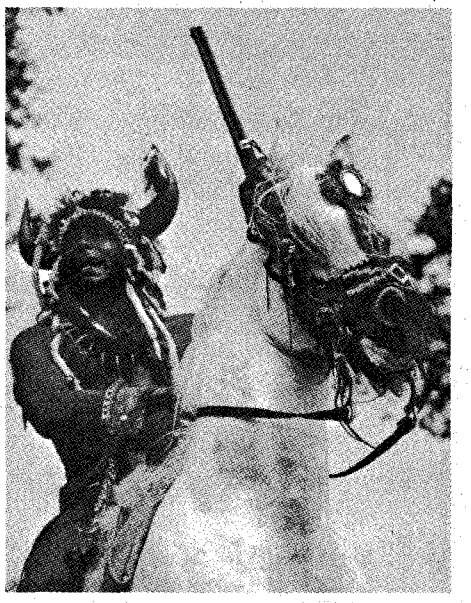
In the December 1970 TRUE WEST, you ran a picture of the original Hash Knife outfit. From left to right, they are: Henry Kinsley, a young man from the East who in 1936 was cashier of a Los Angeles bank and secretary of the Aztec Land and Cattle Company, better known as the Hash Knife outfit because of the shape of its brand; Roxy, first name unknown even to his comrades, a gunfighter; George Smith, gunfighter; Peck, first name unknown even to his comrades, a gunfighter; Tom Pickett, gunfighter and at one time a cohort of Henry W. McCarty, alias "Billy the Kid" (for more on Tom Pickett I refer you to *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground* by Earle R. Forrest, fifth edition, pages 290-292); Buck Lancaster, gunfighter; McDonald, first name unknown; Higgins, first name unknown; Billy Wilson (not the Billy Wilson who was hanged along with Scott and Statt); Simpson, first name unknown; Ames, first name unknown; and Warren, first name unknown.

The five following Kinsley were wild and lawless men. Except for Tom Pickett, after the Pleasant Valley War they vanished into the "land of forgotten men," like many others of their caliber.

My authority for the above information regarding the men pictured is a personal letter from Mr. Earle R. Forrest dated August 30, 1967, and his authority was Mr. Will C. Barnes, who took the picture. Mr. Forrest gave me permission to quote him.—Taylor E. Newman, 701 Washington, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87110

Karl May, Western Writer

I am sending you a photo of a man who may be the only real red Indian living in Europe. An ex-U.S. serviceman, his name is Silkirtis Nichols, a Cherokee born forty-odd years ago in Colorado, his tribal name being Buffalo Child Long Lance. He is the custodian and also probably the main attraction of a North American Indian Museum in Bamberg, German Federal Republic. The Bamberg Museum is one of the two most unique North American Indian museums in the whole world—apart from the United States of America. The second



Silkirtis Nichols (Buffalo Child Long Lance)

and much bigger Indian museum is in Radebeul near Dresden, German Democratic Republic, founded in the early twenties as the part of the Karl May Foundation. Most unique, rare and interesting Indian relics are shown in the museum placed in the house of the great German writer Karl May (1842-1912). The Bamberg Museum was founded after the Second World War when the whole Karl May Publishing House in Radebeul was transferred to Western Germany, also to Bamberg.

Undoubtedly no other non-American had ever written so many and so popular books on the Old West devoted mainly to his red friends as Karl May had. He wrote seventy-four thick volumes and half of them are on the United States and northern Mexican states. His books are in fact vivid pictures of the Old West, full of action and fire. All places, towns, accidents, and raids are described in a most realistic and precise way. Hundreds of characters—gunmen, bandits and desperadoes—march in front of our

(Continued on page 69)

The Hashknife boys identified. Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

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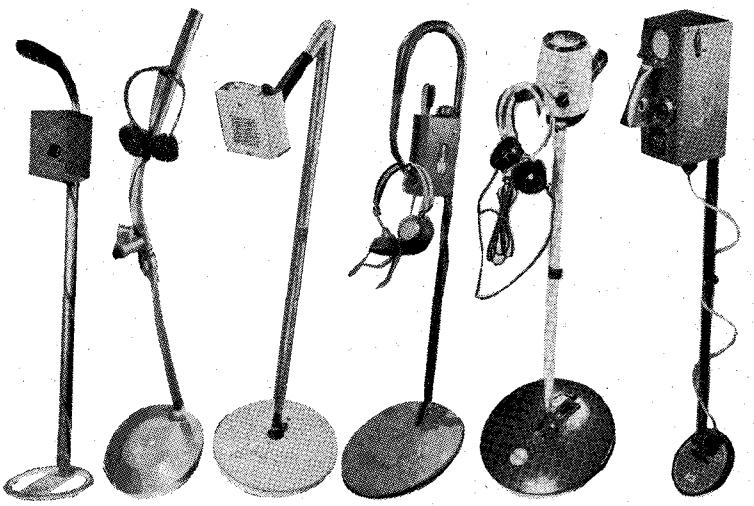

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THE KILLING OF

By WALT COBURN
Illustrated by Cyrille R. Miller

The smoke of many a peace pipe ha

AS Gregory Doney often remarked, "Hall she tak' to mak' de breed dance ees de jug of whiskey han de fiddle." The fun-loving Metis, with a sprinkling of gray in his thick, coarse black hair, knew whereof he spoke for he had no equal when it came to dancing intricate steps of the Red River jig to a lively tune.

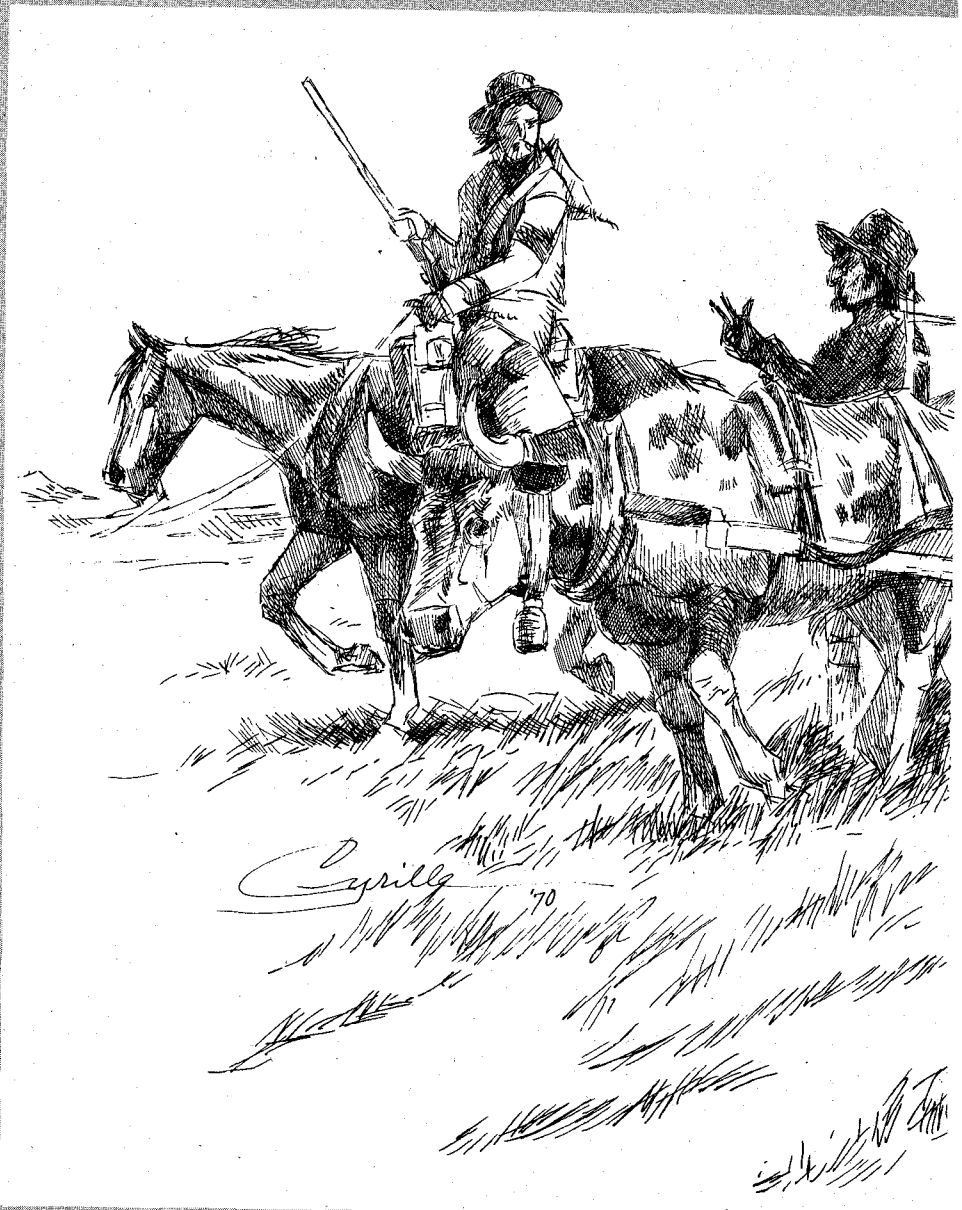
The Metis (meaning cross-bred) were a mixture of French-Canadian and Indian (Cree or Chippewa) who, after the abortive Riel Rebellion when Louis Riel banded together a large number of Metis to resist British rule in Canada in 1885, were forced to flee Canada for safety in the United States. Many of Riel's followers went with their leader into Montana. Some settled in the badlands country of the Larb Hills south of Milk River, and the Milk River Valley. Exiled from their homeland where for generations their ancestors had worked as hunters and trappers for the Hudson's Bay Company, this stalwart tribe of mankind, born and bred to survive the rigorous life of the hunter and trapper, plied their trade as free trappers. Their beaver and other furbearing animal pelts were sold to the American Fur Company with headquarters at Fort Benton and to scattered trading posts in the old Whoop Up country and along the Missouri River until fur trapping finally petered out and the trading posts were abandoned.

Thus the exiled Metis became a widely scattered tribe of nomads, for the most part unsettled, and were forced to seek other means of employment. For many years Gregory Doney and his kin put up the hay crops for the Coburn Circle C ranch, both at the home ranch and the numerous, widely scattered winter line camps along the Missouri in the Little Rockies country. Winters they cut cordwood for the Circle C and other large cow outfits and sheepmen.

Besides the large tribe of Doney's there were the Azures, Fiants, Gladeaus, La Frambois, La Trays, and several other large families too numerous to mention. In addition to the Metis halfbreeds there were the Assiniboine and Gros Ventres halfbreeds who dwelt on the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation. Most of their fathers were retired soldiers who had married full-blood Indian women and had taken up squawman's rights to acreage on the reservation. Most of those squawmen were prosperous ranchers owning their own brands and raising cattle and good horses, and had had their choice of the best Indian land.

So it came about in that section of the Montana cow country where the Circle C ranch was located adjacent to the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation that these three separate halfbreed tribes existed—the homeless Metis, the Assiniboine halfbreeds, and Gros Ventres halfbreeds. As a kid I grew up with the younger generation and came to understand them, each in their own individual way, their likes and dislikes, and we became lifelong friends in later years.

AT the end of the haying season when Gregory Doney "made a dance" that dance only included the Metis. When the Assiniboine breeds held a dance on the reservation no Gros Ventres or Metis were invited, and it was the same with



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ANTOINE FIANT

been extinguished by the pop of a cork!

the Gros Ventres dances. Long before the coming of the white man the Assiniboine Sioux and the Gros Ventres, a part of the Blackfoot Nation, had been at war in their fight over the disputed hunting grounds, and when the United States Government rounded up the Indians and placed them within the confines of the Fort Belknap Reservation, forcing them to live together, the tribal chiefs and medicine men of both hitherto warlike tribes met in council. The peace pipe was passed and the chiefs and medicine men of both tribes declared a lasting truce, but there still existed that feeling of deep-rooted emnity like a never healing, festering wound. Inter-tribal marriage was forbidden, for one thing, and there were other inter-tribal taboos.

According to the strict law laid down by Uncle Sam's Indian Department no whiskey was allowed on the Fort Belknap Reservation, but despite the law there was seldom a breed dance that a few bottles or jugs weren't hidden out in the brush. And whether it was an Assiniboine or Gros Ventres dance, a few halfbreeds of the opposite tribe would always show up, and as a result of the intrusion there was usually a brawl. If you dug down to the grass roots a good-looking young breed girl was usually responsible for the fight that sooner or later had to be settled by a couple of Indian Police. And those responsible, if they had not already made a fast getaway, were duly put under arrest and sentenced to a week or two in the Agency jail, commonly known as the Dally House.

The same situation held true for Metis dances held outside the reservation if a couple of Assiniboine or Gros Ventres halfbreeds showed up. Although these somewhat unwelcome guests were allowed to dance with the good-looking Metis girls as long as they caused no trouble of any kind, there was always that dark undercurrent of uneasiness below the surface of festive gaity. Between dances the men would go outside to cool off and pass the jug of rotgut booze bought from some illegal whiskey peddler. The Metis would gather together while the intruders were left to drink alone from their own bottle. And sooner or later as they drank there was bound to be trouble. The young Metis far outnumbered the reservation breeds and when a free-for-all started and a man went down they put the boots to him, and there was apt to be a few knives involved. By the time the reservation breeds mounted their horses and made a getaway they were badly beaten up with a few knife rips, vowing vengeance when the sign was right.

Among the reservation halfbreeds a mutual agreement of conspiracy existed that banded them together against the French-Canadian-Cree halfbreeds they considered outsiders and on whom they looked down. Unlike the Assiniboine and Gros Ventres the Crees were a peaceful tribe, ridiculed and considered cowardly by the Sioux and Blackfeet war parties who raided Cree camps stealing their ponies to count coup.

So when the Metis held their dances outside the Fort Belknap Reservation it was a common practice for young Assiniboine and Gros Ventres breeds to ride to the dance together with the full intention of busting it up because there would be no Indian police to interfere. The Metis depended on their younger men to handle any trouble.

It was only at the end of the haying season when Gregory Doney "made a dance" that the reservation breeds stayed away. They knew that the Doneys were

They plied their trades as free trappers.

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all fighting men and that once the fun-loving Gregory got his dander up, the big Metis could handle half a dozen reservation breeds singlehanded. One well aimed kick of his big moccasined foot could crack a man's jaw, and as he leaped high, twisting in mid-air, his backward kick in the belly was dynamite.

The squawmen fathers of the reservation breeds had long since frowned upon such behavior of their sons and strictly forbade them to break up a Metis dance, but in spite of that a few of them could not resist the temptation to show up at the festivities, providing Gregory Doney and his kin were not there.

THE RINGLEADER of the reservation breeds was a tall, wiry halfbreed named George Kinsley, son of Nate Kinsley, retired sergeant of the Seventh Cavalry under command of General George A. Custer. A day or two before the disastrous Battle of the Little Big Horn, General Custer had sent Kinsley with a message to Reno's command, and thus he escaped the massacre. That lucky escape by the skin of his teeth had undoubtedly prompted Sergeant Kinsley to retire from his army career. He had married a young full-blood Assiniboine girl and taken up his squawman's rights on the Fort Belknap Reservation. He named his first born George Custer in honor of the General. Nate Kinsley was a born lover of horses and had the foresight to buy from time to time a sizeable bunch of good brood mares serviced by a government-owned pedigreed Morgan stallion. As a result he owned a good-sized remuda in his NK brand on the left shoulder, and young George Kinsley, who had inherited his old man's natural skill around horses, had broken the green broncs to make them all-around cow horses. They sold for a good price to cattlemen; the Circle C had acquired fifteen or twenty head of NK horses.

Even as a teen-ager George Custer Kinsley had gained the reputation of being a "wild 'un." No doubt he was trying to live up to the reputation of his namesake, the yellow-maned Indian fighter who favored fringed buckskins in preference to the regulation army uniform, and whose reputation for disobedience culminated in the battle known as the Custer Massacre. This reckless cavalry officer who died a hero's death became a buckskin tin god ahorseback in the eyes of his namesake, George Custer Kinsley.

Somehow Nate Kinsley had acquired from some saloon owner a reproduction of Custer's Last Stand, a painting made famous by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company. It was a blood-spattered, gory picture which was displayed in the windows of wholesale liquor dealers and in many saloons. A reproduction of this famous painting was hung on the parlor wall of the Kinsley log cabin home.

Meanwhile a squawman named Robert E. Lee Carter had located on Big Warm Creek and moved in lock, stock and barrel with his family consisting of his Crow wife, two grown sons and two pretty teen-age daughters. Carter was a tall, distinguished looking man with a Buffalo Bill goatee and moustache. His wife and children always addressed him as "Colonel." He had been born and bred in old Kentucky and talked with a southern accent. He was a strict disciplinarian and whenever the self-styled Colonel had occasion to speak sternly he had the bearing and sound of a commanding officer dressing down his troops for some infraction of military law and order. His children listened to their father's bursts of temper in silence, his tirades going in one ear and out the other. They knew that his bark was worse than his bite and let it go at that.

The neighboring squawmen both disliked and distrusted Carter, considering him a Johnny-come-lately, a rank outsider. They felt that because he had married a full-blood Crow he should have taken up squawman's rights on the Crow reservation, but there was nothing they could do about it.

The two Carter girls, Virginia and Caroline, were slender, well shaped, with jet black long hair and dark brown eyes. They had straight noses and clear cut features, with olive skin smooth as velvet. Soft spoken and well educated, having been taught music, sewing and china painting, yet both girls rode horseback, wearing buckskin divided skirts, Stetson hats and shop-made, high heeled cowboy boots.

Among the many halfbreeds who tried to make time with the Carter girls was George Custer Kinsley who made the grade, and that took a lot of sly maneuvering, such as leaving notes in a lightning-blasted pine tree or under a certain outcropping rimrock, because old man Carter strictly forbade his daughters to mingle with the halfbreeds in any way.

IT WAS about this time that Clay Kinsley, a tall, good looking, sandy haired cousin of George, showed up for a visit at the Kinsley place. His father was a brother of Nate Kinsley and ran a cow outfit in Wyoming. Clay was a good bronc rider who traveled the rodeo circuit, and being a little on the wild side he was a fitting side-pardner for this cousin George. George and Clay were meeting the two Carter girls at some designated rendezvous at night and thereby risking the mighty wrath of Colonel Robert E. Lee Carter. The secret meetings had been going on all summer.

Meanwhile, Carter had by dint of lengthy correspondence enrolled both girls at the Vistacian Convent School at St. Paul, Minnesota, to further their education, and now in the first week of September their trunks were packed and all ready to go.

On the last night of the secret meetings of the Carter girls with the Kinsley boys a white moon was lowering toward the ragged skyline of the Little Rockies and stars were fading in the early dawn of a new day. The hushed silence was broken only by the sound of the four horsebackers, riding two abreast, as they returned to the Carter place by way of the fenced-in lower pasture. As George swung down from the saddle to unfasten the gate to let the girls through, Old Man Carter sprang without warning from a nearby clump of high brush. Gripped in his hand was a fifteen-foot

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blacksnake bull whip and the long lash made a hissing sound as it caught George unaware on the ground with the barbwire gate in one hand and the hackamore rope that held his horse in the other hand. The wide buckskin popper whipped him across the eyes, and a split-second later stung cousin Clay's bronc across the rump and flanks. When the startled bronc jumped and snorted, Clay lost one stirrup the first jump and had to grab the saddle horn to stay aboard. George was banging onto the hackamore rope with both hands in a desperate effort to hold his lunging horse from breaking away and leaving him afoot.

Carter's long-legged stride followed George and with expert precision he lashed the halfbreed's back and head with the hissing lash of the bull whip. A figure of mighty wrath, Carter yelled curses until George finally managed to climb into the saddle and make a getaway.

The ringleader of the reservation was a tall, wiry half-breed.

Meanwhile Clay was having his own troubles. His horse had cold-jawed, bucked and stampeded, heading for home. When Clay finally got the bronc under control he found himself on the wide open prairie a mile or more away. It had been the most desperate ride the rodeo cowboy had ever made. If he got throwed, old man Carter would skin him alive and he knew he had to stay in the saddle regardless.

It was sunrise by the time George Kinsley rode up to where Clay was standing, fixing his slipped saddle blanket.

"One hell of a side-pardner you turned out to be," George accused Clay. "Quitting a man in a tight. Why didn't you shoot the old devil?"

"I was clawin' for my six-shooter," Clay spoke angrily. "But when Carter hit my horse's rump with that bull whip, I lost one stirrup the first jump my horse made and the gun jolted out of my hand. I had to choke the saddle horn to stay aboard and when I got him pulled up I was plumb out on the prairie." Clay unbuckled a leather saddle pocket and brought forth a half filled quart of whiskey.

Uncorking the bottle he handed it to George. "You need a drink, Cousin George," he said. "Old Man Carter's bull whip shore worked you over."

"I had to hang onto the hackamore rope to keep my horse from breaking away, and all the time Carter was following me, laying the whip on my back. It was all I could do to climb into the saddle. Every bone in my body feels like it's been unjointed."

The cousins talked it over between drinks. Clay said he was quitting the country, and George vowed to get even with Carter when the sign was right. When they reached the Kinsley place they took soapy baths in a galvanized laundry tub and rubbed carbolic salve into the raw welts on George's face and back. They both agreed to hell with the Carter girls.

THE NEXT DAY Clay pulled out and George was left alone to face the ridicule, the news of the bull whip incident spreading like a wind-blown fire throughout the Fort Belknap Reservation, the surrounding cow towns, and as far as the Circle C ranch.

A few days later George Kinsley showed up at the ranch leading a strawberry roan gelding, a two-or-three-year-old short coupled quarter-horse type that he wanted to sell. It so happened that I'd traded my single action Colt .45 for a German Luger Automatic, so when George saw the gun and offered to swap the horse for it I took him up, throwing in an extra clip and a box of cartridges. George said that the Carter boys would be working with the ID roundup which would start the following week and he wanted to be properly heeled if they wanted to take it up where their old man left off.

After the horse trade was made I knew full well that I'd gotten the best of the deal. I could sell the horse for seventy-five bucks and the gun was only worth about twenty-five dollars. I was sort of ashamed of getting the long end of the bargain so I made a half-hearted move to let George slide out. I explained that the German Luger wasn't like a single action .45 Colt six-shooter, that he couldn't pack it around for months without bothering to take it apart and clean it. I told George that if he allowed it to gather a lot of dirt it would hang up when a feller needed it most.

"We done made a deal," George reminded me. "Just show me how to take the gun apart and clean it."

In the bunkhouse I took the gun apart, laying each part on the tarp-covered bed and wiping each part with a rag saturated with 3-in-1 Oil. George watched closely as I put the gun back together.

"I'm satisfied with the deal," George said with a left-handed grin. "Now I'd better tell you somethin' about that roan bronc I swapped you. That is the horse cousin Clay rode when Old Man Carter jumped us that early morning. Accordin' to him that horse knows every trick in the bag when he takes a notion to buck, so if you want to back out of the deal it's okay by me."

"Let it goes as she lays, George," I told him. And just to make a grandstand play I saddled the strawberry roan, eased up in the saddle and rode around for a few minutes. I gigged him into a slow lope and found he was bridle wise as I reined him around. He had an easy gait and a fast running walk and I was satisfied.

During the following weeks I rode the roan many times on the roundup. I'd named the horse Custer. His wind was sound and he never pulled up lame on a thirty-mile circle, but I found that he was downright lazy. It could have been that George Kinsley's cousin had "busted an aig" in the green bronc and rode him into the ground to put him a safe distance from Old Man Carter and his bull whip.

Custer turned out to be an ideal horse in a winter line camp; no need to use hobbles or stake him out on a picket rope. He'd show up when he sighted the early morning campfire.

During the following months George Kinsley showed up at the ranch a few times. I got the notion from his talk that he still aimed to get even with Carter but he was on friendly terms with the Carter boys, Henry and George. And I knew that he had not gotten the Carter girls out of his system, that he was still stuck on them. Sometimes he spoke of Virginia, other times it was Caroline, and it was a toss-up which one he favored. Anyhow it was hopeless whichever one he was carrying the torch for. The letters he sent them were returned unopened, no doubt their father's strict orders to the Mother Superior at the Vistacian Convent.

The hopeless love affair was taking its toll on the tall, handsome breed youth. George was drinking more than ever before and when in town or at the breed dances he got in fights and he began playing the field where girls were concerned.

By the middle of May the warm Chinook winds had melted the winter snowdrifts. The rolling hills were green, the wild roses in full bud, and young George Custer Kinsley full of sap and sweet juices and bootlegger's rotgut.

IT WAS that spring that a French-Canadian Metis called Big Antoine Fiant came down from Canada to visit his shirttail kin among the Fiant tribe. He was a six-foot-four, husky, good looking man with a shock of coarse black hair and pale amber eyes. A swaggering man in his late twenties, when drunk he was ugly tempered and prone to bragging, and he fancied himself a genuine ladies man.

There had been a breed dance the night before at the Gladeau place just outside the reservation a few miles from the Circle C ranch. One of the young Gladeau girls was working at my brother Bob's house and she invited me to go to the dance. I was all set to go when something came up that prevented it and, as it turned out, it was for the best.

The next morning when Rose Gladeau showed up a little late she told me that George Kinsley had badly beaten Big Antoine Fiant, and that her father had hooked up a team and taken her mother over to the Azure place. Antoine had run her two brothers off, as well as everyone else on the place. Rose's father was scared to notify the sheriff at Zortman to come and arrest Big Antoine for fear he would set fire to the house and barn like he threatened to do. Big Antoine was bedded down in the Gladeau barn with a jug of whiskey, she said.

When I told Jake Myers, our ranch foreman, about it he passed it off as just another breed dance ruckus and wanted no part of it. He told me that was why he had kept me busy—to keep me from

(Continued on page 41)

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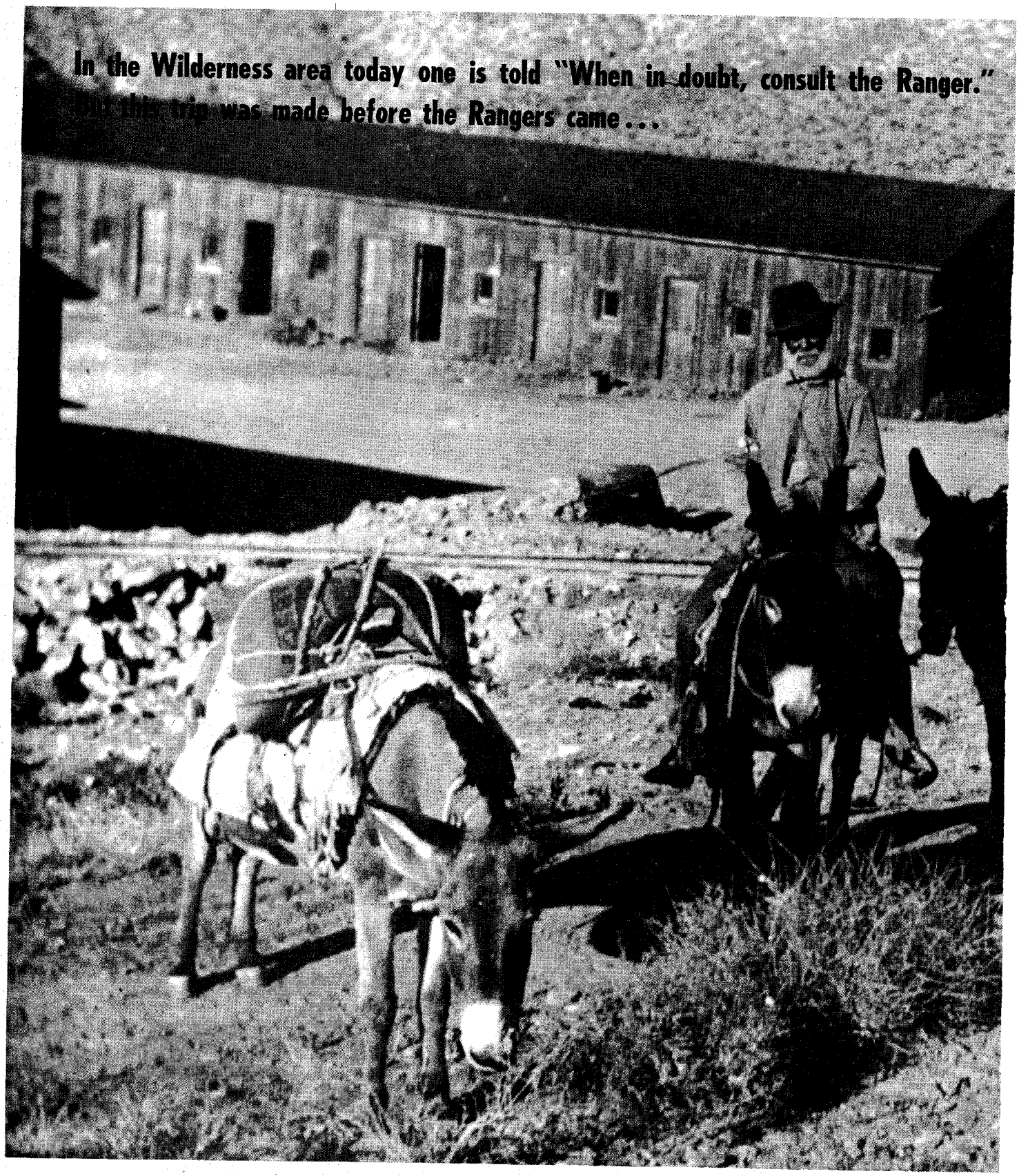

OLD LeMOIGNE'S

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Above, Main Street in Rhyolite, Nevada around 1909. At left, prospector John LeMoigne is shown leaving camp with supplies in February 1915.

LEAD MINE

By HARVEY HARDY

Photos Courtesy Author
& U.S. Borax and Chemical Corporation

AS I grow older I find that my point of view changes, my values alter, things that I formerly thought important have ceased to be so, and things that were disregarded in the past have now become that which is treasured—such as a trip I took into Death Valley country in the summer of 1917.

With the United States engaged in World War I, the price of lead had risen from the former average of five cents a pound to the unheard of price of eleven cents a pound. This price change made lead mining a profitable business and many of those engaged in mining were scouting for new lead deposits.

For years I had heard of a lead mine belonging to an old Frenchman named John LeMoigne. It was situated in the Cottonwood Canyon section of the Panamint Mountains on the west side of Death Valley and was reported to be a large deposit of high-grade lead ore but so isolated that nothing had ever been done with it.

I talked the matter of the LeMoigne Mine over with an old friend of mine from Salt Lake City, Gordon McMillan. Gordon was a mining engineer and, of course, looking for profitable investment. We decided that it might be worth a trip up there to see the mine and ascertain if a deal could be made with the owner.

We started out from Goodsprings, Nevada, a small mining camp about forty miles southwest of Las Vegas. The road we followed went over the Columbia Pass in the Spring Mountain Range and down to Sandy in the Mesquite Valley, then north up the valley to the Pahrump Valley with stops at the Manse and Pahrump Ranches. Beyond Pahrump, Ash Meadows was the only habitation until we came to the towns of Beatty and Rhyolite.

The roads we were following were the old wagon tracks left by early day prospectors and freighters with no pretense at grading but with many chuckholes, sand patches, high centers and other drawbacks for automobile travel. Paved roads were far in the future.

At Beatty and then at Rhyolite we were told that John LeMoigne had been there recently, but had gone back, and now could be found at the gold camp of Skidoo or at Emigrant Spring or possibly out at his mine. With that indefinite information we started out the next morning from Rhyolite, which formerly had had a population of thousands but now was rapidly approaching ghost town status.

I had traveled the road as far as Rhyolite the year before but beyond that point it was all new to both of us and we had no map as a guide. However, we did have instructions from the people in Rhyolite who said we had better take the Salt Creek Crossing trail which was longer but not as sandy as the Stove Pipe Wells route.

There were no maps to be obtained at gas stations as there were no gas stations. When you wanted gasoline you got it at the general store where it was sold in five-gallon cans. These same five-gallon cans afterwards played an important part in the economy of the desert for they were used as water cans, ore buckets and, when flattened out, as building material.

Our transportation for this trip was an Overland Touring Car, Model 75 B, built in 1916. It had a cloth top and twenty-two horsepower engine. That doesn't sound like much of an engine,

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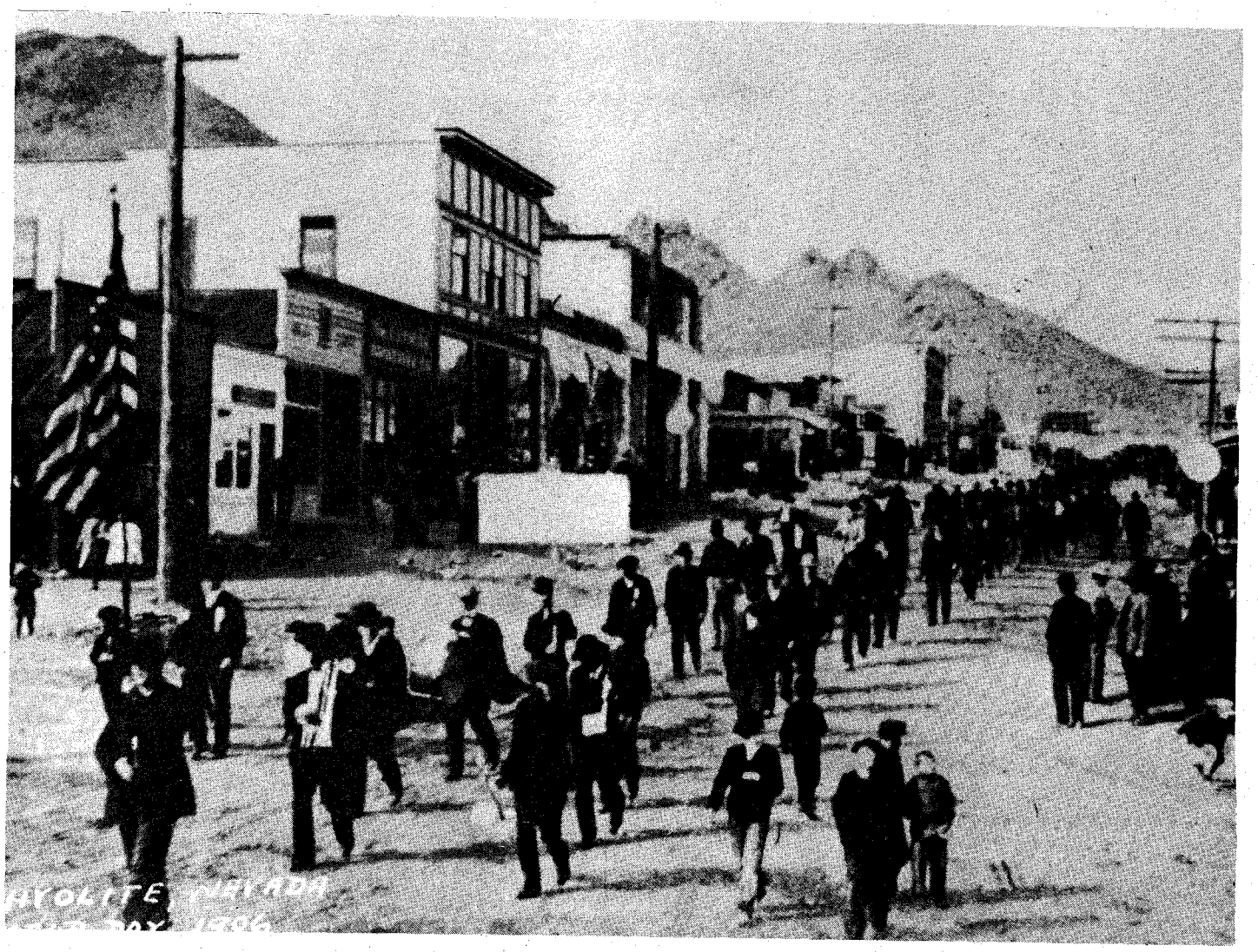
Above, Main Street in Yuma, Arizona about the time W. B. Rood arrived (1875). Below, Rhyolite celebrates Labor Day (1906) with a street parade.

but with it we traveled the old wagon tracks of Death Valley without getting stuck in the heavy sand. Once or twice when the sand got bad, Gordon (who weighted about 180 pounds) got out and hung on to the spare tire on the rear end. That additional weight gave us traction enough to pull through the deepest sand we encountered.

OUR CAR was pretty well loaded with bed rolls, grub boxes, tools, spare tires, and ropes for any emergency that we might meet. On one running board we had a wooden case with two five-gallon cans of gasoline, and on the other side we had the same amount of water.

Of course, we had canteens. They were a very important factor in life on the desert and you could tell an experienced desert man by the care he gave his canteens. He would buy them in pairs. He reinforced the thin blanketing that came on them with two or three layers of woolen materials and over this he placed two or three layers of canvas. Such canteens, well wet down in the evening and hung where the night air could get at them, meant that he would have cool water to drink the next day.

From Rhyolite we went down through a canyon called Daylight Pass to the



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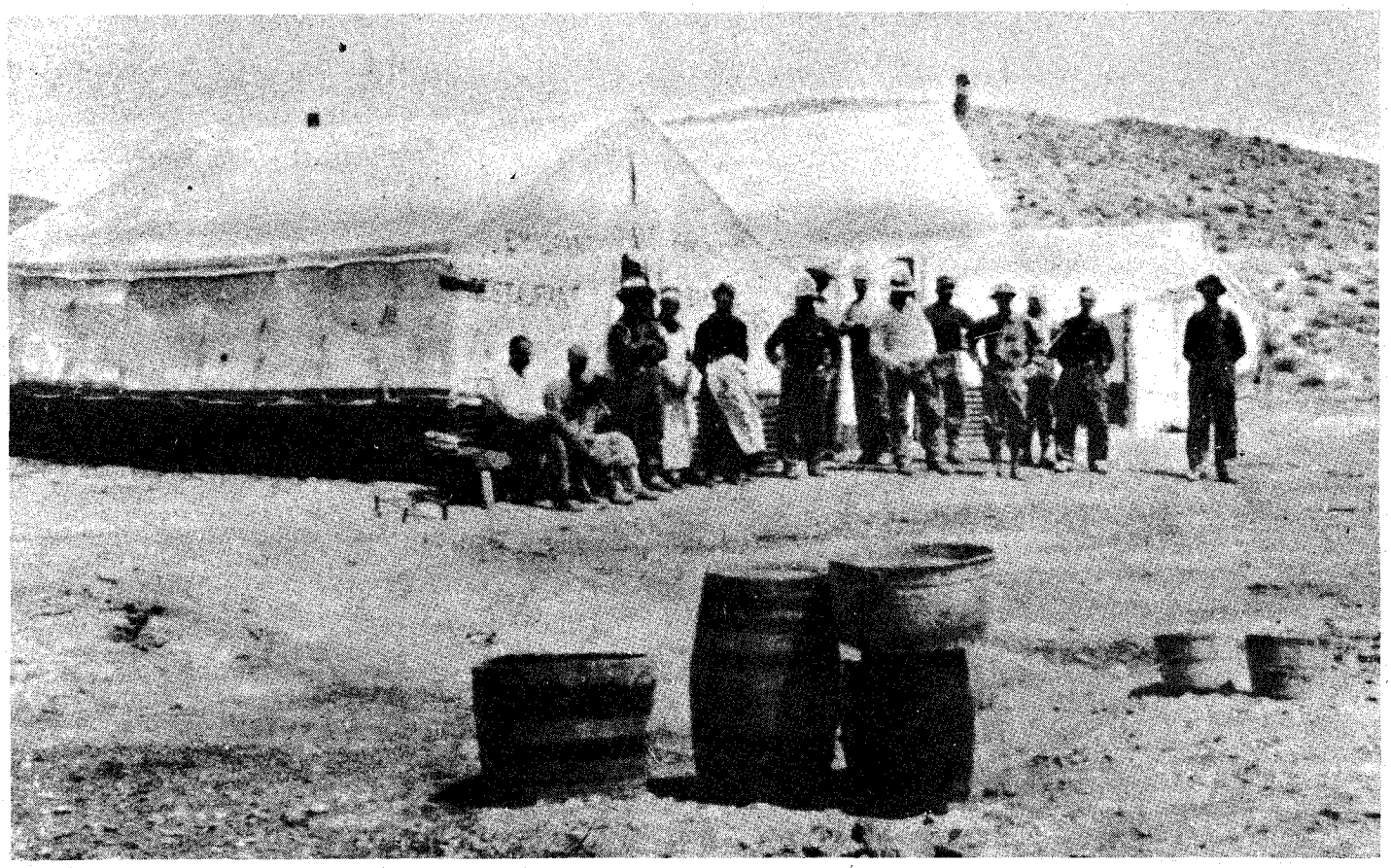

Restaurant at Emigrant Springs.

floor of the valley. As we neared the floor we saw a large steam tractor abandoned at the side of the road, a relic of someone's attempt to solve the problem of desert transportation. Most writers on their first visit to Death Valley dwell at length on two conspicuous features—the weird scenery and the terrible heat. We were mostly interested in the scenery as it represents different geological formations. As for the heat we expected it to be hot and we were not disappointed.

As we went south down the Valley to the Salt Creek Crossing, off to the east we could see the buildings of the Keane-Wonder Gold Mill and they were the only buildings we saw between Rhyolite and Skidoo. We knew that somewhere farther south was the Furnace Creek Ranch which Sam Yount had described to me. Sam said that he put in a summer there, the only white man with a Chinese crew who irrigated and harvested alfalfa. The nights were so hot that the only way Sam could sleep was to roll up in a canvas that he had just dipped in the creek. This would give him relief for a couple of hours and then he would get up and repeat the process. He was working for the Harmony Borax Company.

There were no signs on the road but the directions we received in Rhyolite must have been accurate, for along in the afternoon we arrived at a spring which, from its location, we knew must be Emigrant Spring. Mr. LeMoigne was not at Emigrant Spring so we drove ten or fifteen miles farther to the small settlement known as Skidoo where we finally located the old prospector.

John LeMoigne was a big, bearded, old character who after some discussion agreed to take us out to his mine but said he would first have to round up his burros and that might take a couple of days. The prospect of laying over a couple of days in Skidoo was not very pleasing, but we were fortunate. John found his burros the first day, and meeting and talking with the gentleman who was the justice of the peace at Skidoo made the day pass very pleasantly.

The judge, whose name sounded like Casey but was spelled differently, was a long-time resident of the desert, a keen observer and blessed with a good memory. Speaking of early explorers of the valley such as Jayhawkers and the Manly party who were supposed to have been among the first Americans, the judge said, "Let me tell you a story told me by Old Man Kennedy, a squawman who lived over in Wildrose Canyon and had been in these hills longer than

Below, John LeMoigne shown leading his pack.

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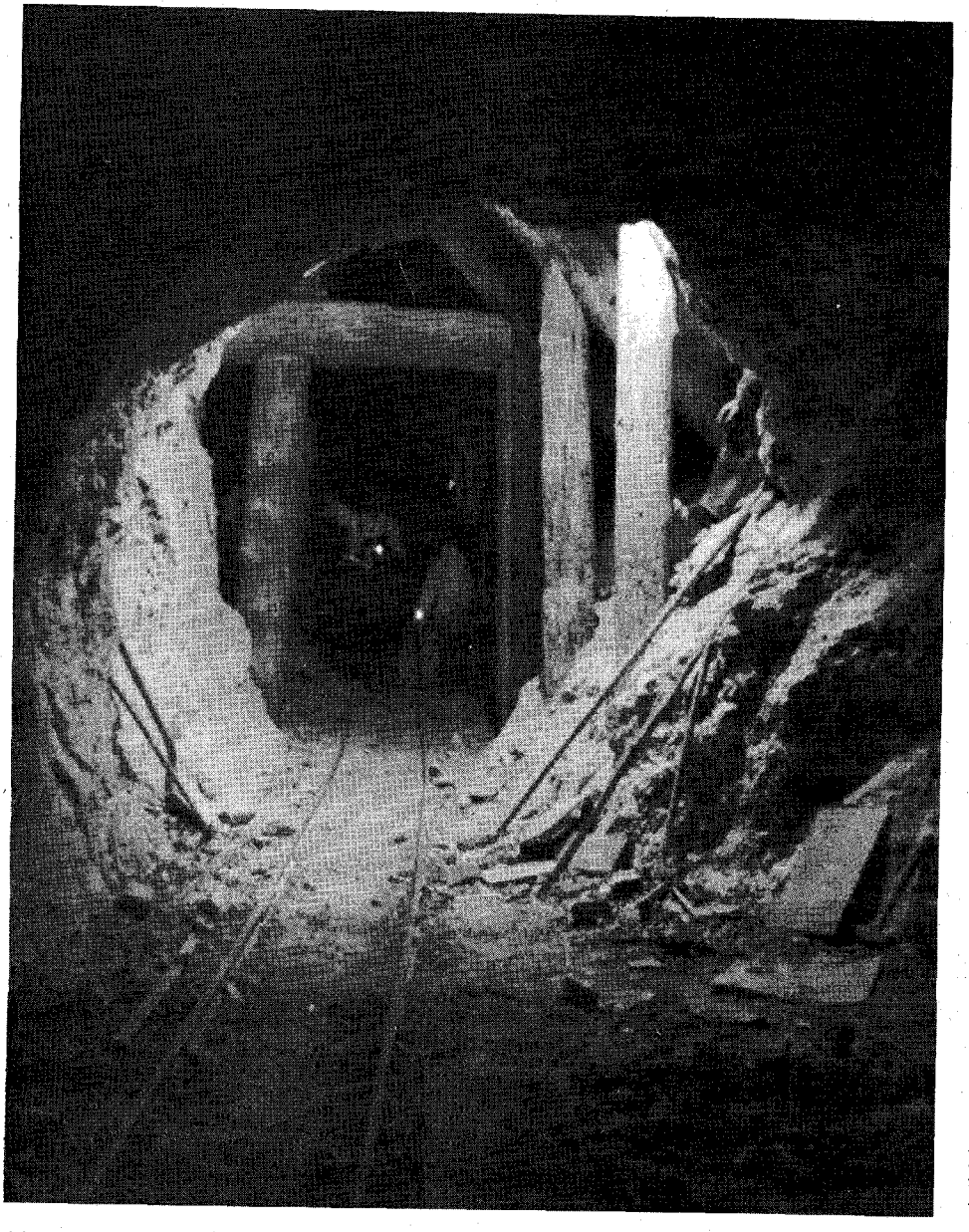
Above and below, the Montgomery Shoshone Mine at Rhyolite.



most anyone.

"It seems that one day when Kennedy and his wife were enjoying a visit from the wife's grandfather, another old Indian about the same age as the grandfather came along and, as it was about mealtime, they invited the visiting Indian to have lunch with them. When it developed that white beans was the principal item on the bill of fare, Kennedy noticed something going on between the two old Indians. As they ate the beans they would raise up their heads, look at one another and giggle; in fact, come as close to laughing as a Piute ever does. Kennedy asked about the joke but neither Indian would answer him. That afternoon after the visiting Indian had gone, Kennedy put some pressure on the grandfather and finally got the following story.

"Long ago when the grandfather and the visiting Indian had been young boys they had gone on a hunting trip in what is now called Death Valley. They were armed with bows and arrows. In their explorations they ran into some strange tracks. They recognized some as having been made by moccasins but the others—made by boots with heels—puzzled them. They followed the strange tracks for a couple of days and found that they had been made by two white men, the first the boys had ever seen.

"The white men had come walking in from the east and had established a little camp at a waterhole. The Indian boys watched the men for several days and finally catching one of them alone, the one wearing boots and woolen clothes, they shot him with their arrows and killed him. They were not as successful with the man wearing buckskin clothes and moccasins. He got away and went off to the east and left the little camp at the waterhole to the two boys.

"After the buckskin man had gone the boys raided the camp looking for food. The only thing in that line which they found was a sackful of what they learned later were white navy beans. The boys thought the beans were something for immediate consumption so they tried to chew them without cooking and with very little success. Finally in disgust they threw the beans away and went back to their diet of sand rats and pine nuts."

Well, that was the basis of the Indians' joke. Whenever they ate white beans they thought of how they had murdered the first white man they ever saw, stolen his beans, and finding that they couldn't chew them, had thrown them away. Rather a gruesome bit of humor but it gives one an idea of the conditions which early explorers encountered. Whoever those first white men were, it must have taken a lot of courage on their part to make a trip into such an unknown country as Death Valley was at that time. Yet today the only record of their trip seems to exist in two Piute Indians' idea of a joke.

The judge said that he had evidence of a still earlier exploration of Death Valley and he showed me a sword he had found on a mesa overlooking the valley. It must have been a magnificent weapon when it was new. The blade was

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about twenty inches long and was triangular in cross section with three cutting edges. The hilt had been inlaid with gold and silver, but the original material of the handle, bone or ivory, had been eroded away until only the inlay metals were left. It was undoubtedly of Spanish workmanship and the condition of the handle gave evidence of the many years which must have passed since the original owner laid it down on that rock at the edge of Death Valley.

ACCORDING to the arrangement we made with John LeMoigne to visit his mine, we were to meet him at Emigrant Spring the following morning, leave our car there, and walk the old Indian trail the remaining fifteen miles. This we did, and John showed up at the spring with his two burros as agreed.

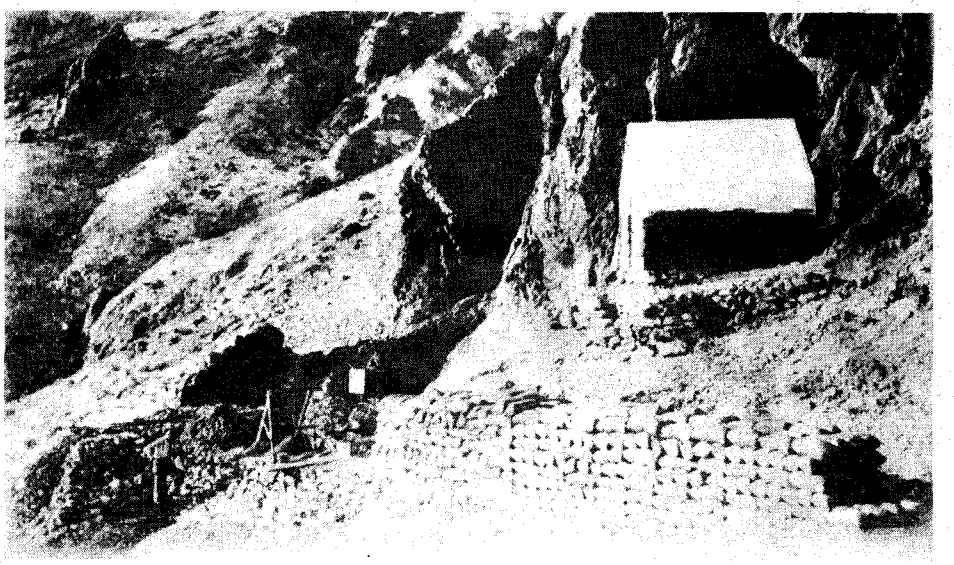
One of the burros we loaded with food, bedding, tools, water and other supplies. The other burro carried a saddle for John to ride, as he was about seventy-five years old. We left our car at the spring with all of our plunder aboard and when we returned several days later we found it intact. I wouldn't want to take that chance today.

When we left the spring we went back down the road to the valley a few hundred yards and then turned west on an Indian trail that crossed the road. Out on this old trail a short distance we found something which has since proved to be very interesting. It was a flat slab of black lava lying alongside the trail, with the name and date—W. B. ROOD. 1849—chipped in it. John didn't know what it meant, said it had always been there. I made a note of it and later learned that it was probably an authentic relic of the Jayhawkers. I learned that "Wm. B. Rood" had been a member of a group of some thirty young men from Illinois who were headed for the gold fields of California in 1849. They arrived in Salt Lake City too late in the year to travel the northern route over the Sierra so took the less well known southern route, got lost and wandered into then unnamed Death Valley, where some of them perished.

Seventy Years on the Frontier, written by Alexander Majors of the firm of Russel Majors and Waddell, pioneer western freighters and founders of the Pony Express, lists W. B. Rood as a member of the Jayhawkers and stated that he drowned in the Colorado River in 1870.

Knowing something about Mr. Rood I was interested in an article about him which was published in the Yuma *Daily Sun* (Yuma, Arizona) a couple of years ago.

Way back in 1862 a man named William B. Rood came over from the Tucson area to Yuma and then drove his cattle north along the Colorado to a spot near Cibola. At a point some 4 miles north of Yuma he established the Rancho de Los Yumas. As time went on he prospered, built his empire up to 4,000 head of cattle, and his wife bore him two daughters.



Tramp Consolidated Mine at Rhyolite.

Then on April 29, 1870, Rood and his foreman, Alex Poindexter, boated across the Colorado to pay some Indian woodchoppers on the California side. Poindexter came back alone and told the story that the boat had capsized and Rood had drowned.

The story goes on to tell of the fortune that Rood is supposed to have buried at his ranch before his death, and of the headless horseman on the great brown horse that now guards the gold from treasure seekers. It even quotes those who have heard the thunder of the horse's hoofs and seen his tracks in the sand.

THE TRAIL to John's mine led through some pretty rugged country. In one narrow canyon, we found a fairly complete register of the explorers and prospectors since 1870 cut in a softer rock formation. And slowly traveling the trail to the mine we had an opportunity to learn a good deal of the history of John

(Continued on page 44)

John LeMoigne's grave (location not specified).

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THEY DIDN'T ALL DIE with their BOOTS ON!

Some outshot and outlived their contemporaries

By JOHN CARSON

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UNCLE BILLY TILGHMAN almost made the list but the old fire horse went to one fire too many and went down in a cloud of gunsmoke. The man who downed him wasn't fit to saddle Bill's horse, but then how many gunfighters got to pick and choose the calibre of the men who were going to beat them to the draw? For instance, as bad as Wild Bill was, he was eminently better than his assassin. Sam Bass got his from a better man; but between Selman and Hardin it was just about a toss-up. Jesse James ate out of the same trough as Bob Ford, but Pat Garrett was probably a better man than the Kid, although recent research seems to indicate that Billy may not have been as wicked as he's been branded. And the man who, in turn, killed Pat certainly didn't wear a halo if it really was Jim Miller or Carl Adamson who committed the foul deed.

Some of the badmen on the frontier were not really too bad and some of the good ones turned bad. They are all gone now. Some died with guns blazing; some paid the supreme penalty, hanging by the neck until dead. One way or another, most of those who lived by the six-gun and rifle died by the six-gun or rifle, or at least reaped the fringe benefits which often accompanied such hazardous living.

But they didn't all die with their boots on and it is of those who outshot and outlived their contemporaries that this story deals.

COLE YOUNGER

His tombstone says "Cole Younger - 1844-1916. Rest in Peace, our dear beloved." A smaller one reads "Captain Cole Younger, Quantrill's Co., C.S.A." Between 1844 and 1916 Captain Thomas Coleman Younger packed a heap of living and saw a lot of dying. And caused a lot of it. He was perhaps more respectable in his outlawry than some of his contemporaries were in their respectability; he was a *friend.* Cole Younger was one of the few men, perhaps the only one with the exception of Frank, who could talk back to Jesse James without fearing for his life. From Civil War guerrilla to bank robber was only a short step for this unreconstructed Rebel. He roved a great territory and it was in Minnesota that he showed the James brothers the meaning of fidelity and courage. Refusing to abandon his wounded brothers, he was captured and served twenty-five years in prison. He probably could have gotten out sooner if he had been willing to tell authorities who was with him at Northfield. This he would not do.

He went to prison five months after the Custer battle on the Little Big Horn and rode in an automobile the day he was finally released. While he was away Jesse James was killed. So were Belle Starr and Billy the Kid and Ben Thompson and John Wesley Hardin and Morgan Earp and Clay Allison. The list is a long one.

Cole came out into a world he couldn't even recognize. He was fifty-seven years old and the world had passed him by. He sold tombstones for a living but in this endeavor he didn't even earn enough money to buy himself a tombstone. He teamed up with another ageing ex-outlaw named Frank James and they put together a wild west show. Later, when this enterprise failed, the old man (he was sixty-four then), joined a carnival. He got tired of being a freak and bought a little house in Lee's Summit, Missouri. In a sense his life had ended when the gates of the Minnesota prison clanged behind him.

For fifteen years Cole Younger was

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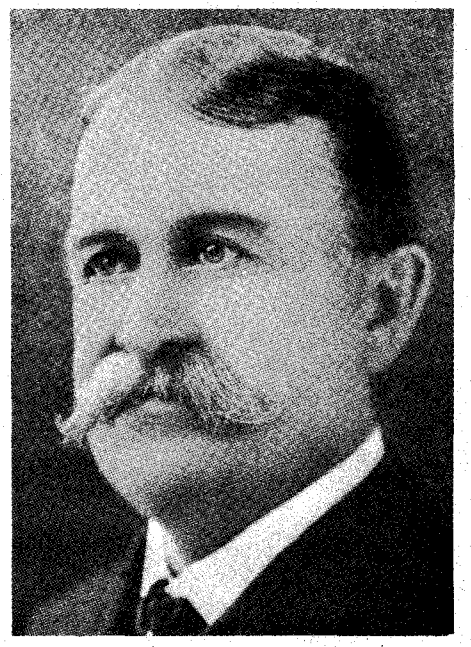
an old man with a past but no present or future. What he had known was gone—what was now he could never know. He became ill and grew steadily weaker.

Cole Younger died at seventy-two on February 21, 1916, sick, weak and lost in a world only he, among his friends, had survived. No matter what he had been, he was a man of his word; a man who had faced death many times. He was the last of the Younger brothers—the last of an era—the last of the *great* outlaws.

BILLY BREAKENRIDGE

William Milton Breakenridge was not a gunfighter but he managed to live and work and survive in the era of the gunfighter and deserves to be among them. Before becoming John Behan's deputy in Tombstone during the heyday of the Earps, Doc Holliday, John Ringo and Curly Bill, Breakenridge had been a freighter, Indian fighter, surveyor and cowpuncher. He had been with Major Chivington in Colorado and saw nothing wrong with Chivington's behavior.

Breakenridge had no use for the Earps but was on more or less friendly terms with the opposing faction. He served as a deputy sheriff and often crossed the Earps and Holliday. He did his job and had no fear of the outlaws or the Tombstone officers, a term which might be interchangeable upon close inspection. He acted as tax collector for the county, riding into outlaw territory and actually collecting taxes from that element of society.



Billy Breakenridge (William Milton Breakenridge)

Cole Younger

He arrested the formidable John Ringo without gunplay, but if gunplay had been necessary Billy probably would not have turned tail. He was no match for Ringo in anything but nerve, but that was enough and Ringo accompanied his captor to jail.

On one occasion Virgil Earp told Breakenridge that Tom and Frank McLaury had threatened to kill the deputy. Billy told the marshal, "If you want the McLaurys killed, kill them yourself." Earp, his brothers and Doc Holliday did kill the McLaurys and young Billy Clanton later at the O.K. Corral.

In 1882 Breakenridge gave up his badge and tried ranching. Two years later he sold out and took a job as surveyor. But law enforcement was in his blood and in 1886 he became a deputy United States marshal.

A few years later Breakenridge accepted a position as special agent for the Southern Pacific Railway, a job which was consolidated to include the duties of claim agent. Retiring from the railroad, he wrote his autobiography *Helldorado*.

On January 31, 1931, the old man died after a short illness. He was in his eighty-fifth year and was planning a second book. Eugene Cunningham, who knew him, wrote, "Billy Breakenridge is gone from us. He has laid down his pen as he laid down his six-shooter some years before. But the shadow he has cast has fallen into the long tumultous panorama of silhouettes that is Arizona western history. It is not likely to become faded."

DOC MIDDLETON

It took an army to catch Doc Middleton. They filled him full of holes but didn't kill him. He outlived most of his captors and managed to die about as ignominiously as any other of the more notorious outlaws.

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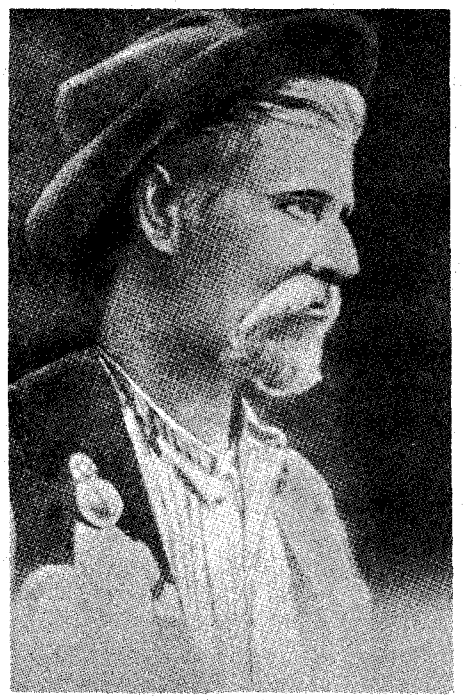

Doc Middleton
(David C. Middleton)

Although not too well known, David C. (Doc) Middleton was as rough and tough as the best, or worst, of them. He counted among his followers such impressive names as Jack Nolan, the ex-cavalry trooper who was known to every sheriff in Nebraska; Curly Grimes, a Black Hills desperado; Kid Wade; Count Shevaloff; and for awhile the lucky killer of Longhair Jim Courtright, little Luke Short who began his career selling whiskey to the Indians. To hold this competent crew together took leadership and Doc was able to furnish it.

Middleton's history is somewhat clouded. He was known as Texas Jack Lyons and Jim Cherry. He was "James Shepherd" when he married "Pood" Richardson and he was David Middleton when he married Pood's sister, Irene, after Pood divorced him.

Doc's career as an outlaw in Nebraska started in Fort Sidney when he killed a soldier. From that time on, no one knows how many men Doc killed or how many horses he stole. He became the most wanted horse thief on the frontier and it is no exaggeration to say that thousands of stolen horses were handled by Doc and his "Ponyboys." They stole from the reservation Indians and northern Nebraska ranchers along the Niobrara and sold this stock to southern Nebraska ranchers along the Platte, and when that market was glutted, on down into Kansas and even as far as Texas.

When Doc was finally captured by Llewellyn, Hazen, Smith and Captain Munson's troopers, he was tried, not for the murder of the soldier in Sidney but for theft of horses in Wyoming. He was sentenced to a prison term and served it.

When he got out he was a deputy sheriff for awhile and then opened a blind pig near Douglas, Wyoming where he was arrested for bootlegging and sentenced to a jail term or a fine of $150. He took sick and they put him in the pest house. Doc Middleton died in 1913, broke and feeble. Undoubtedly he had handled thousands of dollars during his career as the "King of the Horse Thieves." He was sixty-two and just a ragtag shadow of the gunman he once had been. He lived by the gun and no doubt expected to go that way, but he outlived the old West, and saw barbed wire and sheep cut up the ranges. Doc Middleton took his boots off and lay himself down to die—a sad and pathetic finale, a sick old man in the county pest house.

BAT MASTERSON

Some of them lived longer than others. Bat or Bart Masterson, born William Barclay Masterson, was a gentle man of sixty-seven when he finally cashed in his chips. Not a rough and rugged death by gunshot for this doughty old warrior, but "a strangely quiet closing" in the words of his biographer.

In the early days Bat had known them all. He had two brothers, Ed and Jim, who likewise lived by the gun. Bat was the contemporary of the Earps, Luke Short, Doc Holliday, Billy Tilghman, Mysterious Dave Mather, Ben and Billy Thompson and by and large, held his own with all of them. More than held his own if you count outliving all of them by at least forty years. Only Wyatt Earp outlived him.

How many men were killed by Bat Masterson is not a matter of record. Bat did kill some men though and he did it in stand-up fashion. He was a gunfighter and worthy of the name. He probably wasn't a "top-notcher" but he managed, either by diplomacy or luck, to be friends with most of those whose guns were faster.

Bat was never an outlaw. During most of his career on the frontier he was a gambler and peace officer. He missed several good opportunities to die with his boots on but he managed to ward off the Reaper each time. He was at the Adobe Walls with Billy Dixon when that crew was beseiged by warriors of the Kiowa, Cheyenne and Comanche tribes. The buffalo hunters put up such strong opposition to their numerically superior foes that the seige was finally called off.

Bat Masterson
(William Barclay Masterson)

Bat survived that battle as well as every other battle he ever participated in and finally, seeing that the West as he knew it was no more, he entrained for New York. This was in 1902 and Bat's first recorded action was to be arrested for carrying a concealed weapon. Upon being freed he still hadn't learned to walk without his hardware and was promptly arrested again. President Theodore Roosevelt, hearing that the great Bat Masterson was in New York, appointed him United States marshal for the district. Bat visited the White House frequently as a personal guest of the President.

Not long afterward Bat was offered a a position on the New York *Morning Telegraph* as a sports writer. In 1921 he was working on his daily column when he had a heart attack, dying instantly, alone in his office. Bat's big heart, now stilled by death, showed its feelings in the last words he ever wrote, "I suppose those ginks who argue that, because the rich man gets ice in the summer and the poor man gets it in the winter, things are breaking even for both. Maybe so, but I can't see it that way." All his life Bat had been for the underdog and no one could have written his epitaph better.

FRANK CANTON

Frank Canton was not his real name. Edward Everett Dale who edited the Canton papers stated, "His real name does not matter. As Frank M. Canton his memory is honored." So be it. Some writers, probably correctly, have identified him as Joe Horner, a cowboy who left Texas in a hurry. He became Frank Canton and despite what his detractors say, he did wear the name with distinction and with honor. He gained a measure of fame (and notoriety) in the Johnson County War in Wyoming. As a rancher and sheriff he led a band of hired gunmen against the "rustlers." In the process men were killed, and a man as handy as Canton was with the pistol and rifle certainly did his share. There were charges and counter-charges and Canton went to Nebraska with his family. Eventually all charges were dropped and Canton again came out into the open.

He went to Oklahoma and, as deputy sheriff, arrested a number of evil-doers and killed a few. He had no use for Heck Thomas, deputy United States marshal, one of the "Three Guardsmen" (Thomas, Madsen and Tilghman). Zoe Tilghman, Bill Tilghman's widow, told the author that "most of the marshals did not have much use for Canton but Bill, at least, was always friendly when they met."

Eventually Canton drifted to Alaska where he was appointed deputy United States marshal, with headquarters in Dawson. He resigned his commission in 1899 and returned to Oklahoma. One

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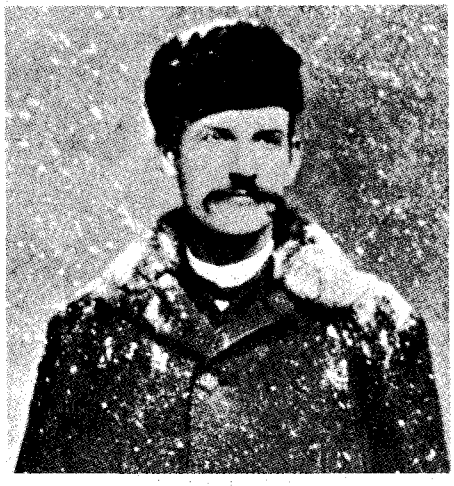

Frank Canton

of his friends from Alaska was sheriff of Comanche County and appointed Canton deputy sheriff. In 1907 Governor Haskell appointed him adjutant general of Oklahoma. For nine years and under three governors, Canton served the State of Oklahoma in that capacity. For fifty years he served as an officer of the law, Texas Ranger, sheriff, deputy United States marshal, secret service man, livestock inspector and as an officer in the National Guard.

His past was cloudy and because his real name is not known, it is doubtful if it will ever be anything but cloudy. Born in Richmond, Virginia in 1849 he left a man-sized trail. He was a real gunfighter, one of the best. Most of his killings were legal—it is possible some were not. He was a leader but not always in a good cause. His career spanned a half century and at the close of it he was a well-liked and much respected National Guard officer. Maybe he drank too much near the close of his life—some writers say so. But he was a sick man and a tired one. He resigned his commission. He was sixty-eight years old when he left that post to live out his life in Edmond, Oklahoma. In 1927 he died in bed at the age of seventy-eight, leaving behind him fifty years of raw excitement. In his notes can be found a fitting epitaph for this frontier gunfighter: "There is a certain lure which draws you on farther and still farther. I suppose it is what Jack London would term 'the call of the wild.'"

LUKE SHORT

Luke Short was a gunfighter—among other things. He started young, peddling illegal whiskey to the Indians in Nebraska. For awhile he rode with Doc Middleton's Ponyboys. But he was a drifter and when the law and a half dozen hard-eyed bounty hunters set their sights on the crime wave Doc Middleton started in Nebraska, Short left for safer climes.

He saw Dodge City where he made the acquaintance of the Earp brothers and the Masterson brothers. Never a lawman himself, Luke had a peculiar habit of cultivating local officers, either because he was enchanted by a badge or because it gave him more leeway to operate. He gambled a lot.

In fact gambling seems to have been his primary occupation and in dealing cards he frequently had to defend himself. The diminuitive Luke fit his name—he was Short and he was short. It is said he killed a man in Leadville and that the victim was not his first. He gained some attention in Tombstone when he outshot Charlie Storms, a gambler of Black Hills fame.

But this crowning achievement occurred in Fort Worth where he operated the fancy and remunerative White Elephant. Hard feelings developed between him and Jim Courtright, ex-police officer and at the time of his run-in with Short the owner of a private detective agency. Some say Courtright used the agency to shake down the businessmen; others that he was strictly on the up and up. Whatever the answer, in their showdown Short won—which surprised a lot of people because Longhair Jim Courtright was supposed to wear the swiftest gun in Texas.

Luke's first shot tore into Courtright's thumb and the latter's speed was diminished when he had to switch his pistol to his left hand. This gave Short a second or two to line his sights a little better, and his second shot put Courtright down for keeps.

But Luke's time, too, was running out. The galloping consumption caught up with him four years later. Considering all the fights little Luke had had in his thirty-nine years, it was to the amazement of all that he died in 1893 with not one knife or bullet scar on his body. Either he outdrew them all or he put himself up against some atrocious shooters. Since his detractors say he was not a quick and speedy gunhandler, he *should* have died with his boots on, but he last saw the light of day in a health resort in Kansas, between clean white sheets, a sick man, but for all his gunfights a remarkably unscathed one.

Luke Short

John Slaughter

JOHN SLAUGHTER

If there ever was a man who gave his enemies every chance to put him down, it was that pint-sized Arizonian, John Slaughter. A successful rancher, he pinned on a star to make Arizona safe for decent folks. When he became sheriff of Cochise County, his orders to outlaws were direct and to the point—"get out or get killed."

Some chose the easy way and didn't have to face the flinty-eyed little cowman—others didn't and wound up riding their horses cross-wise and belly down as Slaughter led them back to the cemetery.

He never killed if he didn't have to, but he left it solely up to himself whether he had to or not. He didn't weigh the pros and cons; if a fellow had had his warning and didn't take advantage of it, he was on John's list. Slaughter wanted no personal fame, only a county where law-abiding citizens could travel about in safety and cowmen could turn out their livestock with a reasonably good prospect of finding them again when roundup time came.

The men with whom he differed came to the conclusion that, while they could be tough in a lot of places, they couldn't be tough in John Slaughter's county. So by tacit agreement, the toughs went to where they could be tough safely and John Slaughter didn't care where they went as long as they went. Slaughter was not exactly a "picture book" sheriff. Billy the Kid would have towered over him a full two inches. Dallas Stoudenmire by almost a foot. But the calibre of the man was what counted and in this department John Slaughter was full size.

Even the fierce Apaches learned to leave this cold-eyed man alone. Judge and executioner he may have been, but Cochise County became a more peaceful place in which to live and die.

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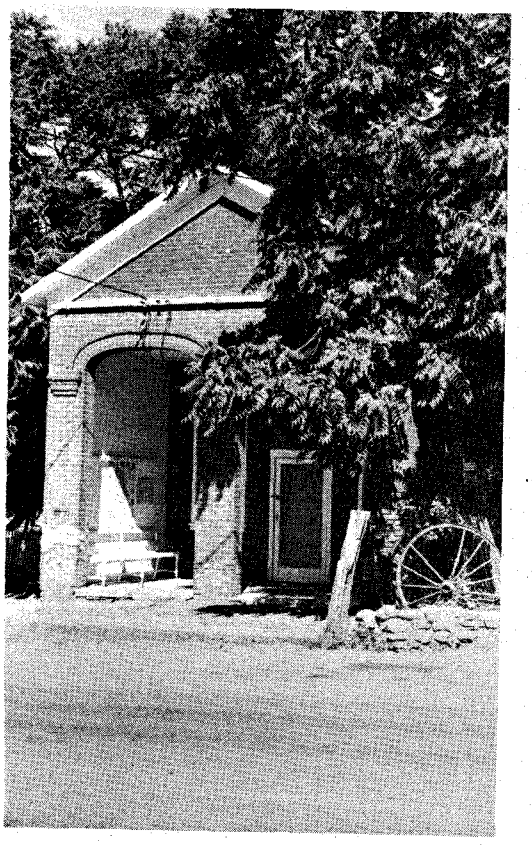
GRASS-GROWN STREETS IN SIERRA NEVADA



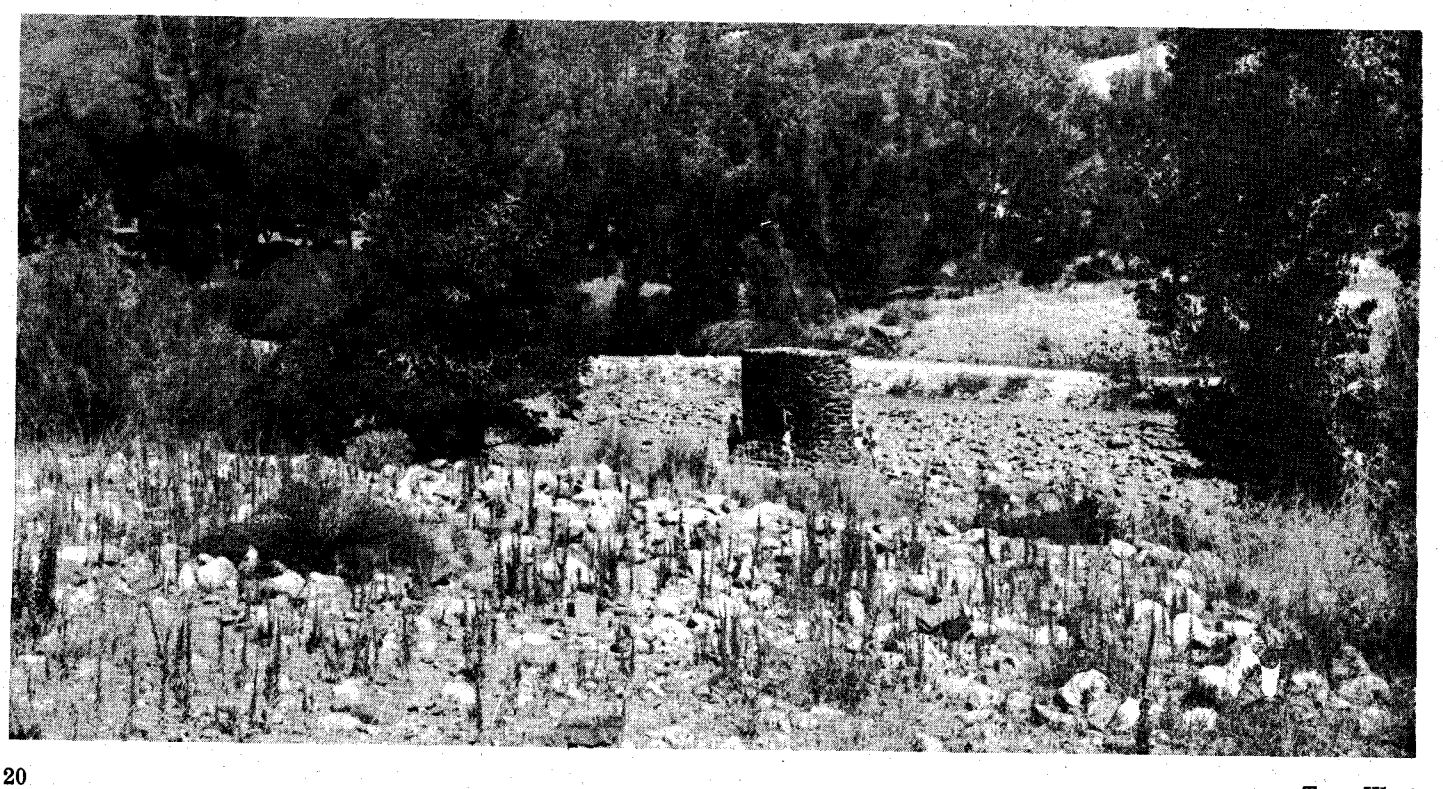
Part III

Sutter's Mill, Coloma, Placerville, Plymouth, Fiddletown and Drytown

A RUBBLE masonry monument marks the exact spot on the American River's South Fork where James W. Marshall, quite by accident, made the gold discovery that started a tremor in the nation's mining and financial circles from California to New York. The site is just off Highway 49, a half-mile east of the Lotus turnoff and at the outskirts of old Coloma.

Ironically, Jim Marshall was not one of the horde of gold seekers who swarmed over the Sierra during the late '40s; he was, rather, a carpenter who contracted to build a sawmill for John Sutter. On January 24, 1848—soon after completing the structure—Marshall found gold in the mill's tailrace, and before summer all of the area's riverbanks were lined with placer operations, and the mountains echoed the clang of prospectors' picks. The secret was out, the race was

Above, in 1851 a brick butcher shop with marble floors was built to serve the people of Drytown. Below, a monument marks the spot where James Marshall discovered gold at Sutter's Mill, California.



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By TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

on, and Coloma unfurled along the South Fork to become the hub of a frantic scramble for riches.

Today the somber and lifeless streets of Coloma belie the history of clamor and tumult. The remnants of two stone buildings slouch beside Main Street, silent and empty, with tufted grass sprouting from their chinks. One of these was the Robert Bell store—the other was operated by Wah Hop, a Chinese merchant.

I walked back, away from the highway, past weatherstained shanties under melancholy trees and found the back streets lonely as an enchanted forest. There I rested on a ruined front porch and pondered the turbulent Coloma of a century ago, tried to reconcile its present serenity with the violent crimes and bizarre deaths of Doctor J. B. Crane and a man named Free which occurred nearby in the roaring '50s.

Crane was a teacher who disposed of his pupil, Susan Newham, with whom he was much enamored but who had rejected his advances. The doctor was summarily tried and sentenced to hang at the same time that Free was dealt a like fate for murder and numerous armed robberies. As it turned out, the doomed men cooperated to make the dual execution one of the most memorable ones in gold rush history.

Doctor Crane while awaiting the fateful moment, set his parting words to verse and music. He sang his composition while standing on the trap, then capped the climax by shouting, "Here I come, Susan!" even as he plunged into eternity. Free apparently had anticipated that the doctor would be a tough act to follow, as he had perfected a little jig which he performed during his last moments on the gallows.

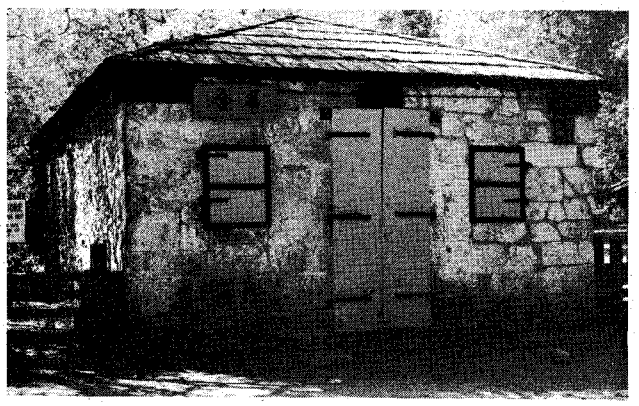
So it was in the Coloma of 1855—wild and tempestuous, yet tame when compared with Placerville, its neighbor seven miles to the southeast.

PLACERVILLE was founded by three prospectors from Coloma in 1848. It began life as Dry Diggins, prompted by the fact that local ore had to be transported to water for processing. In spite of this handicap, the town's founders netted $17,000 in the first week. Peace and tranquillity prevailed for only the first year after which the incursion of a lawless element had reached such proportions that the townspeople found it necessary to correct the situation swiftly and decisively. Thus the yearling camp earned a second name—Hangtown—one that it hasn't been allowed to forget in over a century.

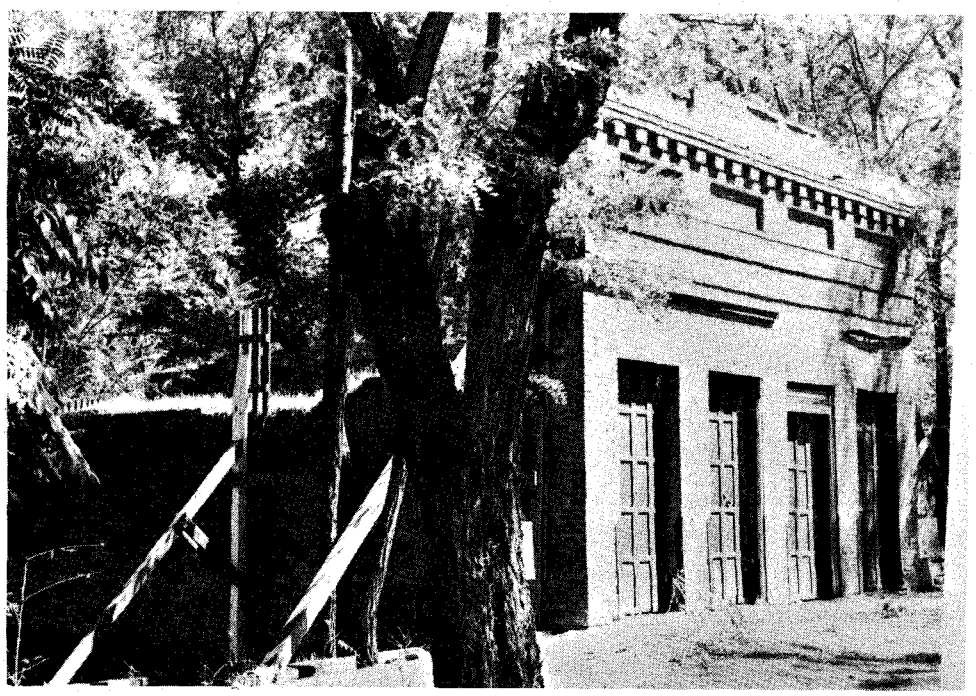
History doesn't tell us which hanging inspired the new name, but no less than

(Continued on page 49)

On Main Street in Fiddletown are the remains of C. Schallhorn's Blacksmith and Wagon Shop. Below, the general store operated by Wah Hop, a Chinese merchant, still stands on the main street of Coloma.



Below, the Robert Bell store at Coloma.



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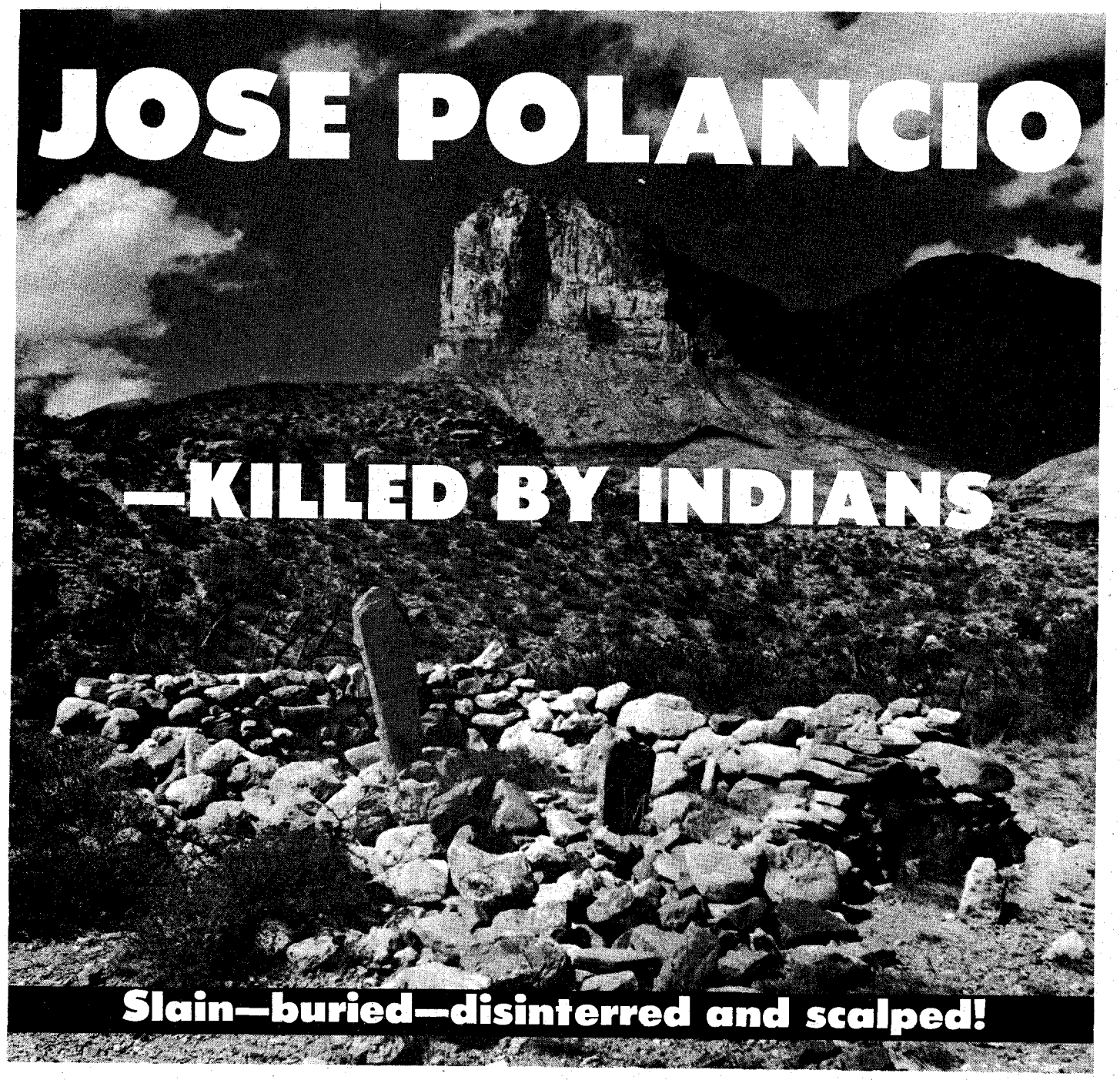
JOSE POLANCIO

—KILLED BY INDIANS



Slain—buried—disinterred and scalped!

Courtesy R. B. Rugely

El Capitan looms in the distance like the headstone of Polancio's grave. The marker reads: "Jose Maria Polancio—Guide, Killed Feb. 1855, By Indians."

BYPASSED by modern highways, a solitary tombstone stands its silent vigil over the grave of Jose Maria Polancio. The inscription, carved on a native sandstone marker, reads simply:

Jose Maria Polancio
Guide
Killed Feb.
1855
By Indians

This inscription is typical of hundreds of other such markers of our early western frontier.

Jose's story, however, is far from typical. In history a short three-page military report, written by Captain James Longstreet, 8th Infantry, Fort Bliss, Texas and posted on February 17, 1855 tells the tragic circumstances of Jose's death and later desecration of his body by Indians.

History does not tell us the life of Jose. It recorded only a brief span of eight days in which is summed up his dedication to a job few men were capable of fulfilling. The very fact that Jose was a guide in the rugged, Indian infested Guadalupe Mountains tells much about him. Few guides were married men as their occupation required them to be ever on the move. It is reasonable, therefore, to assume Jose left no family to mourn his passing. Had it not been for the tombstone erected in his memory, this page in history would have been filed and forgotten on that February day in 1855.

On January 24, 1855 Captain James Longstreet and his command departed Fort Bliss, Texas near El Paso for their assigned duty between the Hueco (Waco) Tanks and the Guadalupe Mountains. In Captain Longstreet's command were fifty-four men of Companies I and K.

The area assigned to Longstreet was a virgin, untamed wilderness of the desert Southwest. Even today the terrain is little changed. Roads were unknown and the trails in use were primitive and for the most part uncharted. It was on these primitive, uncharted trails that we have the first report from Captain Longstreet.

"I found after starting that my wagons were very heavily loaded for the bad roads that we had to encounter. So much so as to make my marches unnecessarily short. About two hours out from the post a Pueblo Indian reported to me as guide. After several conversations with this guide about the services that would be required of him, I concluded that he was not unlikely to answer well all the de-

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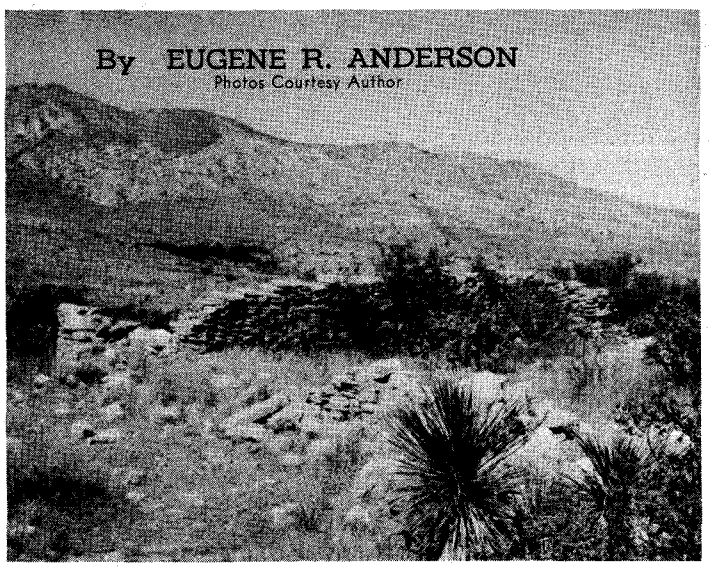
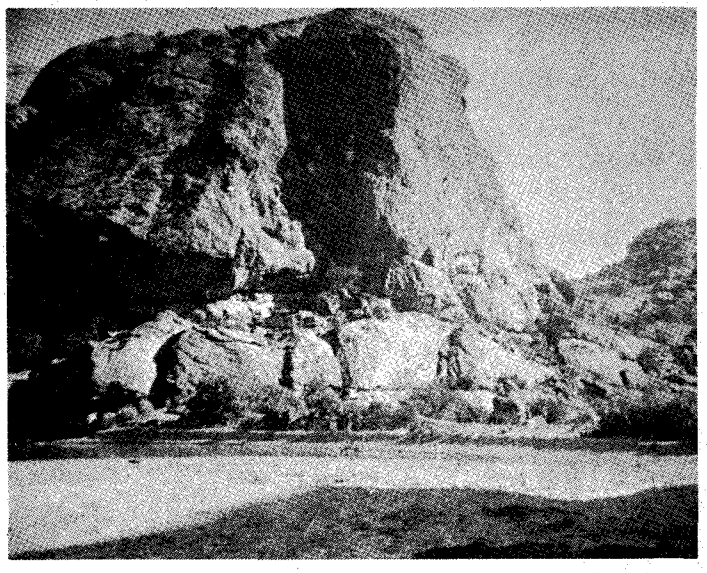




At left, only a portion of the walls remain of the Pine Spring stage station, built two years after the death of Jose Polancio. At right, Hueco Tanks where Jose first reported for duty to Captain Longstreet.

mands that might be required of him. Therefore I started him back on the morning of the 25th with a note asking for an additional guide and several mounted men. At ten, on the night of the 25th, two mounted men reported to me at the Hueco Tanks. They brought me a note from the Colonel informing me that the extra guide had been ordered as I requested."

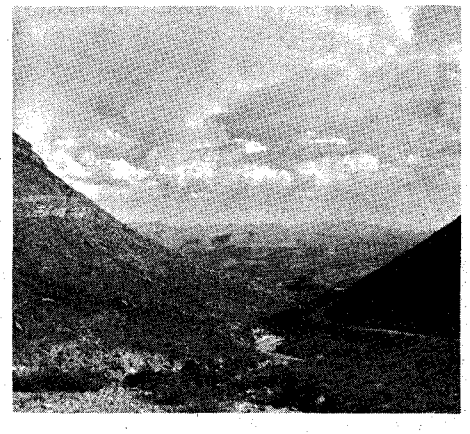
From this portion of Captain Longstreet's report we see his concern for the condition of the roads it was necessary to travel on the way to the Hueco tanks. Today this same area between Fort Bliss and the Hueco tanks is a barren treeless, arid lay of red sand dunes. To see this area is to wonder how heavy wagons ever traversed it, yet this same route was to become known as the Butterfield Trail by 1857 and was to hear the rumble of stagecoaches operating between St. Louis in the east to San Francisco in the West. Ironically, the Butterfield-Overland Trail would pass within a few feet of the final resting place of Jose Maria Polancio.

IT WAS on the morning of January 26, 1855 that Jose reported to Captain Longstreet at the camp near Hueco Tanks. Longstreet's report continued thus: "At nine in the morning of the 26th the Mexican Guide, Jose Maria Polancio, reported and at half after nine I moved forward. The other guide I have not seen or heard of since he left me on the 25th. Two non-commissioned officers were mounted on the horses, as an advance party to go with the guide.

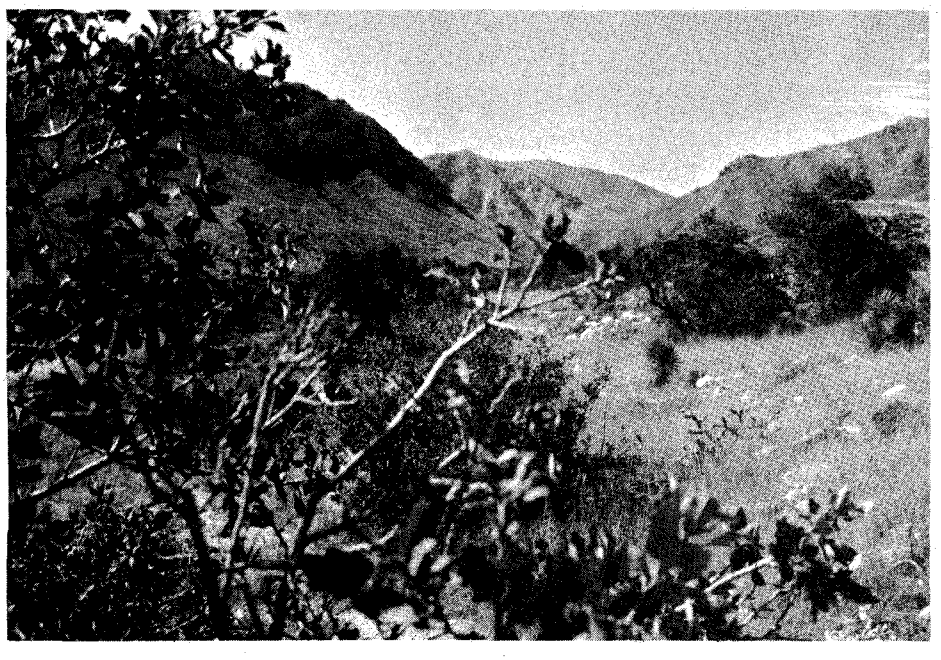
"I found the pass, just beyond the Hueco Tanks, the worst road that I have ever known traveled by vehicles and was detained there several hours repairing the roads, to enable my wagons to pass. *A few hours after leaving the pass my* train mules began to fail. One broke down completely. The next day another failed. Till the 28th I did not make a march to exceed twenty miles."

The pass referred to here is just as foreboding today. The only changes in evidence are those made by the Butterfield contractors where they found it necessary to blast certain rock ledges and walls of the pass to permit passage of the Overland stages. The Hueco Tanks (hueco, Spanish for hollow concave or hole) are about a mile west of the Hueco Mountains and comprise a circular group of hills of bare igneous rock some 150 feet in height, inclosing a large amphitheatre-like open space. In many places both on the surface and in the numerous dark interior grottos, there are natural cavities or basins which are semi-

(Continued on page 56)



Above right, the view south from the campsite where Longstreet and his men camped. It was here that the news of Jose Polancio's death first reached Captain Longstreet. Below, the entrance to Pine Canyon, site of Longstreet's last camp.



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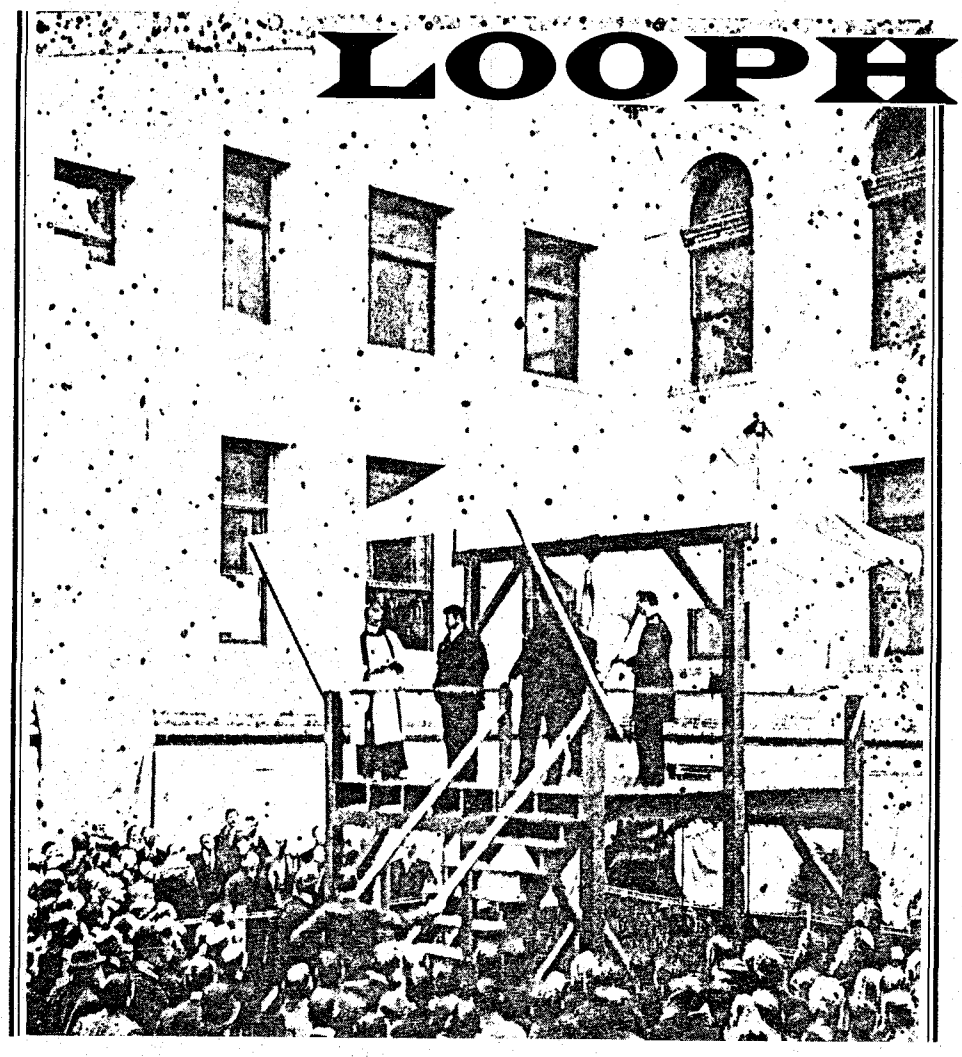
LOOPHOLES and

By JAY J. KALEZ
Photos Courtesy Author



Webster spoke to the crowd from the gallows before his execution.

George Webster

Thirteen more steps would have taken George Webster past the lonely ranch house that night. Too bad he didn't take them, for eventually those thirteen steps would have to be walked—straight up to a gallows floor

SPOKANE'S county courthouse has never wanted for admiring comments from visitors and town residents alike. "It looks like a courthouse is expected to look" is the usual appraisal. Now it is being razed.

One distinctive section of the building was the walled, inner court section with its tall, gracefully sloped, wrought-iron gates which closed off the entrance to what was once the county jail yard. Behind those black gates once stood the gallows where Spokane's first public hanging took place.

On a Friday, March 30, 1900, George Webster, twenty-eight, a ranch hand, was executed for the murder of Lisi Aspland, wife of Andrew Aspland, a Danish rancher living four miles northwest of Cheney, Washington, on the Medical Lake road to Spokane.

Under today's interpretation of the law, it is doubtful if Webster could have been convicted of a charge greater than second-degree murder or manslaughter. But 1900 was still within the era of the Old West, and murder was murder. Murder of a woman heightened the crime. Murder of the wife of an isolated rancher, within the very home which had offered Webster shelter for the night, made his action even more heinous. Despite the presence of Spokane's best legal representation over a three-year period, Webster's conviction and sentence was never altered from the original hanging verdict.

It was about 9 p.m. on the night of Wednesday, May 5, 1897 that George Webster, a bottle of liquor in his coat pocket, appeared at the Aspland ranch house and asked if he could put up for the night. Andrew Aspland remembered Webster from the previous spring and summer when the latter had been working for George Howell, a rancher living near Spangle. Webster had stopped at the Aspland home during the summer's wild gooseberry picking season and watered his horse.

So with Western hospitality, Aspland assured Webster he was welcome to spend the night. After washing up on the porch Webster entered the kitchen and, pulling a bag of candy from his inner pocket, passed it over to the three Aspland children. At the same time, Webster pulled the bottle of liquor from his coat pocket and insisted that both Mr. and Mrs. Aspland have a social drink with him.

The rancher was in need of a hired hand and knew from fence-line gossip that Webster was a good worker. Over their social drink, Aspland asked if Webster was interested in a job on his ranch for the summer. They even discussed the wage Webster would receive and how long the job could last.

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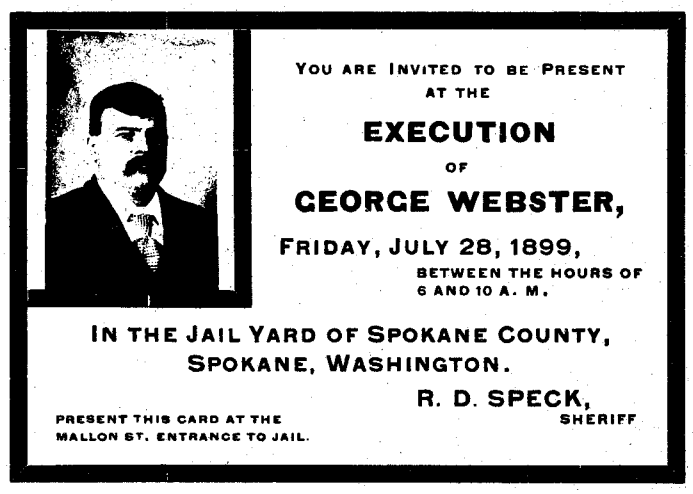
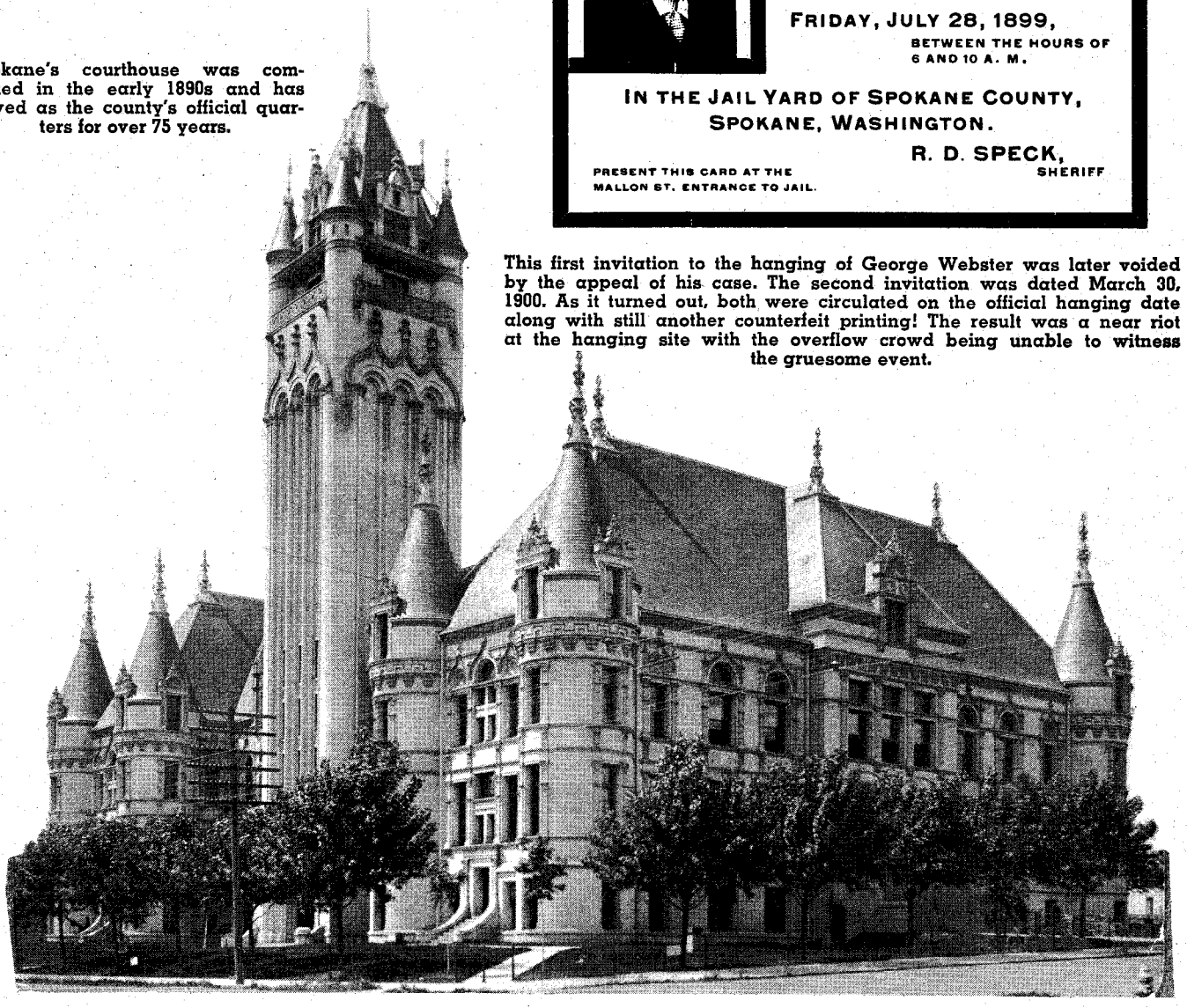
NOOSES



This first invitation to the hanging of George Webster was later voided by the appeal of his case. The second invitation was dated March 30, 1900. As it turned out, both were circulated on the official hanging date along with still another counterfeit printing! The result was a near riot at the hanging site with the overflow crowd being unable to witness the gruesome event.



Spokane's courthouse was completed in the early 1890s and has served as the county's official quarters for over 75 years.

ABOUT eleven p.m. Mrs. Aspland began preparing the three children for bed. She informed Webster that he, her nine-year-old son, and Mr. Aspland would sleep in the house's single bedroom. She and her two young daughters, age eleven and twelve, would sleep on a bed she had made up in the kitchen.

The farm house had hardly been darkened for the night when Webster, claiming the bedroom was too warm, arose and opened a window. He then groped his way through the darkness to the kitchen door saying he wanted a drink of water. Already half-asleep, Aspland heard Webster moving about the room and heard one of his daughters call out from the kitchen. By the time Aspland had shaken off his drowsiness Webster was crawling back in bed.

A few minutes later Webster was up again, this time telling Aspland that he wanted to take a dose of medicine from a bottle he had left in the kitchen. He returned from the kitchen almost immediately, offering Aspland a swig from the bottle, saying it was a blood purifier. Aspland refused the drink and Webster climbed back into bed, spilling half the bottle's contents on the floor.

Aspland was again half-asleep when Webster arose from his bed for the third time and groped his way to the outside door leading to the front porch. Aspland listened and could hear Webster moving around outside the house. A minute or so later a single shot roared out in the night from the rear of the house.

Aspland leaped from his bed and, finding the door to the kitchen bolted, began pounding on the door. At almost the same moment, Webster appeared in the doorway leading to the outside front porch. Lighting a match in the doorway, Webster mumbled, "Why don't you keep a light in this house? Who was doing the shooting?"

With those words Webster flopped over onto the bed. Aspland again tried the door to the kitchen on hearing the door bolt slide, and in the dim light of a kitchen table lamp with no chimney in place, saw his wife staggering toward her

(Continued on page 62)

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In Hart's pictures "women were women," not sterile scenery as they were in so many later western movies.

—the first man in Westerns "to do it my way"—he ran the whole show!

WILLIAM S. "BILL"

A TALL, lean man sat his cow pony with an ease that attested to his many years in the saddle; his gray eyes surveyed a static scene that within minutes would erupt into a wild, roaring hell-bent-for-action sequence that would make motion picture history.

The year was 1926. The scene in question would be the highlight of the motion picture, TUMBLEWEEDS. And the man who sat the cow pony was the producer, director and star of the picture—William S. Hart.

At fifty-six years of age, William Surrey Hart was about to take off on a dangerous four-hour ride that would entail spills, jumps and the need for three changes of horses to carry him through to victory. And all of this under a hot desert sun. By today's standards of picture-making, Hart's decision to make this grueling ride would be looked upon as ridiculous, even by men half his age. Today all of it would be filmed with a double while the studio's valuable property star would be sitting in the shade probably sipping a tall, cool one.

This is not to say that *all* of today's stars are unable to perform the dangerous stunts which are written into the script. John Wayne, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas, Lee Marvin and a few others are fully capable of meeting any demands; but their studios wouldn't allow it if a double or trick photography could make a passable substitute.

In the earlier days of picture-making, a star took great pride in his image of a two-fisted, red-blooded hero, and at the risk of his life performed all of his stunts himself. As a result, some of the classics of the silent screen have never been surpassed in realism by the modern moviemaker.

One such was the filming in 1914 of THE SPOILERS, a great story of the North by Rex Beach, starring William Farnum and Tom Santschi. The picture's

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At left, in "Hell's Hinges," Hart manhandles Louise Glaum who has been caught attempting to seduce the town's new minister.

fight scene lasted through one full reel and was the grand-daddy of them all. All subsequent filmings of THE SPOILERS —1922, with Milton Sills and Noah Beery; 1930 with Gary Cooper and William Boyd; 1942, with John Wayne and Randolph Scott—were somewhat "stagy" affairs. In some of them the use of stunt men was evident. The later versions also employed breakaway furniture and basted clothing which came apart readily, both of which were unknown or were frowned upon in the earlier era. In the original filming, William Farnum and Tom Santschi struck, clawed and tore at each other with such realism that it left no doubt in the mind of the viewer that this was a fight to the finish.

WILLIAM S. HART spent most of his early life in Minnesota and the Dakotas when that part of the United States was still the frontier and inhabited by the Blackfeet and Sioux. He knew the West and the ways of the Westerners.

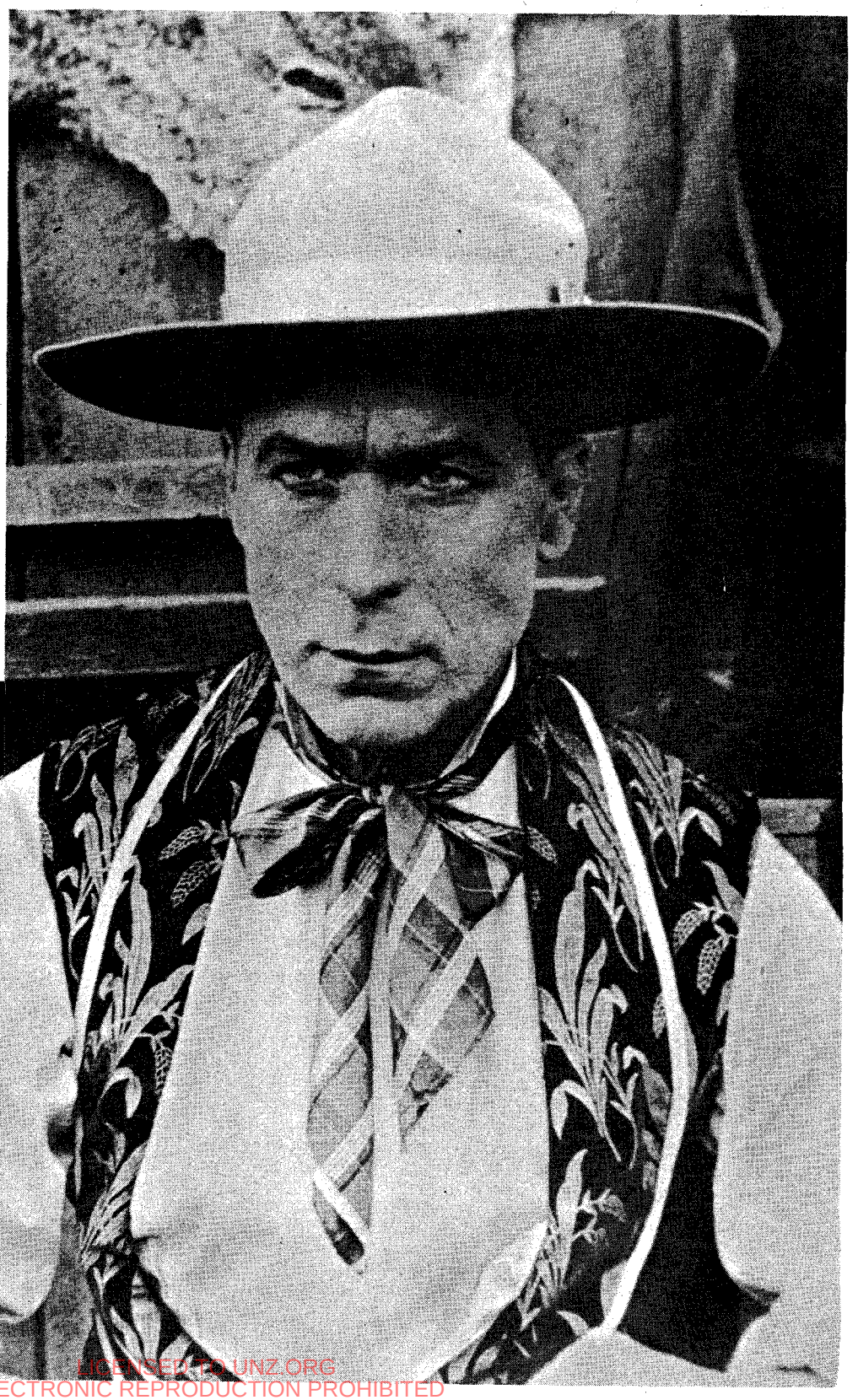
After some years on the stage in New York, he came west at the insistence of his friend Thomas Ince, then a major producer of the early silents. At that time the sort of Western movie produced by (and starring) Bronco Billy Anderson—two-reelers with hackneyed stories and action—was definitely on the wane.

When Hart arrived in Hollywood in

(Continued on page 67)

HART

By PETE La ROCHE
Photos Courtesy Author



William S. "Bill" Hart

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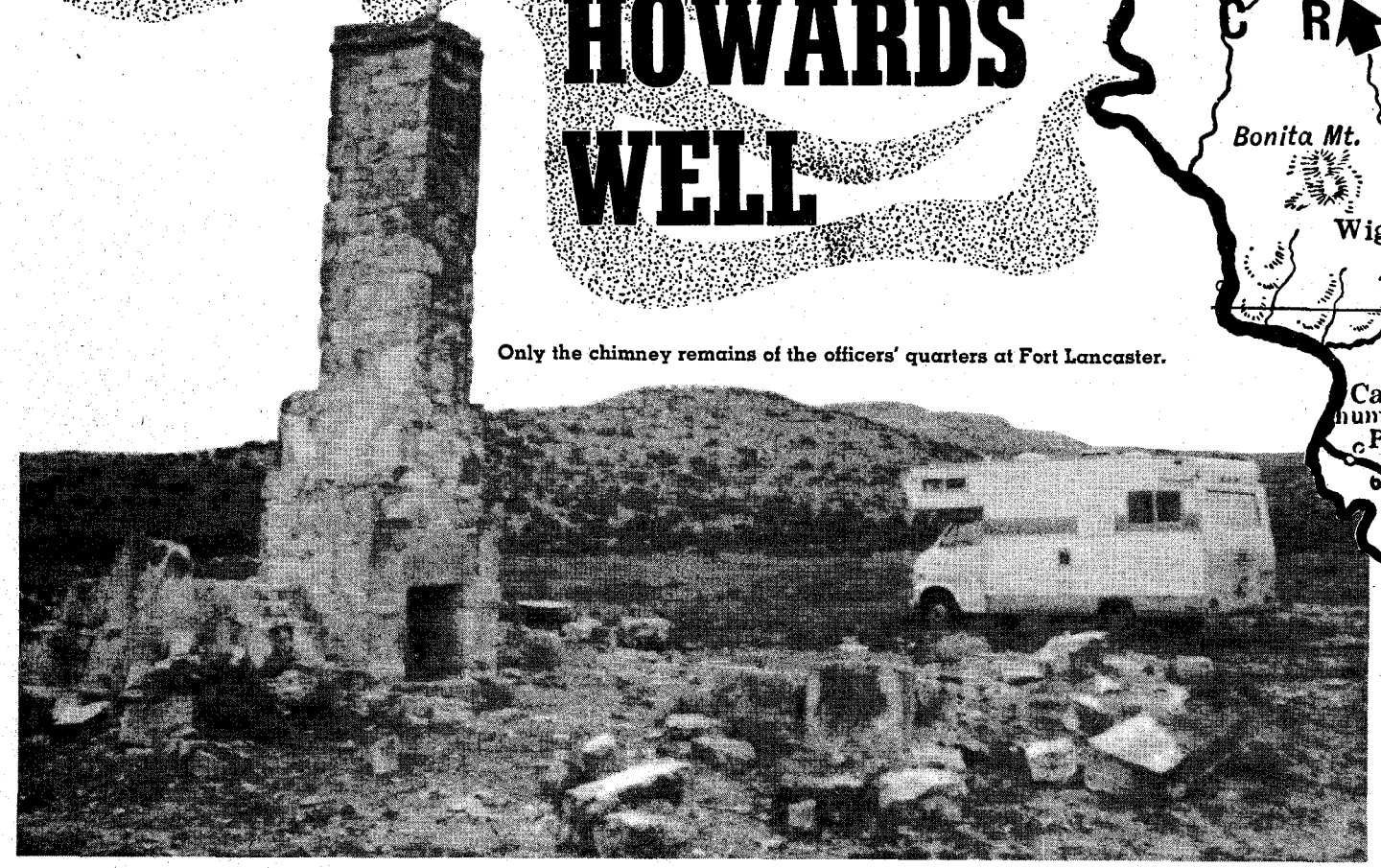
A dark cold night in Fort Lancaster brings to mind the

LEGEND OF HOWARDS WELL



Only the chimney remains of the officers' quarters at Fort Lancaster.

By BILL MAHAN

Photos Courtesy Author

ON APRIL 20, 1872 at Howards Well in Crockett County, Texas, the Kiowas, and possibly some Comanches, carried out what amounted to another Salt Creek massacre. A wagontrain was attacked at that place, and when two companies of troops arrived on the scene a few hours later they found the charred bodies of sixteen persons in the smoldering ruins of the wagons. The Indians were still camped close by, but the soldiers were not able to inflict any serious punishment on them.

Howards Well is located deep in southwest Texas and is located on what at one time was the main trail and stage route from San Antonio to El Paso. It is shown on early maps as Howards Spring and was so named after the man who discovered it and led the first exploration party to it. Later the spring began to dry up and travelers had to keep digging deeper and deeper to get water. One bit of history contained in the diary of a soldier of Sibley's Rangers gives us some information about this.

"A hard days' march and camp at Howards Spring (or as I think a more appropriate name would have been 'Howards Well' for it is so deep that it takes one man on the bottom, one half way and one at the top to get water)." This note is dated December 2, 1861.

His diary also states, "At this place we also find traces of Indians. There are two graves nearby and the stage station that was once here is entirely demolished."

THE OLD landmark has gone by the name of Howards Well since about 1865. A legend has grown up about what is supposed to have been the true beginning of this oasis in the rugged desert area.

According to the story, a Spanish expedition on an exploratory trip into the arid waste of southwest Texas in early 1700 was making its way back to Mexico. The Spaniards had been engaged with a war party of Indians; some of the expedition had been killed and several were severely wounded. All were at the point of exhaustion and were near death from thirst. They had camped to rest and had sent out scouts in all directions, and the searchers returned with only one comment, "No water."

This was in the summer. Hot scorching winds blow down these same canyons today and anyone caught without water or transportation would never come out alive. The Spaniards lacked both. The animals could go no farther.

In the group of explorers were several Franciscan padres. One of them named Alvarez had the faith that they would all be saved. He went to a place of seclusion and, falling upon his knees, he prayed to God and to have mercy on this desperate band. So earnest and sincere were his prayers that immediately a rush of fresh cool water gushed from a crevice in the sun-bleached and blistering rocks. After resting a few more days, bathing the wounds of the injured, and getting their fill of water, the Spaniards continued safely on their journey.

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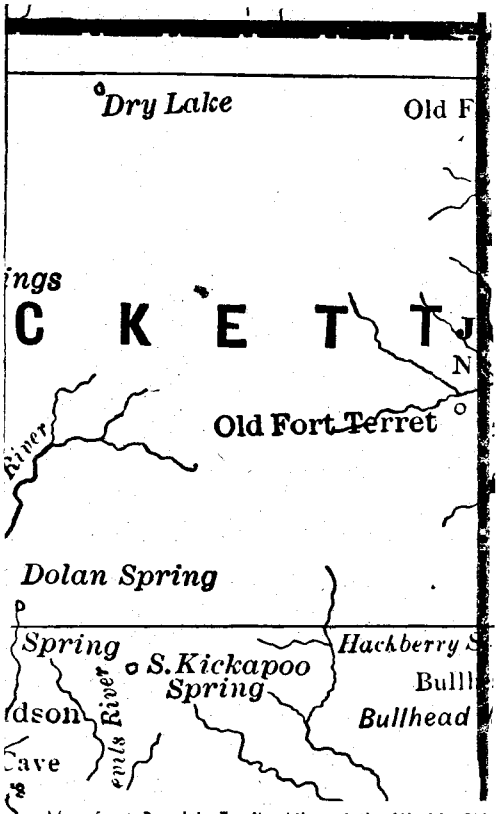


Map from People's Family Atlas of the World, Chicago, 1884. Courtesy John Wallace.

This is only a legend which has been handed down through the years, but even today the more devout of the Spanish-Americans living in the area cross themselves when passing near the spot.

SINCE this was the only water for miles it became a natural camping place for travelers on their way west to El Paso. It was also an overnight stop for cavalry patrols. At the site of the massacre I found many pieces of broken china and glass on the surface. Also I found hand-worked pieces of flint and broken arrowheads indicating that it had been a favorite campsite for the Indians, too.

My metal detector picked up pieces of horseshoes, horseshoe nails, several old hand-forged spikes, pieces of a broken cast iron pot, several cavalry buttons and decorative items. It is not surprising that large metal objects were not found, because troopers salvaged what they could. Later the Indians returned and they, too, would have taken all metal objects they could find. And a museum located at Ozona has quite a collection of artifacts found at the site. Now Howards Well is within private property, and camping and hunting is not permitted. The Howards Well Ranch is located about one mile north of the home of Mr. Pierce, foreman of the ranch.

I HAD found the story of the massacre in an old book, and had contacted Billie Joe Walker, of Midland about it. His marvelous "Historical Map of Texas" almost pinpointed the site. We agreed on a time and place to meet in the town of Ozona.

I drove out in my camper and met him and we went directly to the area, arriving about nine o'clock on a cold blustery night.

We were on a private dirt road and pulled onto a nice level spot for the night. Early the next morning while enjoying sausage and eggs and coffee, we had a visitor. It was Mr. Pierce. The foreman wanted to know what we were doing there, camped on private property.

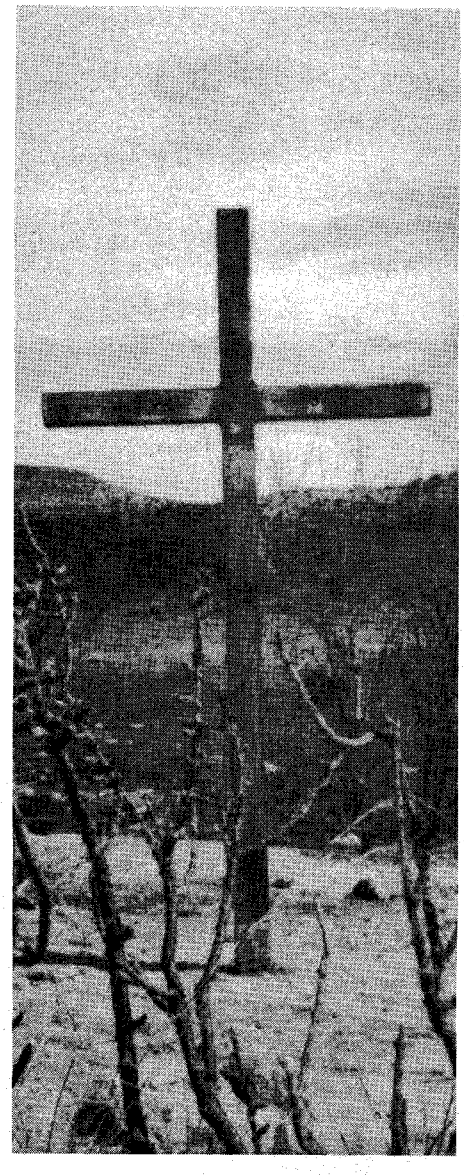
After telling him that we wanted to find and search the site of the massacre, he informed me that hunting and trespassing was not allowed under any condition and by the size of the Winchester hanging conveniently in his pickup, I was convinced he could back it up.

I explained that we carried no guns and would dig no big holes and would only be there three or four hours and that what I actually wanted to do was take a few pictures, to write a story about the well in hopes that old Hosstail Joe Small might use it in one of his Western magazines.

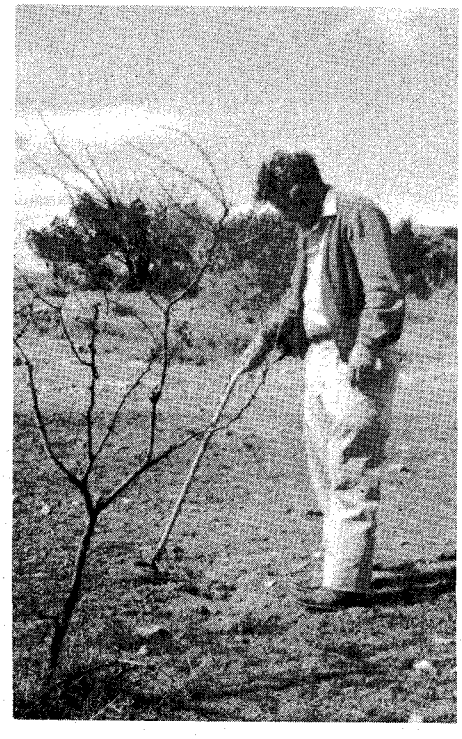
As it turned out, Mr. Pierce is a fan of both *True West* and *Frontier Times* and he finally agreed to let us hunt, providing I would make it clear that no further hunting by anyone would be permitted under any conditions. So, please respect Mr. Pierce's wishes because I've never seen a man so sincere and emphatic.

After searching the site for about two hours, Billie Joe and I decided that further looking would do no good and that nothing big or interesting would be found. Besides, it was Sunday and Billie

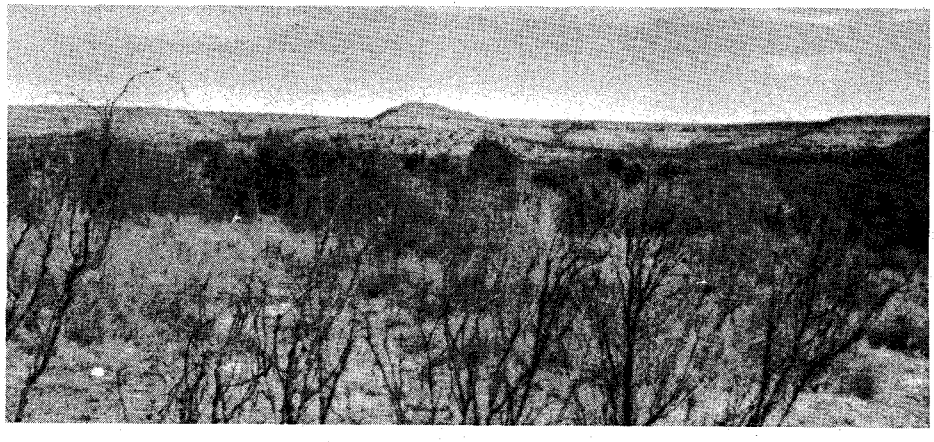
(Continued on page 42)



Above, a large iron cross marks the site of perhaps the last wagon-train massacre in Texas. Below, Billie Joe Walker checks on the area with a detector.



Barren hills surround the massacre site.



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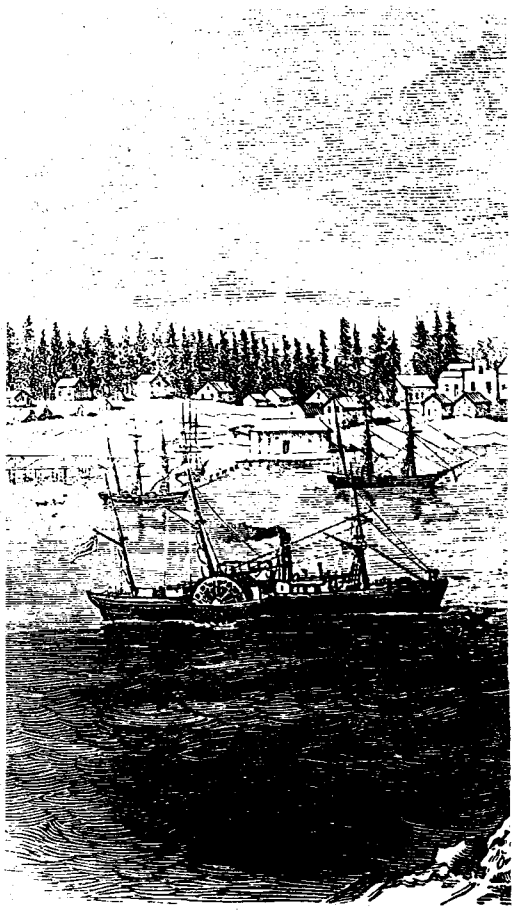
VICTORIA'S GAY

Everyone agreed the man was outrageous, prayed every night that he would leave the old John busy working mischief again!

FROM San Francisco to British Columbia, he was a "blot, a disgrace, a moral leper and a curse — a greater scourge than cholera or smallpox." Such was the glowing epithet which pioneer Victoria paid her most illustrious, and ignoble, resident—the one and only—praise be to the Lord!—John Butts. Or John Charles Butts, "Town Crier to Her Brittanic Majesty," as this delightful rogue preferred to call himself.

John was the provincial capital's undisputed king of knaves, a lovable blackguard whose antics still bring laughter a century later. He was fat, incurably lazy, a drunkard, thief, beggar and bootlegger—and citizens loved him. His usual haunt was the corner of Yates and Government Streets where, in uniform of baggy, dirty clothes and belt that



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EST ROGUE

By T. W. PATERSON
Photos Courtesy Author
Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

but what could be done with him? Magistrates country but dawn found

was two notches too loose about his protruding belly, and ringing a large bell, he held court before the town's idle.

As town crier it was his duty to announce details in English and in Chinook of coming events and sales in his "magnificent" tenor voice. Unfortunately, John suffered from a chronic case of ad-libbing; he just couldn't deliver a sales pitch without adding a ribald witticism at the expense of some prominent citizen. Should any of his audience have the slightest doubt as to the target's identity, John would end the mystery by bawling the gentleman's name at the top of his lungs; a popular pastime which ended in disaster for him more than once!

He was an Englishman from Australia, most agreed, having come to Victoria in 1858 after fleeing San Francisco vigilantes. Some even went so far as to hint at respectable if not noble birth. And the fact that John could turn a mean phrase when occasion demanded would indicate something of a literate upbringing. Whatever his heritage, his brief but boisterous career is unparalleled.

The first printed report of John's activities appeared in the Victoria *Colonist* of June 6, 1859, with the news that he had offered himself as candidate in the forthcoming election of assemblymen. His campaign got off to a rather rocky start with his being summoned a week later for having struck a little boy. He settled this affair out of court, one of the times he escaped an appearance before the bench.

Three months later, election time was drawing near and the *Colonist* announced John was ready to address the public. "Having an intimate knowledge of government, being no puttyhead and, withal, having accumulated considerable money, he is no 'man of straw'; and hence fully believing that this constituency has common sense enough to canvass the merits of all the candidates, he hopes to successfully oppose both the learned gentlemen now in the field."

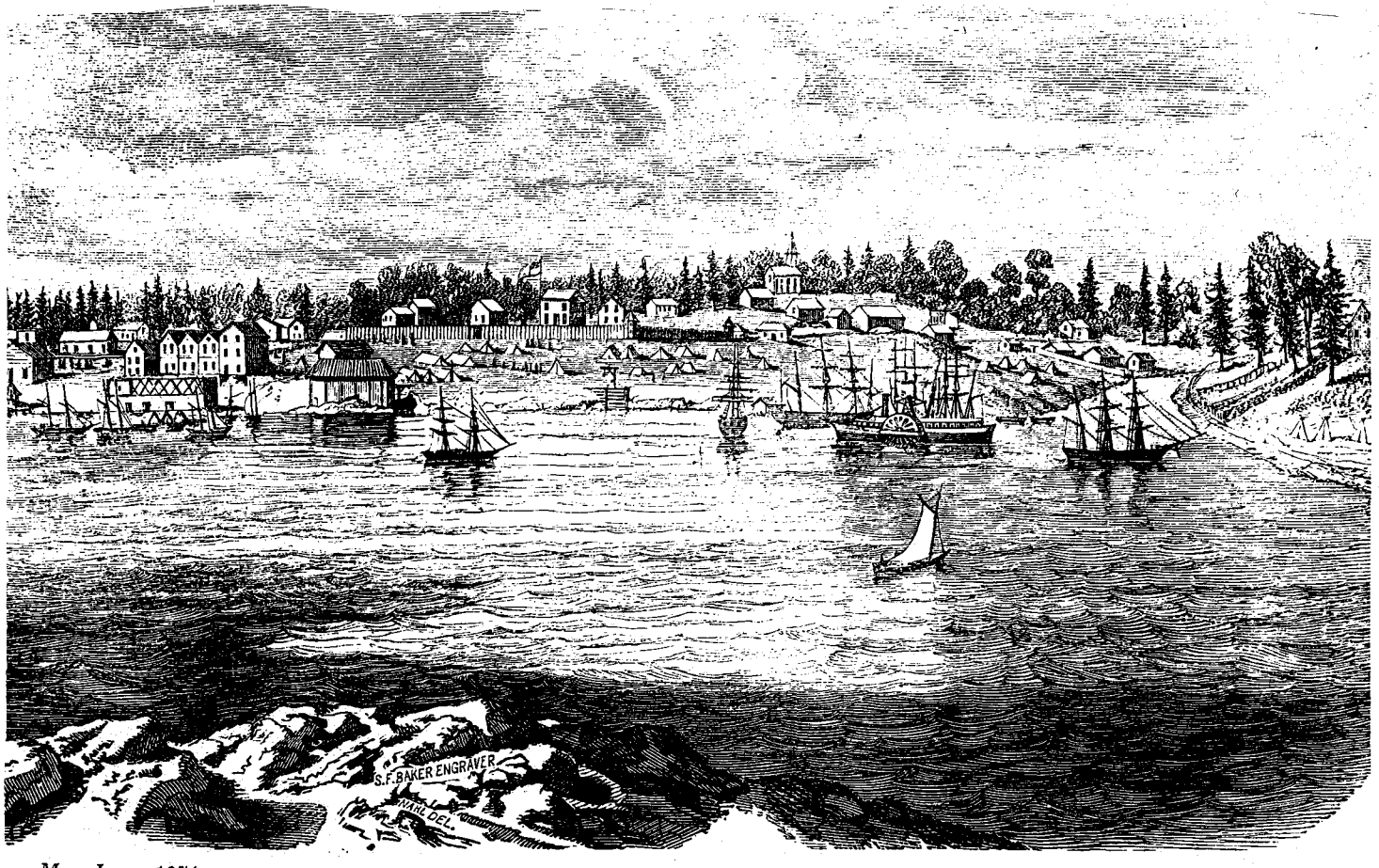
In typical Don Quixote fashion, John had challenged no less than solicitor George Wright and Attorney-General George Cary. The result of his venture into the realm of politics is not given, although it is easy to imagine.

WITHIN five months he was in court again, charged with "one of the most abominable crimes in the calendar" involving a sixteen-year-old boy. The exact nature of the charge was unprintable, indicating it was one of indecent assault. We're happy to report, however, that John defended himself eloquently, the three prosecution witnesses contradicted each other admirably, and the case was

(Continued on page 52)

Victoria, B.C. in 1858. This was the home of town crier—and town nuisance—John Butts.

Courtesy B. C. Provincial Archives



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FREE "HOMES" IN

Roswell street scene in late 1890s.

But there was a hitch—those Homes were sewing machines!

WE ARRIVED in Roswell, New Mexico in 1889 when I was nine years old. Dad had two wagons, three horses, two cows and seven kids.

When Roswell, New Mexico was young everyone knew everyone in town as well as most everyone who lived within 100 miles. Everything was freighted in by wagon from Las Vegas or Pecos City, Texas. Most of the freighting in the winter was from Pecos City. The Las Vegas route was sometimes snowed in, causing delays.

Bill Morgan was a prominent freighter. I can see Bill's eighteen mules and four wagons all hooked together, winding down the dusty roads. Our roads did not go through or over; when it was possible they went around.

Bill was an ambitious man. He said if he ever got rich he was going to have the best damned mule team in the whole country and all of the canned goods he could eat. Bill was so expert at driving that he could turn that sixteen-mule team, with the wagons, around on Roswell's main street which was 100 feet wide.

I have seen freight wagons, loaded with merchandise for the store, stand for days bogged down to the hubs in the middle of Main Street, less than a block from their destination. Nothing was ever bothered. Anyone caught stealing would probably have been given so many hours to get out or else.

Pat Garrett was Sheriff of Lincoln County when Roswell was in Lincoln County. Pat had a farm east of Roswell and was living there developing it. Dad was down there one day and Pat was showing him around the farm. Pat's little boy, four or five years old, was

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THE PECOS VALLEY

Gill Collection

Photos and text from book, **Reminiscences of Roswell Pioneers**, by James D. Shinkle, Hall-Poorbaugh Press, Inc., Roswell, New Mexico, 1966.

By JAMES OLIVER CARPER

Courtesy Ivan Gill
James O. Carper, 1889.

tagging along and, as little boys will he did most of his tagging in front and underfoot. Pat told him several times, "Keep out of the way or I will kick you in the ditch."

The boy paid no attention so Pat kicked him in the ditch. It was a big ditch and he went plumb under. He came crawling up on the bank, shaking the water out of his hair. When he got on top again Dad said: "So he *did* kick you in the ditch." The boy said, "Yes I didn't think the old ——— would do it!"

WE MOVED to a homestead east of the Pecos, fifteen miles from town where there was no school. It is hard to realize now that fifteen miles was a long, all-day drive with a wagon and team to town and back.

Neighbor Nelson (Fred's father) had a yoke of oxen instead of horses, and it took him two days to make the round-trip to town. But the load of mesquite roots that he could haul to market would buy enough supplies to keep his family for a month or more. We were really isolated. There would be months at a time when we would never see a soul except a few who lived in the Valley.

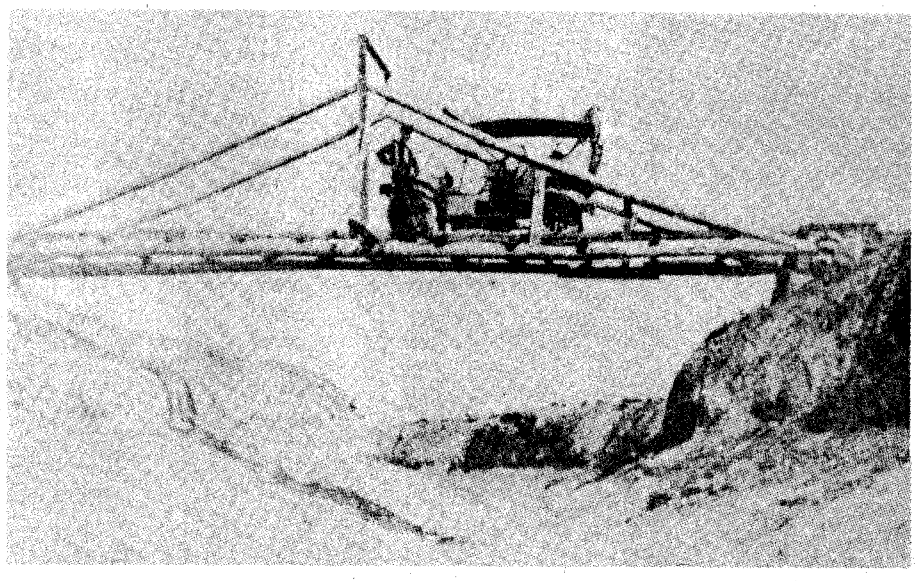
The homesteaders filed on the water from the Bottomless Lakes to irrigate their land. At that time some of the lakes flowed a large head of water which ran to waste in the Pecos River. The homesteaders made seven miles of ditch to get the water from the Bottomless Lakes down to the Valley where they were attempting to farm, and when it was finished discovered they had a bottomless ditch. It went through a lot of soft gyp ground, and when the water hit the gypsum it melted like sugar and the bottom fell out of the ditch faster than it could be replaced.

So with no water, no farm, no eats, the homesteaders gave up the ghost. Some went back to West Virginia. We moved back to Roswell.

(Continued on page 65)

Below, the first auto mail route bridge over Macho Draw, north of Roswell around 1906.

Courtesy Roswell Historical Society



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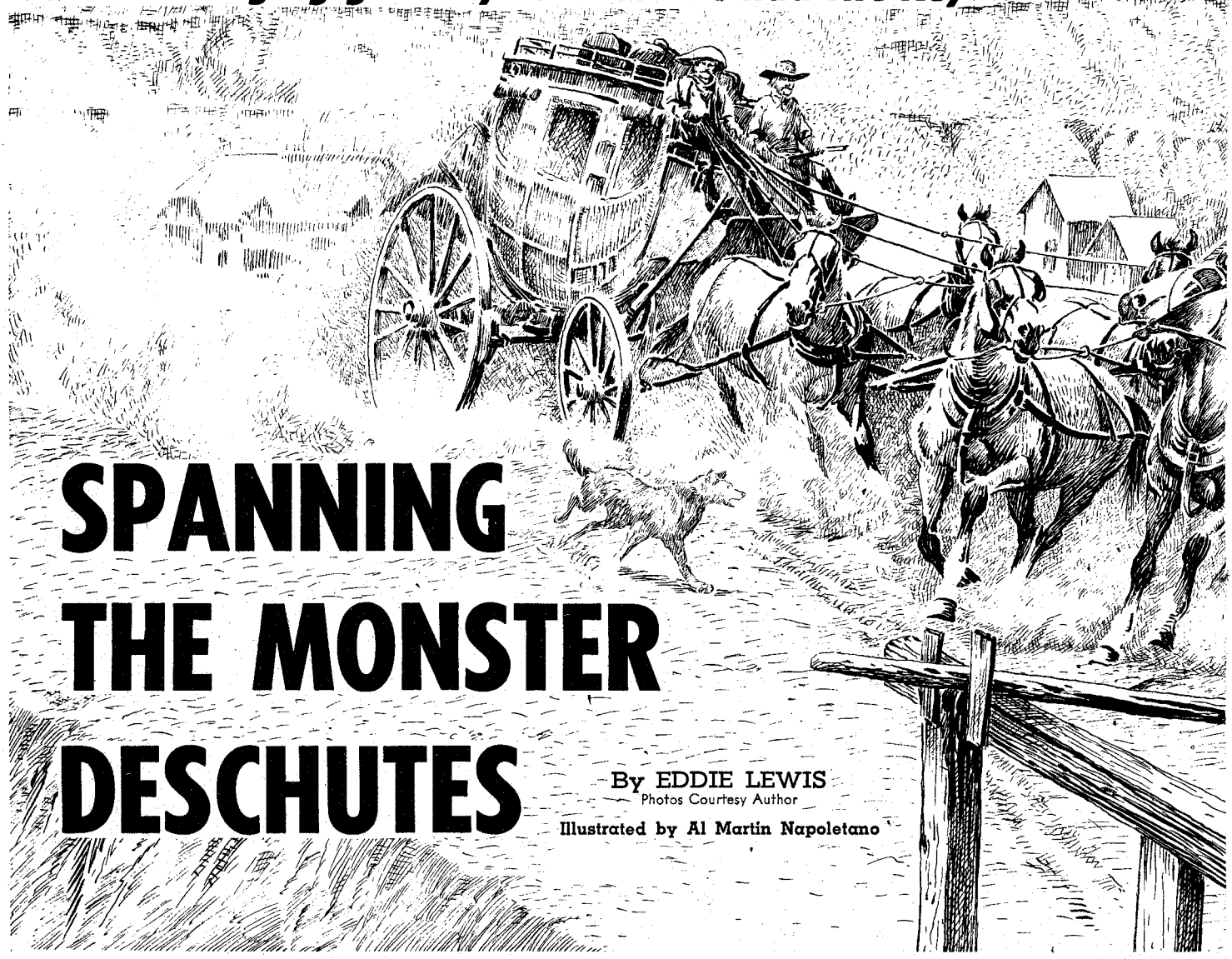
Rivers—mountains—impenetrable lands—Joe Sherar saw each as a challenging gateway to which he had the key



SPANNING THE MONSTER DESCHUTES

By EDDIE LEWIS
Photos Courtesy Author
Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

With dust billowing behind, a stage approaches the end of the steep, curving eight mile grade.

THE last driver in a twelve-wagon-train, with merchandise bound for western Oregon, brought his team to a halt. They were on the east side of the deep Deschutes River canyon which wound through as rugged a country as could be found anywhere in the world. It had been a long and dusty trip from Idaho.

Descending the steep, curving eight-mile grade to the river always taxed the nerves of the drivers and used up most of the strength of the mules and horses. Although the surface of the road was standard for roads in the 1870s the sharp turns and abrupt drop-offs of hundreds of feet to the floor of the canyon gave drivers the shudders until they reached the bottom. The unending application of brakes, handling of the teams and shouted commands created a nervous tension which eased only when they could pull up at the Deschutes River crossing known as Sherar's Bridge. Here they could rest and even get food and lodging for the night if they desired, as well as use the facilities of the large blacksmith shop.

A heavy gate shut off the entrance to the wooden bridge, and by it always stood a tall bearded man. As usual, he had been making a mental note of the number of wagons, horses and men making up the party.

He approached several of the drivers, and after a few moments of friendly talk, collected the toll he charged for use of the bridge. Then swinging open the gate he allowed the party to pass over the span which led to the other side of the chasm. As the train started forward Joe Sherar tossed the cash he had collected into an ordinary water bucket, and after a short glance up at the canyon road and up the river toward Indian campfires about a mile away, he picked up the bucket of money and walked to his office at the Sherar Hotel.

Many thousand of motorists in Oregon today are unaware that there was one man, Joseph H. Sherar, an early pioneer of 1862 in that state, who dedicated his life to improving transportation in central Oregon. His great vision of the days to come, his tireless drive and energy in the face of great obstacles should surely award him the honor of being the greatest road builder the West ever had. He left a lasting memorial to his dream—the structure known as Sherar's Bridge which spans the Deschutes River in a flinty, rugged canyon about eight miles from Tygh Valley. A trip through here and out of the canyon is one not easily forgotten by travelers.

JOSEPH H. SHERAR, of Irish descent, was born in Vermont on November 16, 1833. Like many other young men of his time he had an uncontrollable urge to get out into the world on his own and go West. With a few other men he made

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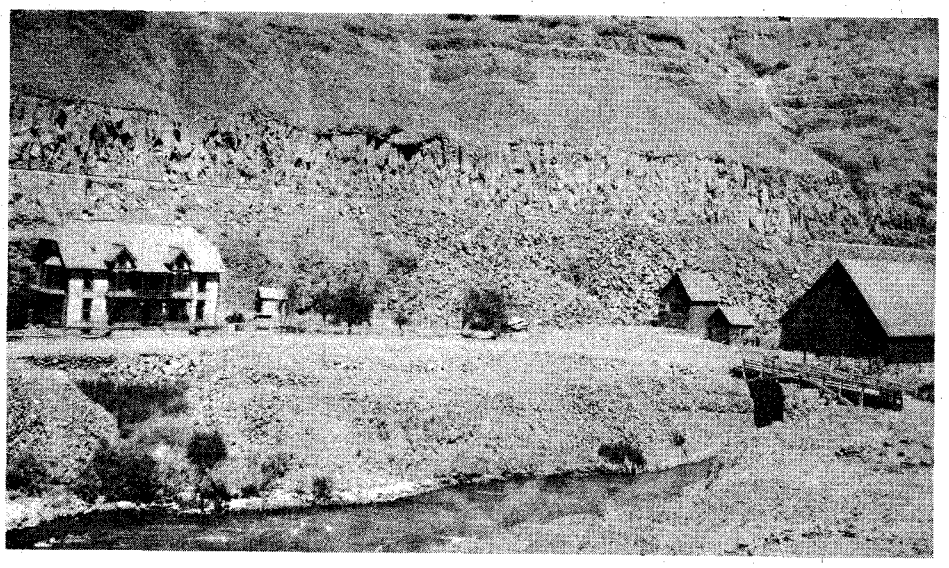

The hotel is on far left, blacksmith shop at far right, near bridge. The Deschutes River is in foreground. Below, the terrain near Sherar's Crossing.

his way to California in 1855. Joe stayed in the state only seven years, leaving to seek his fortune in the big Oregon country to the north.

At The Dalles, Joe Sherar caught his first glimpse of the mighty Columbia River which was already playing a part in the transportation scheme of days to come. Even at that time the Columbia was used to bring materials and supplies to The Dalles, from which port they were carried by pack train to the eastern part of the state. With only faint trails over faulty terrain to use, very few men dared to engage in this business; but Joe, observing that there was an ever increasing demand from far-away areas, decided to go into the risky venture. Within a few weeks he started running pack trains from The Dalles to the booming mining camps in eastern Oregon and Idaho.

Loading his mules at The Dalles, he would head east to the mouth of the Deschutes River about twenty-five miles away. This first real barrier meant several days of hard work. The Deschutes where it enters the Columbia River flows deep and swift. There was no bridge to cross and the river was too deep to ford, so Sherar had to chop down trees and build rafts. He would unload all the mules, carefully stack the supplies on his log rafts for ferrying across, unload and return several times till everything was transported. Then he would return to his mules and swim them across. When the mules were loaded again he would continue toward Canyon City in the eastern part of the state and from there proceed to Idaho.

It was a long, dangerous trip through canyons and over mountains. There was also the ever-present danger of attack by Indians who roamed most of the area, but Joe kept this up for two years. Then he had a premonition of danger, and decided to sell out. He disposed of his pack train business in a hurry and the man he sold out to was killed by Indians on the very first trip he made.

Joe Sherar took his savings and first went to Dufur, Oregon where he bought a farm. A short time later he sold it and moved to Tygh Valley, a fertile area with good stock raising possibilities.

His Tygh Valley ranch was only a few miles from the rugged canyon whose future bridge would bring him local fame. He loved the wild beauty of the river there and would often ride his horse over and around the flinty rocks which lay on the edge of the chasm. Joe realized the great need for a crossing. If only a bridge could be built, and a road leading to it down the canyon wall, traveling distance to The Dalles and westward could be greatly reduced. Because of the velocity of the water, boiling and churning after it left the falls, it was obvious great difficulties were in his way. He

(Continued on page 46)

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Wild Old Days!

BORN IN A COVERED WAGON

By Lela Bristow Tadlock

IN FEBRUARY 1866, John W. Bristow—with his wife Emily and their children, Bud eight, Lizzie seven, and twins Wayne and Mattie, four—set out from Marion County, Arkansas looking for a new place to live. The father had spent four years in the Confederate Army. He came home to find the house burned, most of the family's possessions stolen or destroyed; fences around the farm torn down and fields grown up with bushes. All of this was so discouraging that Bristow decided to take his family to a new country.

Some bedding which his wife had been able to save when the house burned, and a few other household items, were placed in a wagon, and with two hunting dogs following behind, the family began its journey. Pulling the wagon were a steer and a milch cow. Progress was slow with such a team but the weather was mild for February and the trip went along nicely for two or three days.

John Wesley Bristow and his family went in search of a new life.

Photos Courtesy Author

The Bristows camped at night and made big fires of the wood which was plentiful all around them. The father took his gun and the two dogs and went hunting for meat while the mother made cornbread from a carefully guarded sack of meal. She baked the bread in a Dutch oven over the coals. Salt was very precious and had to be used sparingly.

The cow and the steer were turned loose to get any feed they might be able to forage. In February this was very scanty except in the hollows between those Arkansas hills. The cow wore a loud bell on a leather band around her neck. The bell could be heard for quite a distance. The steer never strayed far from the cow, so it was usually easy to find them in the mornings.

Early on the morning of February 15 it began to rain in torrents. The family remained in the warm, dry wagon later than usual. When the rain ceased about nine o'clock, the wind began to blow briskly and the weather grew colder. A fire was started with the dry kindling always kept in the wagon, and when Mr. Bristow piled on some hard oak limbs from a dead tree, they soon had a roaring fire. Then he took his gun and the dogs and went to hunt some meat for breakfast. This might be a squirrel or a rabbit if he were not lucky enough to find a wild turkey.

His wife called the cow but no answering bawl was heard, so leaving Bud and Lizzie to care for the twins, Mrs. Bristow started out to find the animals. The weather was growing colder. She went up one hill and down another and crossed a narrow valley, calling the cow and listening for the sound of the bell. Then fording a small creek by stepping on some rocks, she went up another hill. There she found the stock on the opposite slope.

Mrs. Bristow had just got them started back in the direction of camp when she heard a faint roar. It was not thunder for it was continuous. It grew louder and she observed that it was coming from the direction of the stream she had crossed. Evidently there had been a cloudburst upstream for, as she watched, a wall of water four feet high came roaring down the creek bed.

There was nothing to do but wait and hope that the water would soon subside. The four children were back at the wagon, alone and hungry, and the wind was blowing harder and colder.

AS SOON as the water was less swift, although still quite deep, Mrs. Bristow drove the cow and the steer into the stream. They walked and swam across and struggled up the bank on the op-

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Dudley Lafayette Bristow, February 15, 1866.

posite side where they began cropping a few sprigs of pale green grass.

Then pulling her old coat tightly around her, she waded into the cold water. In the middle of the swollen stream the water came up to her armpits and as she came out on the bank, the cold wind chilled her through and through. Hurriedly, she urged the cattle back to camp and changed into dry clothing.

A baby boy was born to this brave mother in the covered wagon that night.

The weather grew more and more bitter and the next morning found snow and ice on the ground. Mr. Bristow did not know what to do until a man carrying a gun on his shoulder came by the camp and stopped to talk. When the stranger learned of the family's predicament, with characteristic pioneer hospitality he invited them to his home which was a mile or two away. They accepted with gratitude and drove their strange team and covered wagon to a big double-log house where a roaring fire in a great fireplace was a welcome sight.

Mrs. Bristow and the tiny baby were moved from the wagon to a comfortable bed in the home of this family named Jennings. In later years, after the Bristows were settled in Sharp County, near the little town of Evening Shade, Arkansas, John W. Bristow told his children often of the hospitality of the Jennings family. He always admonished them to be good to anyone named Jennings.

Dudley Lafayette Bristow, who was born in the covered wagon, lived to be eighty-five years old. He was well known for his hospitality and helpfulness to those less fortunate than himself. His six children, many grandchildren and great-grandchildren never tired of the interesting stories he told of his boyhood. I am his eldest child.

THE DEATH DRAG

By Jack Smillie

I HAD been working for a cow outfit up on the Laramie River. We used Jelm, Wyoming as a post office. I'd held down a man's job, ridden several rough horses, made a few friends. But I got homesick, I guess, so I drew my wages, took one of those horses for part of my pay and took out for home. It was June, 1911 and I was sixteen years old.

I figured that I was a real cowboy. I had managed for forty feet of hand-braided rawhide rope, and could use it a little, and though the horse I had taken in as part wages was pretty rough, I had always managed to stay on him and figured the 200-mile ride home to Eaton (Colorado) should put him among my Sunday School class.

He bucked every morning on the way home, but the last day he didn't have any heart in his bucking. He was too leg weary. I was pretty cocky when I arrived. I had lots of experiences to tell about, a good-looking horse to show off and, although I didn't ride him for quite a while after I got home, everybody knew that I could, because I had ridden him home. He just rested on good feed while I enjoyed telling how smart a cowboy I was.

JOHN WILLIS had quite a herd of cows and baby calves. It was time the calves were branded and vaccinated so he hunted me up and asked me if I would help. I was tickled to do it. My horse was rested, I had run out of listeners, and though John was older than me and a real cowboy, I wanted to prove to him that I had learned plenty in the past year while away from home. So, early the next morning I saddled up my bronco and headed for the Willis Ranch.

My horse didn't buck. He wanted to but I talked him out of the notion. I joined John at his ranch, and with five other fellows we started for McGrew Reservoir, our chosen roundup spot. We gathered cattle all along our route, the "cowboys" shoving them into the main drive from both sides, while I and one other fellow, Charlie Jones, moved the drive slowly toward the reservoir.

I knew that John would want to do his own branding and I figured that I was as good a roper as any of the others in the party, but getting John to believe that was the problem. I wanted to bring those calves to fire just to show the local boys that I could use that forty feet of *new* rawhide rope.

I followed the drag all the way up to McGrew, snaring calves by the heels just to get my rough horse used to a rope; also, of course, to let John see that I was capable of catching cattle. John would look every time he came to the drive with some other cattle that he had picked up. I could tell that he saw and probably approved, as I wasn't missing many loops and I wasn't pitching my slack fast enough to keep a calf from kicking out of the loop and getting away without throwing him down. However, my horse hadn't taken too kindly to his lesson. He hadn't bucked, just sulked. I named him "Sulky" right that minute.

We got our drive up pretty close to McGrew, where we were going to brand, and I saw a pitch pine post, no wire attached but about half buried in sand. I thought, "That looks like real branding firewood," so having my rope down and tied hard and fast to my saddle horn, I looped that post and kicked Sulky into a run. *(Continued next page)*

A. F. "Jack" Smillie on Pigeon.

Photo Courtesy Author

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HE HIT the end of the rope pretty hard, but the post didn't come loose. I had long shanked spurs on, so I kicked old Sulky. He backed up about four steps and I kicked him again. Suddenly he reared, whirled to the left one complete turn, then took his head and started bucking. I was tied. I had a full wrap and a half of the rope around my waist, one end tied to the saddle horn, the other to a half buried post, and was on a bucking horse.

I didn't panic. I slipped the wraps of rope down in front of the pommel and down behind the cantle, then tried to quit my horse. Now, quitting a bucking horse while being wrapped up in a rawhide rope is no easy trick. I nearly made it. I got all clear but my left foot. When Sulky hit the end of the rope the second time, the post pulled out of the ground. My left foot with two wraps of rawhide around it was jerked up into the seat of the saddle; I lost my bridle reins and my body dropped down on the left side of Sulky.

The horse quit bucking and broke into a keen run. For a while I held my head up, the rest of me dangling and the post turning flip-flops right behind me. Why Sulky didn't kick me to death, I'll never know, but he didn't—he just ran. After a while I got awful tired and lost the strength in my back and neck. I let my head drop down. After bumping a few sagebrushes with my head, I regained strength in my neck and back.

"Dear God," I prayed, "I am only sixteen years old. Are You going to cut me down this young? What have I done that deserves such punishment? Is it my ego? Is it because I have been such a braggart? Give me strength to hold up my head. Don't let me panic! Tell me what to do."

A LOT of prayer can come into a kid's mind in a very short time when he is in a bad storm. I had been raised in a good Christian home, but like many kids that age I felt that I had grown tough. But I prayed those few moments. Then I started making use of those long shanked spurs.

My saddle had a padded seat and something gave me the strength to kick and dig with my spur. I kicked and I wriggled my foot and I kicked and I dug with my spur. I prayed and I kicked. I held my head up off the ground and dug with my spur. It seemed hours, but it was only minutes.

Then my prayers were answered. So help me God! My spur hooked a hole in the padded seat and acted like a boot-jack. My boot pulled off, my body slid to the ground, the post sailed past me, and I fainted.

When I came to, six grown cowboys were kneeling over me. Some were feeling my pulse, others feeling to see if any bones were broken—which they weren't. I had some real bruises on my head, and there were sagebrush splinters in my face. My shoulders were raw and bloody with no shirt left on them.

John had caught Sulky and recovered my boot and spur. I hugged that boot and spur to me, and right there, with six cowboys as witnesses, I said, " God, I am very grateful that You put Your arms around me this day. Let me never forget!"

Six cowboys took their hats off and each one said, "Amen."

Many years have gone by, and I have had many experiences, but I have not forgotten! When a man gets too old to catch and tie a calf under thirty seconds, about all he is good for is to tell about YESTERDAY.

JOHN CLARK'S LOST MINE

By Jessie Peterson

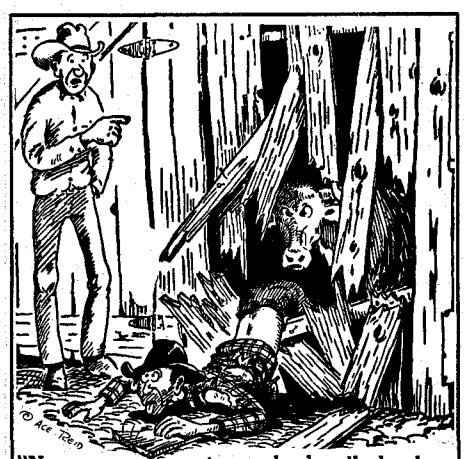
THIS LOST MINE has been sought by many prospectors because it is in the Cerro Colorado Mining District of Arizona, a rich silver ore country. My good friend Hayward Hunter and three of his pals did some prospecting in this part of Arizona in the early 1900s.

The idea of the trip was not Hayward's, but that of one of his best friends, but Hayward knew this was a good country to prospect and thought they might find a mine if not the lost mine of John Clark, which was his friend's greatest ambition. The boys roamed over the mountains for about four months, and once or twice found ore which gave them a little hope but no lost mine.

Hayward said the story of Clark's lost mine, as his friend told it to him, is that the old mine shaft is still there, visible to the lucky eye that "just happens" to see it. Probably in all the years that have passed, underbrush now completely hides the old shaft. It is supposed to be about 125 feet deep and to contain veins of rich silver, perhaps 40 tons that would assay around 2,000 ounces to the ton. That is certainly worth any prospector's time and trouble.

THE MINE was discovered by John Clark who came west from his home in St. Louis, Missouri in the early 1850s. Clark must have been a very brave man because at that time the Indians of the Southwest were a hostile bunch. All mines in that vicinity were guarded at all times by United States troops.

In 1861 the soldiers were recalled from this type of protection in the West because every man was needed to fight the War Between the States. It was then that the Indians took advantage of the miners and ranchers along the Santa Cruz River. Cochise, the famous Apache chieftain, was usually the leader of the raids in this part of Arizona.



"New one . . . gets a shade riled when you try to milk her."

The story goes that John Clark, like his neighbors, became alarmed by rumors of Cochise's raiding parties, and packed his precious ore in leather bags and took it to the big Heintzleman mine and asked them to include it with their own shipments to St. Louis. This one shipment, story tellers say, netted Clark somewhere around $80,000.

Clark continued to mine his silver for some time, but when tales of grim disaster which had fallen on his neighboring miner friends and ranchers came to him, he finally gave up. Legend says that he did not dare to try to take any ore out of the country as he had to travel light; so he sacked all his rich silver ore and took it back into one of the tunnels and sealed it off. Then he fled to Tucson where he could get transportation back to St. Louis.

John Clark never came back to his rich silver mine. Several old prospectors who roamed the mountains around Tucson, and farther south, claimed they had maps of John Clark's mine, but none found it. John Clark had already dug enough silver from the earth to take care of him for his life span, and maybe he *did* give some friend a map to his mine. But to my knowledge no one ever relocated it.

Perhaps some hunter roaming those mountains, or maybe just a summer tourist or vacationer will stumble over the old shaft and become rich overnight. This has happened before. I only hope that whoever does find the mine will have a scrap of paper and a pencil in his pocket so that he can make a map of the country. He needn't think he can go back just from memorizing a peak or ravine or two. Too many have tried that and suffered heartbreak when they could not find some place they just knew they could relocate.

FIVE GREY MARES

By Arthur Edward Harrison

DICK VON STRALLENDORF had just purchased Murray Hendrie's "Lazy V" horse brand at a Cochrane, Alberta, auction when he ran into a rancher with some well-bred Percheron mares for sale. Von Strallendorf bought five of them and he and his rider, Bob Ward, drove them home to their ranch. A few days later, Von Strallendorf received word that a brother of his had died in the Old Country and he was needed to wind up the estate. Before leaving, he told Ward to brand the Percherons with the Lazy V, drive them across the Bow River into the Big Hill Creek country, and turn them out on the open range. This was in 1910.

Time went by and these mares drifted farther north and west until finally they got up into the Ghost River country—old George Leighton's range. He figured that any strays he found on his stamping ground were his, so he put his —C brand on them and turned the five Percherons

(Continued on page 54)

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Landon Cecil Raff

Landon Cecil Raff was one of the twelve men who were members of the Town Company which incorporated McPherson, Kansas in 1872. He was a Civil War veteran, having been a private in Company G., 163rd Reg., Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Raff was born in Stark County, Ohio on March 18, 1840. He married Lydia Elizabeth Zook on July 20, 1872 in Chicago.

In addition to being a promoter for the development of McPherson, he was also the first postmaster of the town, appointed in 1874. The family moved from McPherson to Dennison, Texas and then to the Houston area. There were two children, Charles Landon, born November 4, 1882; and Katharina Annie, born December 26, 1879. There were other relatives, and several of the Raff Brothers operated stores in Hutchinson, Nickerson and Sterling, Kansas in the '80s.

Raff died October 12, 1915 in Houston, Texas. At one time in the '90s he was a partner with Louis Lacoste in the operation of the State Hotel in Denison, Texas. Records indicate that his children lived in Dallas County back in 1899.

If there are descendents or others who knew the Raffs, I would appreciate hearing from them, as I am seeking more biographical information as well as a picture of Mr. Raff for our Centennial display.—Linn Peterson, 540 E. Hill Street, McPherson, Kansas 67460.

Fife-Fyffe-Fiffe

I would like to hear from anyone by the name of Fife, Fyffe or Fiffe who may be a descendent of a Hugh, Susan, William or James Fyffe who lived in Wilkes County, North Carolina in the early 1800s. According to family tradition they moved to Texas or some of the other western states.—Norman T. Foster, Route 3, Box 256, Kernersville, North Carolina 27284

Huggett-Weaver

My grandfather, Winfield or Winfred Martin Huggett, was born 1889 in St. Paul, Minnesota, and married in Salt Lake City, Utah, August 28, 1909. My grandmother, Etta A. Weaver, died September 7, 1968 in Las Vegas, Nevada. They were the parents of only one child, my mother Ruth Evelyn Huggett. Several years after my mother's birth, they were divorced. It is thought that my grandfather might be operating a dairy farm in one of the surrounding states.

I would also like some information on my great-grandfather, John B. Weaver, who was born 1859, Spencer, Clay County, Indiana. Very little is known of his early life except that he was a member of the Mennonite Church and of German ancestry. He came to Utah in 1888. He married my great-grandmother Frances Mary Oakden, November 5, 1889 in Salt Lake City, Utah. They were the parents of three children, Etta and twin sons who died shortly after birth. He died July 8, 1893 at Mildee, Utah where he was engaged in the grocery business.—Joseph E. Dansie, 235 Coatsville Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah 84115

James Monroe Cobb

Can anyone help me? I have a brother who was a truck driver for Contract Steel Carriers at Gary, Indiana. He has since left there and is possibly somewhere in the Ozarks. He may be part owner in a tavern and motel. He had four brothers and two sisters: George, Clarence, Loren, Frank, Florence and Lois. Clarence and Florence have passed away. James is about fifty-three years old. I would appreciate any help in locating him.—Lois Wickham, 3791 Coolidge St., Conklin, Michigan 49403.

James T. Marlin

James T. (Todd?) Marlin was one of twelve members of the Town Company which incorporated McPherson, Kansas in 1872. He was the son of Jesse Marlin of India County, Pennsylvania, and his father's land was known as Marlin Mills. His mother, Anna McLaughlin, was the second wife of Jesse Marlin. His brothers and sisters were David, John Milton, Sidney, William, Benjamin Franklin, Thomes Jefferson and Jesse Jr. His half-sisters were Sarah Ann, Elizabeth and Charlotte. Four of the family served in the Civil War. John Milton was a captain; Benjamin Franklin, a private in the Army of the Cumberland; Thomas Jefferson, a color bearer of the same regiment. Sidney was in the Signal Corps and served under Sherman and Sheridan.

James T. Marlin came to Salina, Kansas in 1871 and was in the retail grocery business firm known as Flanders and Marlin. He married Ella L. Spencer January 14, 1873 in Salina. They had no children. Later they moved to Kansas City where he was in the grain business. He died in March, 1942. Marlin Street, here in McPherson, is named for him.

In connection with our approaching Centennial in 1972, I am attempting to secure pictures and biographical information about members of the Town Company. I would be very happy to hear from any descendants.—Lynn Peterson, 540 E. Hill St., McPherson, Kansas 67460

Dixie Oscar Taylor

I am trying to learn where Dixie Oscar Taylor, his children, and grandchildren lived and died. I've heard that Dixie was more or less a black sheep—a gambling man and an expert with a handgun. He was the youngest child of Benjamin B. and Minerva Ann (Elam) Taylor, born August 3, 1859 in Rutherford County, Tennessee. He was living at home in 1870, but I don't know when he left. One brother moved to Knox County, Texas, 1880-90. Another lived and died in Runnels County, Texas.

Dixie married three times. He and his first wife, Josie, had five children in Texas. His third wife was Ora Smotherman. I hope some of his children or grandchildren will contact me and tell me more about him.—Ethel Taylor Ford, 3329 N. E. 20th, Amarillo, Texas 79107

Sharrock-Eiler

Eveard Sharrock served in the War of 1812 from Ohio. He died in Oregon. Homer Eiler wrote the family history on Sharrock. Mr. Eiler died in California in 1946. Would like to know where his children now live.—Charles E. Sharrock, 501 N. 8th St., Lamar, Colorado 81052

Luis Farel Brown

I would like to hear from a cousin I've never seen, Luis Farel Brown. He was born November 28, 1905 in or near Ashland, Illinois. His mother's name was Emma Jane. She died Sept. 14, 1913, and I believe he was raised by his grandmother, Tyre S. Brown. My mother and Luis Brown's mother were sisters.—Mrs. C. De Heer, R.R. 1, Norwalk, Iowa 50211

Thomas Preston Parsons

My father, Thomas Preston Parsons, was in Nebraska by 1908 and in 1918 was a brakeman on the Missouri Pacific railroad in Fall City, Nebraska and Kansas City, Missouri. He also lived in Joplin and Carthage, Missouri about 1905.

His parents came from the Maple Indian territory in Oklahoma and also lived in Muldrow and Sallisaw, Oklahoma in the 1880s or earlier.

I believe his mother's first name was Camillia. She was supposedly part-Cherokee. There were also Clyde and Claude Parsons, twin cousins. I'd appreciate any information regarding any of them.—R. P. Parsons, Box 63, Arvada, Colorado 80002

R. Eli Long

R. Eli Long, a native of Boone, North Carolina, left this state around 1916 headed for Montana. As a young man, he had worked on sheep ranches in Montana. Returning to North Carolina, he married Lily Calloway. When their only son was around four years old, Eli decided to return to Montana.

His wife and son did not accompany him, planning to join him later. But plans did not work out for them to travel West.

(Continued on page 59)

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They Didn't All Die with Their Boots On!

(Continued from page 19)

DOC HOLLIDAY

Doc Holliday was thirty-six years old when he died. And in those thirty-six years he had packed about as much living and dying as any other man of his time. He drank a quart of whiskey a day, and would indulge anyone and everyone to a fight, knives or pistols he didn't care which.

Undoubtedly John Holliday killed a lot of men, and many of them were probably better citizens then he was. The fact that he sometimes wore a badge only made his killings legal. He was afraid of no man and because he knew he was dying of tuberculosis, he had a psychological edge on those who didn't realize Doc had nothing to lose in losing.

Holliday was a tall man, and quite thin. He wasn't much of a target but he did get hit a few times. There is good reason to believe that Doc's was the voice behind the mask in some of the stagecoach robberies in and around the Tombstone area.

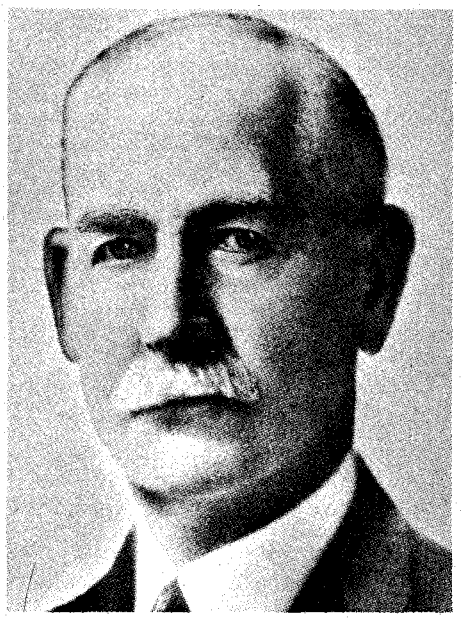
He was a friend of the Earp brothers, Virgil, Wyatt and Morgan. When the Earps took their leave of Arizona, Doc went to Colorado. His illness was growing steadily worse, and in May 1887, he went to Glenwood Springs and entered a sanitarium. While there he showed a spark of the old gunfighter when James Kyner, the railroad builder, was stopped from working by a gang of toughs. Someone told him Doc Holliday was in town and could help him if he would. Kyner didn't know Doc Holliday from a sparrow but he talked to the dying dentist and Doc agreed, for a price, to chase the gang out of the country. When it became known that Holliday was on Kyner's payroll, the trouble stopped abruptly and the railroad builder got on with his business. Doc returned to the sanitarium with a little money in his pocket—enough to bury him. He died a few months later. Doc had killed a lot of men, had drunk a lot of liquor, had seen his share of the bawdy houses, saloons and gambling houses from Cheyenne to El Paso; from Dodge City to Las Vegas. When he knew he was dying, Doc looked around at his antiseptic surroundings and whispered, "This is funny." Maybe it was, but it was Doc's enemies who really enjoyed the joke.

CLAY ALLISON

In a manner of speaking, Clay Allison *did* die with his boots on. But no real or would-be gunfighter or lawman could take the credit. Or blame. Allison was a genuine gunfighter. Few men could outdraw him and fewer could outshoot him. He was a cattleman, a family man, and a gunman, and was successful in all these endeavors. Mace Bowman could outdraw him so he asked Mace to teach him his special draw. Mace did and Allison became faster than the teacher.

Like all men who gained a reputation for speed and accuracy, Clay Allison has been credited with killings he never committed. And to even things out he probably committed some for which he didn't get credit. Allison was a Tennessean who saw much of Texas, Kansas and Arizona before he finally settled down to raising cows in New Mexico.

Actually, though every bit as fast as the fastest of the gunfighters, Allison does not belong on that roster. He was never a thief, never a tinhorn, never a lawman, never an outlaw. He lived by the gun because it was the best insurance he had and, by diligent practice and frequent use, he kept his premiums paid up. Because he valued friendship highly he



Wyatt Earp

often found himself deeply involved in some frontier dispute, the type which ended only when one or the other of the disputants lay dead on the floor. Clay never shot anyone in the back but he wasn't above letting the sun shine in the other fellow's eyes if he could work it.

To be sure, Allison did have a few

Clay Allison

scars, bullet and knife, and even engaged in hard knuckle battles if his antagonist preferred a fist fight. But he was a good loser when he had to lose, although he was known to carry a grudge about as long as anyone.

In 1884, two years after Billy the Kid had died in his stocking feet in Pete Maxwell's bedroom, Allison moved to Lincoln County, New Mexico and began to raise cattle. He was a working cowman and spent most of his time on the range. One summer day in 1887 his team lunged, and a front wheel of the wagon in which he was riding hit a rock or a rut and Clay was thrown forward, his head striking against the wheel as he tumbled from the wagon. He was dead when he hit the ground.

To be sure, Clay Allison died "with his boots on" but not in the accepted sense.

WYATT EARP

There are many things which set Wyatt Earp apart from his contemporaries, the least of which, perhaps, is the fact that he did not die with his boots on. He outlived the era of the frontier gunfighter and was well into the Dillinger years which brought on a new type of outlawry. Many of the men who had known Wyatt in his Dodge City and Tombstone days did not know what a knight in shining armor he had been until his biography was published in 1931. By that time most of them were dead, or were old men themselves and they just didn't care anymore. As each succeeding writer perpetuated the myth of Wyatt's invincibility it became almost sacrilegious to utter anything but glowing praise. He could out-ride, out-shoot, out-talk and out-think any badman unlucky enough to meet him face to face. It took a good deal of research, and courage, for Ed Bartholomew to publish what he learned about the Earps; but even when confronted with irrefutable documentation, there are those who refuse to see Wyatt as anything but a hero.

Be that as it may, Wyatt Earp was one of the night people of his era. His life, no matter who writes about it, was an adventurous one. He lived in a time when one had to be rough to live and certainly he, backed by two gunfighting brothers and a consumptive dentist, managed to survive a long time.

How many eyeball to eyeball shooting scrapes he engaged in is not, and never will be, clear. The climax of his career has come to be known as "the gunfight in the O. K. Corral." Only in recent years has it been acknowledged that this was not strictly an honorable affair.

But when all is said and done it must be admitted that Wyatt Earp, for good or bad, did contribute something to the era in which he lived. If he had been gunned down in the dusty corral that day, his star would not have been of the first magnitude—but he wasn't, and it was.

Wyatt died in his eighty-first year in 1929, a sick old man who felt the world should know the Earp saga from the lips of an Earp. So the story was told and the "lion of Tombstone" passed from the scene never to be forgotten but, as well,

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probably never to be fully known. He died in California before the book was published but he knew what the book contained. And he approved it.

The Killing of Antoine Fiant

(Continued from page 9)

attending the dance—and he warned me to stay clear of the mess.

In the absence of the bookkeeper who slept in the office I now slept on his cot, and during the night the barking of the hound pack woke me up. I threw off the blankets and had started to get dressed when a curious rapping came on the door and I smelled trouble of some kind. There was a ruling at the Circle C ranch that dated back to the Indian wars and outlaw days: Never light a light until you pulled down the window shades. Never open the door at night until you made sure who was outside.

"Who's there?" I asked.

"It's me. George Kinsley. Lemme in, kid. I gotta talk to you." I could tell by the sound of his voice that he was indeed in some kind of trouble.

I sprang the Yale lock and let him in, then locked the door, pulled down the window shade and lit the lamp.

George's face was bruised and battered, the front of his buckskin bloody, and his breath stank of rotgut Injun whiskey.

"What's the trouble, George?" I lowered my voice.

"I done cut the big gut," he replied in a husky voice.

"You mean you killed Old Man Carter?" That was my first thought.

"Hell, no! I done killed that Big Antoine breed." His tone was defiant. "Did the stage driver fetch the cartridges for my Luger?" he asked.

"He brought them this morning," I replied and reached into the pigeonhole where the mail was kept and handed him the two boxes of ammunition.

"I gotta talk to Jake Myers," he said.

"I reckon Jake will show up any minute," and added, "like he always does when the hounds bark at night." I didn't bother to explain that whenever the hounds barked at night we had a plan for me'n Jake to meet at the office and the two of us would go on the prowl together.

George pulled a pint from the flank pocket of his Levi's and offered me a drink, which I refused. He took a long pull, then shoved it back where it came from.

"You shot Antoine Fiant?" I asked.

"No. I had no shells for the Luger." George broke open a box of cartridges and shoved bullets into the empty clip of the gun.

"I hit Big Antoine over the head with a poker," George told me. "He was fixin' to set fire to the Gladeau place. Had an oil can and was sprinklin' coal-oil on the cabin floor. Me'n Mervin Lance tackled him."

Mervin Lance was a tall, lanky full-blood Assiniboine, the twenty-year-old son of Old Breaks the Lance, a tribal chief.

Jake Myers was at the door so I let him in. "What's goin' on around here?" he asked, looking George Kinsley over from head to foot.

"I'm on the dodge, Jake," George said. "Me'n Mervin Lance killed Big Antoine Fiant at the Gladeau place."

"Where's Lance?" Jake asked.

"I sent him to spread word among the Indians to keep their mouths shut when the Indian Police show up. Me'n Mervin plan to hide out. That's what I want to talk over with you, Jake."

"Then set your hind end down in a chair and commence at the start, George. Tell your story without a word of a lie and then we can talk things over."

IT took the better part of an hour for George to tell his story. George had taken Mervin Lance with him to the breed dance at the Gladeau place. Mervin was well acquainted with the Gladeau family and was stuck on one of the girls but too bashful to let her know it. George admitted that he and Mervin had been hitting the bottle and were half drunk when they arrived and tied their horses in the brush. Mervin went along as a spectator only, and remained outside.

George was dancing with one of the Azure girls when Big Antoine swaggered his way through the dancers and yanked out George's shirttail. "This is strictly a Metis dance," Big Antoine told George. "No Assiniboine or Gros Ventres breeds allowed. You better get outa here or I'll finish the job where Carter left off

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—Joseph Conrad

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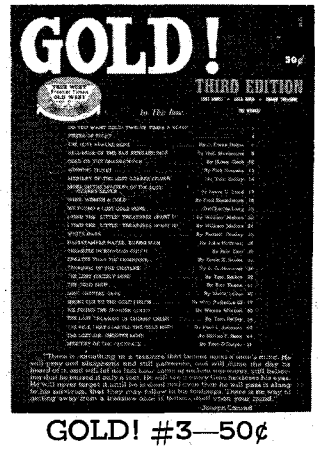

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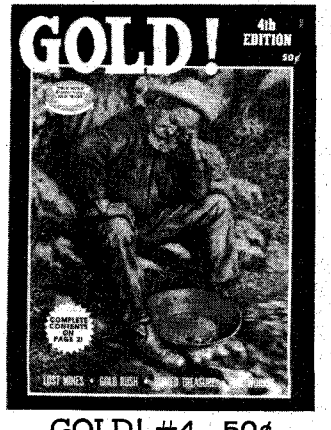

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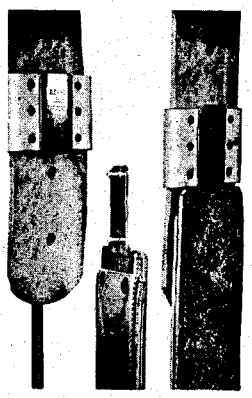

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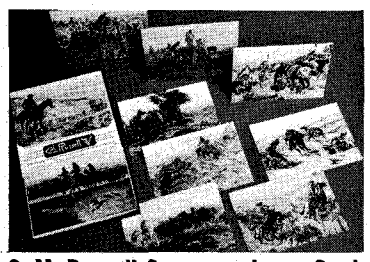

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with his bull whip." Big Antoine put a long arm around the Azure girl and danced off.

"I don't aim to start a fight here in the Gladeau house," George said. "But I'll be outside and easy to find."

According to George he was having a drink with young Harry Gladeau when Big Antoine slipped up and jumped him from behind, working him over with a wagon spoke until the Metis dragged him off. George and Mervin had gotten on their horses and left.

Next morning they rode over to the Azure place where they found the Gladeau family. Gladeau told them he brought his family there for safety and had left Big Antoine alone at the Gladeau place, drunk and threatening to burn down the house and barn.

George and Mervin left for the Gladeau place and when they got there they found Big Antoine spraying the inside floors and log walls of the cabin with coal-oil. Antoine had dropped the can when he saw them come in and there was a free-for-all fight until George grabbed the stove poker and hit the big breed over the head, dropping him like a shot beef. George claimed he never aimed to kill Big Antoine, just knock him out; but in the excitement he had hit him too hard and cracked his skull. George had then sent Mervin Lance to the reservation to tell the Indians not to talk if the Indian Police questioned them, while he came direct to the Circle C ranch to get Jake's advice on what to do.

Jake told George that his only advice was for him and Mervin Lance to head for the tall timber in the Little Rockies, that he would wait until sunrise then call Charlie Beard, the justice of peace and coroner at Zortman, and Fred Roberts, deputy sheriff at Landusky.

"That will give you a head start and you better stay low for a few days until I get the lay of the land here," Jake told George, and advised him not to try to make a getaway because a posse would pick them up right quick. He said that when the sign was right he would fetch them in and get them a good lawyer and he warned them both to stay cold sober.

"The way I got it figured, George," Jake walked the floor as he thought things out. "A good lawyer should get you boys off on a plea of self-defense that you tried to keep Big Antoine from burning down the Gladeau house and barn. I'm willing to stand behind you two fellers, providing you stay hid out and don't try to make a getaway, and sober up. I'd advise you to keep those bloody clothes on, George, until I turn you over to the law."

"Me'n Lance," George said, "will do whatever you tell us, Jake. We're grateful for what you're doing for us and I hope we can repay you someday."

"Time you hit the trail," Jake dismissed him.

Jake called Charlie Beard and Fred Roberts at sunrise and they showed up at the ranch about nine o'clock, both ahorseback. The deputy sheriff told Jake that because George Kinsley and the full-blood Mervin Lance both lived on the Fort Belknap Reservation and were wards of the government, it was strictly a government case, that all he could do was to call Sheriff Puck Powell at Malta, who would get in touch with the United States Marshal and the Indian Police.

Meanwhile Charlie Beard promptly organized a coroner's jury of Jake and me and two Circle C cowpunchers. We rode over to the Gladeau place and spent the rest of the morning examining the corpse and everything pertaining to the killing. When Old Man Gladeau and his two sons showed up they were questioned at length by coroner Charlie Beard. He then summoned the shirttail kin of Antoine Fiant to come and take the body away for burial.

When the United States Deputy Marshal, Ben Jackson, showed up at the ranch, Jake had already brought in George and Mervin from their hideout, and they were turned over to the marshal after he and Jake had had a lengthy powpow.

Later at the grand jury trial at Helena George Custer Kinsley was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to five years in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. Mervin Lance received a two-year sentence for having taken part in the fight that ended in the killing of Antoine Fiant. To the best of my recollection neither one served his full term in prison, having been paroled for good behavior.

As I left Montana shortly after the killing I never saw them again. When I talked to Jake Myers in later years he told me that those few years in prison had taken the wildness out of George Kinsley, that he had settled down to running the Kinsley reservation ranch. Mervin Lance had been elected a tribal chief of the Assiniboines and was working as an interpreter and clerk for the Agent at the Fort Belknap Agency, a white collar job.

Legend of Howards Well

(Continued from page 29)

Joe had to get back home to go to work on Monday.

As I pulled out I looked once more at the only item that marks this historical site—a cold iron cross planted in solid stone and looking across the valley at the distant mountains. A lone reminder of the legend and the true history that happened here in this isolated canyon.

Tonight as I write this story I am alone in my camper, parked in the center of the parade grounds of old Fort Lancaster. The fort is long since abandoned and nothing is left to mark the location of the buildings but ghostly piles of grey stone. One chimney stands like a solitary lookout above the crumbled ruins. The wind is blowing in fitful gusts and an occasional howl of a coyote floats with the wind across the old outpost. It will be a cold, lonely night.

Author's Note: Since the above happening old Fort Lancaster has become the property of the State of Texas and no camping, searching or digging is allowed on the site.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

CANADIAN RANCHING

The Great Canadian Range (Cypress Publishing, Ltd. $5.95) by Philip S. Long is the story of ranch life on the huge 76 Ranch located in the Cypress Hills region of Saskatchewan during the period from 1917 until the range was plowed under. The 76 Ranch was a quarter-million Dominion lease, managed by T. B. Long. With his wife and two young sons, Phil and Wayne, "Dad" ran the huge spread that stretched south to the Montana border. All the joys, fears, sorrow, danger, love and excitement of the early West were experienced on the 76. Prairie fires, stampedes, sick cowhands, floods, heat and dust are mixed with country dances, picnics, Christmases, home music sessions, and range hospitality. Long's writing of ranch life is on a plane of excellence with Andy Adams' *Log of a Cowboy*. The book is more than a nostalgic essay. It contains much on the early livestock industry, organizing to fight cattle disease, marketing and homesteading—and finally, the disappearance of the range and an era. Especially recommended to anyone interested in range, cattle, horses, and Western human nature.

CATLIN REPRINT

The reprinting of George Catlin's *North American Indian Portfolio* (Swallow Press, $100) is an important event. The portfolio originally issued in 1844 had been OP for many years and this is a full size, 16" x 24", reproduction of 1000 copies. Catlin's notes on the 25 plates are bound with his preface to the 1844 edition and with Harold McCracken's introduction to this edition but the folio plates are separate and suitable for framing. Also available, for a lucky few, is a special series containing two sets of the lithographs. This limited edition of twenty-six copies numbered A through Z is signed by Harold McCracken and enclosed in a handsome presentation case of part leather. The price is $200.

GOOD LOCAL HISTORY

Two famous names, Ben Milam and William Barrett Travis, introduce *Driftwood Heritage—The History of Driftwood, Texas* (Driftwood Ladies Aid c/o Minnie Lee Rogers, Driftwood, Texas 78619, $7.00 postpaid). Ben Milam was the Empresario who received the grant of the land from the Mexican Government in 1826 and Travis, as one of Milam's colonists, received title to his land in 1835. Driftwood is a small community located on Onion Creek in the beautiful hill country of the northeast part of Hays County. Mrs. Rogers and the ladies of the society have performed a monumental task in gathering family histories, photos, and numerous anecdotes about Driftwood and the farms and ranches that used it as a trading center. The index seems to be more a table of contents and the book of nearly 200 pages would be more useful with a detailed index. Perhaps the organization of the material could have been improved but the good ladies put it all in—as they should have—and the result is the stuff of history—and genealogies. The edition of 1,000 copies fared well in the hands of the printer and binder and there is an attractive dust wrapper for each book.

COURAGEOUS COWBOY

Howard Green Smith led a hard life, often ending up with the short end of the stick but he kept fighting and never complained nor asked for sympathy. His biography, *Cattle Trails to Trenches, the Story of a Cowboy in Texas, Canada and France* (The Pemberton Press, $6.95) describes his experiences roughing it as a cowpuncher, hunter, gold miner, Canadian homesteader, World War I soldier and fan of courage. A rough-and-ready, prankish young Texas cowboy, Smith possessed an abundance of tempered mettle and eternal optimism that carried him through a life filled with obstacles. A natural born horseman, he made part of his living taming bad ones. A veteran of local Texas cattle drives, he also made a hand delivering herds via rails to northern ranges and markets. He took a fairly successful flier panning gold and hunting in the Canadian Northwest where he later filed on a homestead before serving in the Canadian Army in France. After the war Smith married his Texas sweetheart and again the Lone Star State became his home. Times were hard, jobs scarce, his family ill much of the time and added to this pile-up of misfortunes, he lost his left arm in a farm accident. With hardships enough to stall a lesser man, Smith continued to turn out as much or more farm and other work than a two-handed man. He tried house-to-house selling late in life and ended up as a successful Watkins Products salesman. Those who need to bolster their outlook on life should read this one.

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Old LeMoigne's Lead Mine

(Continued from page 15)

LeMoigne. He was a big, friendly person and quite active in spite of his age. A French sailor, he had jumped ship at San Francisco, had come out to the desert, found the mine which bears his name, and had hung onto it. There was no possible way for him to work the mine profitably in those early days, but with the confidence that is the mark of the true prospector he hung on. With his burros he would travel around to the more active mining camps, work there until he acquired a grubstake, and then return to his claims and take up his lonely life of hard work. His only white neighbor was Old Man Kennedy over in Wild Rose Canyon.

During the early years of the century while Tonapah, Goldfield, Bullfrog, Rhyolite and all of Death Valley were booming, he had many chances to sell his claims at a good figure, but the price and conditions which he had demanded were so unreasonable that no deal was ever consummated. At the time of our visit John was beginning to feel his years and to dream of a return to France and the scenes of his youth. Consequently his asking price and terms were much more reasonable than they had been in the past.

We spent several days at the mine with John, sampling the ore and making a rough geological survey of the area. This indicated to us that the lead ore occurred only where a certain favored bed of lime was intersected by a fault which passed through this country and made it unlikely that the LeMoigne would ever be a big mine. Since we figured that it would take a big potential to justify the expenditure for road building and other items necessary to get the mine into production, we decided not to go ahead with the deal.

RETURNING from the mine we reached Emigrant Spring late in the afternoon, said goodbye to John, loaded our tired feet into the car and started down the road to the valley. The country in which we had been traveling was at an elevation of several thousand feet and so the heat had not been too bad, but as we dropped down and finally got below sea level conditions changed very rapidly. A strong wind was blowing up the valley which felt like the blast from a furnace. It did not come in gusts but seemed to be a steady movement of the atmosphere. When we stopped to camp for the night my hat blew off and the last that I saw of it, it was still going up. We turned in for the night by just lying down on top of our bedding, but the atmosphere cooled off so much by morning we were down under the covers.

The next morning, with an early start we were over at Salt Creek Crossing before sunrise and there we came across the only evidence of life that we saw in Death Valley; a young rattlesnake was wandering around in the coolness of the dawn before Old Sol poked his head up over the Funeral Range.

The highlight of our return trip was a night spent at the Pahrump Ranch, food that we ourselves did not cook, and a swim in the creek. It was pretty nice to again get clean all over.

And what of John LeMoigne—sturdy old Desert Rat that he was? A few years later in Los Angeles I met an old-timer from the Death Valley area who told me the concluding chapter. It seems that right in the middle of one summer, I am not sure of the date but think it was around 1920, John with several of his burros made a trip across Death Valley and up to Rhyolite to get supplies. A very hot spell of weather was on at the time and John's friends tried to persuade him to defer his return trip until the weather moderated. John was stubborn, laughed at their fears, and started out alone. That was the last time he was seen alive.

Some time passed before he was missed, as is likely to be the case with those who live the lonely life of the desert prospector. Finally my friend was one of a party organized in Rhyolite to go out to look for him. They took the Stove Pipe Wells Trail as it was the shortest and his most probable choice. At Stove Pipe Wells they found him. Apparently he had arrived at the Wells in good shape, and had made camp and gone to bed. There was plenty of water in his camp, so thirst did not enter into the picture. He had died during the night, possibly of heart failure. Some of his burros managed to break loose and survived; others, more securely tied, did not.

In spite of his years I know that John did not expect this early end to his story. That was made plain when he talked about his diet. He said that about three years prior to our visit, he had read an article explaining what to eat and what to avoid. Among the items to be avoided were tea, coffee, alcohol and tobacco. He said that he had been on this diet for three years and that it was working fine, so he was going to try it for two more years and then, if the results were still satisfactory, he would adopt it permanently.

The coffee exemption in his diet was brought to our attention very unpleasantly. When we were loading up at Emigrant Spring to go out to his mine John said, "Don't take any coffee along. I've got lots of it out at camp. I don't use it any more."

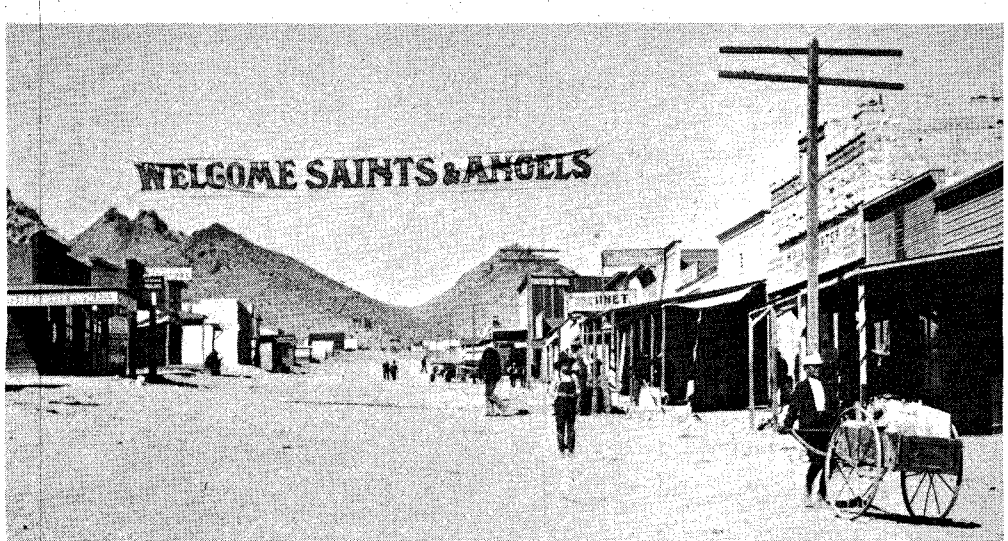
He did have lots of "it" and he called it coffee, but there any slight resemblance to the well known product ended. Several pounds of ground coffee had been dumped into a flour sack and hung up in John's airy cabin. There it had gone through three Death Valley summers and bleached white; no amount of boiling would revive the slightest coffee flavor.

Well, as you can see, we didn't bring any lead mines back from Death Valley. From an economic point of view the trip was a loss of time and money. But today the memories of that trip, the people we met, the stories they told, the Judge, W. B. Rood 1849, the two Indian boys with their bows and arrows, the beans, John LeMoigne and that lonesome rattlesnake all combined to make something more important than a lead mine.

But I suppose that the *principal* reason for satisfaction now is the knowledge that we made the trip on our own. I read articles today telling of modern-day travel in Death Valley Monument beginning and ending with the admonition—CONSULT THE RANGER. And in between are all sorts of suggestions for a pleasant trip: Do not go on any unpaved roads; stay out of the Valley in the summertime; be sure that your refrigeration is working properly; and, when in doubt, CONSULT THE RANGER.

As I read along I can't help getting a slight feeling of superiority. When we went there we found no Rangers to consult because there was none. Between Rhyolite and Skidoo we did not see anyone. When we came to a fork in the trail it was up to our judgment to pick the right branch, and if we were lucky we picked the right one. Anyway, we made it there and back, which is what counts.

Main Street in Rhyolite, Nevada. Banner was hung to welcome team members for the Saints-Angels game of 1909.



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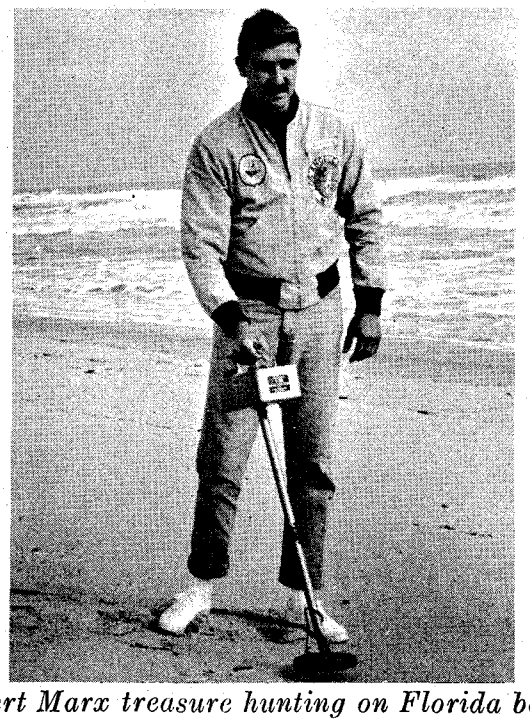
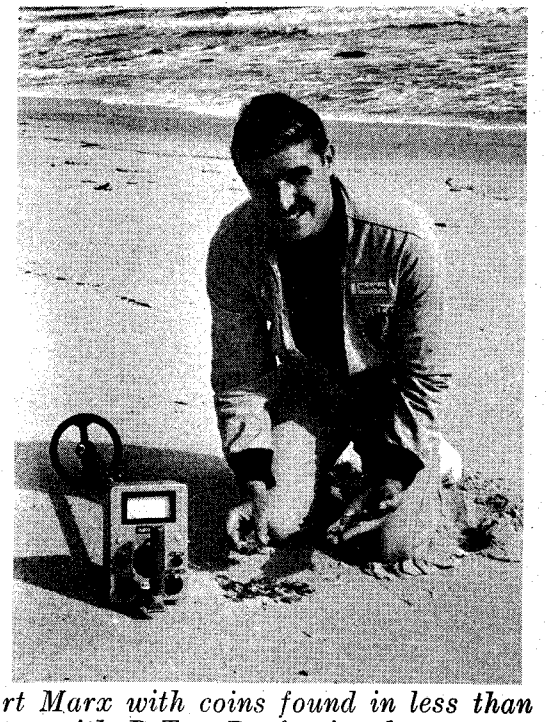


Robert Marx treasure hunting on Florida beach.



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Spanning the Monster Deschutes

(Continued from page 35)

decided to make the structure a toll bridge and then use the revenue from it to keep up the roads lying within his own properties.

SHERAR discovered that a concern known as the Tilkenny Road Company owned the land in that area. He entered into negotiations with the company and finally purchased the site for a bunch of pack mules and $6,000 in cash.

The Deschutes River splits the area of central Oregon for a distance of 250 miles. It rises in the southwest portion of Deschutes County, Oregon. For its entire distance its bright sparkling waters are flanked by a countryside forbidding and majestic. High mountains, rocky shores, and sentinel-like pine trees line the course on the river's journey to the Columbia. But forbidding as its whole length is, there is no other one spot where it roils in such ferocious fury as where it reaches the site which Joe Sherar selected for his bridge.

In one of the wildest displays of Nature, the river narrows down quickly and plunges thirty-five feet in a spraying turmoil. At this point the floor of the canyon is only about a thousand feet in width and the swift water races down a forty-foot chasm within it. The surface of the river is sixty feet below the canyon floor. It is an awesome sight. Boiling and cresting, the water flays at the sides of the chasm at racing car speed. Just below the surface are caves and tunnels that have been carved out during the centuries. For over two miles the roar of the water is the symbol of the force which gives an unholy tremor to the ground along the banks. Anything caught in the maelstrom is either torn to bits on the rocks or sucked under and destroyed, as many an Indian fisherman had discovered too late. This was the monster that Joseph Sherar had to conquer.

Joe examined the river banks several times before deciding on his crossing place. Two sturdy rock abutments facing each other were positioned about the center of the gorge where the two banks lay some forty feet apart and hundreds of feet below the surrounding country. Here and there a few huge pine trees clung to the rocks. Sherar and his men carefully selected four of the largest and best. After cutting them down, the trees were dragged to the bridge site where they were placed across the chasm to form large capital "As." Their prongs rested on either rocky wall with their obtuse angles meeting in midair. These timbers made up the side supports and the bridge was swung. With a few finishing touches and a sturdy flooring laid, Joe's timber crossing was completed.

Joe's next project was building eight miles of grade in and out of the Deschutes Canyon. He quickly started crews to work on construction of roads to Tygh Valley, then to Bake-Oven and into some beautiful fertile lands which were destined to become Sherman County, named after General W. T. Sherman.

AT the same time Joe's road building program was underway he was carrying out his plans for a large hotel, the Sherar House, to be built on the east side of the river. To assure a protected rear for his hotel, construction was begun within fifteen feet of a sheer rock wall which rose hundreds of feet. He ordered redwood lumber to be shipped by wagon-train from California, and load after load was brought all those miles to the site. Glass for windows and doors, as well as all furnishings, were brought from California by the same means.

It was an imposing structure, three stories high. There were thirty-three well furnished rooms for the guests with, for those days, an unusual appointment. On each floor was a bathroom containing a high-backed tin bathtub with a mahogany rail. Water for the hotel was supplied by a spring up on the cliff. A pipe led to a roof-top heated by the sun which shines bright and hot there most of the year. A large barn and stables were nearby, and a blacksmith shop was built across the river from the hotel.

Joe had met a beautiful girl in the spring of 1862 and they were married a year later in April 1863 at Fifteen Mile Creek. With Joe busy with his road building projects, Mrs. Sherar assumed management of the hotel and in a manner that was never forgotten. In addition to the problems of running a hotel in such a desolate place, she also handled all of Joseph Sherar's banking business and his heavy correspondence.

Mrs. Sherar, born October 11, 1848 in Illinois, was descended from one of the early Virginia families through her father's side. When Jane was only two years old, her family had come west and settled at The Dalles.

She was one of the typical brave women who played a big part in the frontier days. Although constantly performing a man's work and at the same time enduring the many hardships of the era she had no trouble maintaining a womanly charm and the grace and manners of a lady.

Joe Sherar had one very outstanding ability that was rare for those early days. He possessed the knack of being able to get Indians to work. Hundreds of them would come to the canyon and set up camps right by the falls. There they would fish and catch hundreds of the big eels which made their way up the Deschutes River. The Indians would go out just before sundown and climb perilously on the slippery rocks right at the falls to stuff hundreds of the wiggly eels into bags to be taken back to camp. After the eels' heads were cut off, several would be speared on a stick and placed over a campfire for smoking and cooking.

The Indians had been coming there for years. As a rule they did not trust the white people with whom they had come in contact, but the Sherars turned out to be exceptions. They worked for Joe on the maintenance and construction of roads. They trusted and believed him

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implicitly. In all his dealings with the Indians Joe treated them with kindness or severity, as the occasion demanded, and they recognized him as being the "boss."

Many times the Indians would come to the hotel for help. Once a squaw galloped on her horse to seek aid. She told Mrs. Sherar she was going to run away because her husband had attacked her. Most of the flesh on one arm had been torn away from the bone by vicious knife wounds.

The pony she rode was too small to carry Joe Sherar who ran to the barn to get his saddle horse. Mrs. Sherar didn't wait however. She hurried into the hotel and picked up her revolver, sprang on the squaw's pony, and rode at breakneck speed to the Indian's camp. She found the husband, held her gun on him, and threatened to kill him if he moved. Joe soon arrived and took the husband back to the hotel, while Mrs. Sherar got out needle and thread and repaired the damage as best she could to the squaw's mangled arm. Joe took the Indian across the river to the blacksmith shop, chained him to an anvil and instructed the blacksmith to guard him.

In the middle of the night the Indian managed to scare the wits out of his guard who ran to the hotel for Joe. They went back immediately but in that short time the Indian had managed to escape from the chains. Joe knew that the Indian would have to cross the bridge to get his horse, so he lay in wait for him. An hour or so went by, and then the Indian tried to sneak across the bridge, but unfortunately for him, Joe had a big club and knocked him out. This time the Indian was taken to the hotel where Joe chained him by the leg to a post, leaving him there till morning to make an example of him.

The Indians also worked in the fields at Sherar's ranch every summer, harvesting hay that would aid in wintering the cattle and sheep. Most of Sherar's stock were kept there, and Joe and his wife traveled back and forth while maintaining both places.

THE USE of the toll bridge kept growing steadily, and the hotel was prospering too. Joe had a sign prepared which gave the rates for crossing. These rates were for just about anything that could be thought of—cattle, sheep, horses, wagons, buggies, stagecoaches, women or men on horseback, wheelbarrows, etc. White men on foot were allowed to pass over free but a Chinaman whether on foot or horseback, was charged ten cents.

The Sherars used Chinese help a great deal and always kept one for a cook at the hotel, but they gave a lot of trouble. It was no doubt due to the fact that Mrs. Sherar could be very difficult to get along with at times. She had positive ideas as to how the hotel was to be run and her own peculiar outlook on cleanliness and manners sometimes taxed the patience of the employes to the breaking point. One of her rules which was difficult to enforce concerned the wearing of shoes or boots in the hotel. All men

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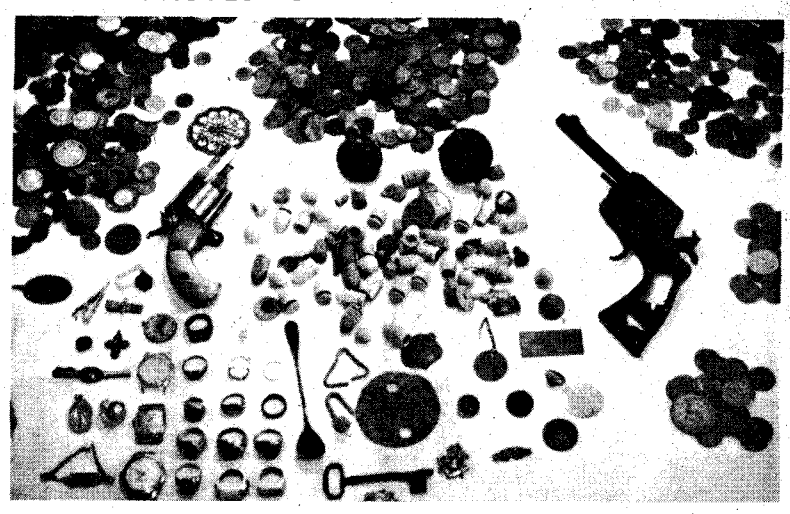

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who registered there as guests were required to remove their footwear when entering and don slippers which she kept in various sizes in the lobby. She would check their boots and allow them to be used only when the guests went outdoors. It was a continual performance of shoe-changing at times.

She was also very strict about the kitchen and the preparation of food, insisting that it be done in exactly her way. One day Mrs. Sherar walked into the kitchen and to her horror caught the Chinese cook wiping the dishes without having scalded them. She immediately stalked out to her husband who went to the cook to reprimand him.

The Chinaman became excited and furious, yelling and screaming in broken English. He ran to a cleaver and, brandishing it about, turned toward Sherar. Joe's nerves were steady. He reached down in the woodbox, picked up a piece of stovewood, and calmly knocked the cleaver out of the cook's hand. A couple of additional whacks took all the fight out of the Chinaman who sank to the floor in terror. Joe stepped right over him as he lay on the floor, and went around the kitchen gathering up all the cleavers and knives in the place. He dragged the cook to a closet, threw him in, locked the door, and when the afternoon stagecoach to The Dalles arrived the Chinese cook was sent on his way.

The stages stopped twice daily, one going east and the other west. The hotel was not only a stagecoach stop but the post office for that area as well, and Mrs. Sherar served as postmistress for a long time.

STAGECOACH drivers were a unique lot. Most of them were pretty reckless and not afraid of danger. One of the most dashing was "Pretty Dick" Barter. He was a very tall man and strikingly handsome. In fact, women were one of his hobbies and he made every effort to be gallant and attentive to win their affections.

Despite the fact that stages were to hold as close schedule as possible, Barter had no compunctions about stalling at times. About an hour and a half's travel time from The Dalles there was a ranch where passengers stopped for breakfast. Barter spent a lot of time courting one of the daughters of the rancher, and finally won her over. With breakfast finished, travelers were always anxious to get on their way. Barter would hang around, making love to the girl and leaving the passengers to fume and fuss until they could get him back to the stage. After starting he would practically kill off his horses to get to Fifteen-Mile where there was a relay horse barn and a small store and tavern. Already way behind time, Barter would hitch up fresh horses and, with wild shouts, drive in a reckless manner, swinging and jolting down the five miles of narrow grade into the Deschutes Canyon. At Sherar's Bridge, the passengers would get out of the stage, practically frozen in terror. They would stare at the rickety coach wondering how they had ever arrived there alive. Barter would look at the brakes, shake his head, and then nail on another old worn-out shoe sole that he used for facing.

Barter always arrived at the bridge in time for dinner at noon, changed horses and went on his way up the steep grade on the other side of Deschutes Canyon. He had great skill in driving and won many championship races at celebrations. Whenever these events took place he was sure to be there.

He would load one of the large, twelve-passenger coaches with cowboys. Still others would climb on the top and hang on the sides, and with an eight-horse team to drive, "Pretty Dick" Barter would roar down the street on a dead run. The cowboys would yell and fire off guns, making the scene a well remembered affair.

JOE SHERAR with the operation of the toll bridge and the hotel, was taking in a lot of money. Although he appeared to have no fears of robbery, as shown by such outward displays as carrying cash from the bridge in a water bucket, he would conceal the cash in various hiding places he devised. He was quite secretive in this, and despite the big safe he kept in the office for some of the money, rumors soon spread about his hiding places.

When the hotel was built, a large cellar was dug out of the rocky formation, and stories persist to this day that he had dug into a tunnel which was part of a natural cave, with a labyrinth which led under the river to the other side of the canyon. At the point where he built the blacksmith shop, it was said, he managed to tunnel to the surface, and concealed the opening under the floor of a shed with a bolted iron door. The later appearance of sink holes on that side of the river would give credence to that part of the story. There appears to be a honeycomb of underground tunnels, although it seems unlikely that there could be a natural tunnel running deep enough to go under the river. At any rate it was curious that the blacksmith shop was the only structure built on that side when there was more than enough land to have placed it on the hotel site.

Another belief held by many was that the tunnel from the hotel basement led directly to the surface of the river, at which point there are many openings close together. Sherar had then chipped away a short barrier between the walls for making a getaway inside the rocks to a shrubbery-covered cove about fifty feet downriver from where he had built his large barn.

Without question, Joe Sherar did take in large quantities of cash, and former employes knew that all of it was not shipped by stage to the bank at The Dalles. And Joe did suspect that either an assault by Indians or a planned robbery by white men could possibly take place, as shown by the fact that the hotel's back entrance was placed close to the canyon wall in the rear, and he kept guns handy at all points.

Despite all precautions he did have one robbery take place. In the summer of 1888 the Sherars took a trip, and placed a Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild in charge of the hotel. Several mornings later the

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employes awoke and discovered the strong odor of chloroform in the house. When they checked around they found the door to the big safe was open, and the money and the valuables missing. The Fairchilds, together with Sherar's niece, Carrie Sherar, had been drugged during the night with chloroform. The key to the safe was taken from Mr. Fairchild's pocket and used to complete the robbery in an easy manner.

Search of the premises revealed a long pole with cotton wound around the end of it and other pads of cotton were located. Tracks were also found around the area. The robber had gotten away with several watches and jewelry belonging to guests and neighbors, together with about $100 in cash held for one of the workmen. Sherar's personal valuables and an undetermined amount of hotel cash were missing also.

The matter was reported to the sheriff at The Dalles. Several weeks later a suspected stranger tried to rent a saddle horse at a livery stable in that city. On a hunch the sheriff followed him out of town and waited out on the road for his return. When the stranger rode back, the sheriff pulled a gun on him and took him back to town. The horseman soon confessed to the robbery when all the loot, except some of the money, was found on his person. He had cached the balance out in the hills until he felt it was safe to bring it into town. This was the only robbery to ever take place at Sherar's Bridge.

Joe put in the last years of his life improving and rebuilding roads in central Oregon. Because of his great ability Wasco County as late as the early 1890s hired him to build the Brewery Grade at The Dalles. He had a natural eye for the terrain, and was always credited with building his grades without the aid of anyone to run his levels—and they were even from top to bottom. His many roads and Sherar's Bridge tied the opposite sides of the Deschutes River canyon together, and opened the way for the Oregon country to prosper. The Sherars' lives were as colorful and mighty as the scenery around them, and they operated the bridge and hotel until their death.

Mrs. Sherar died on July 28, 1907, and Joseph Sherar died a year later on February 11. About a year after Joe's demise, the bridge, hotel and properties with the toll road were sold to the Military Company. A few years later the toll road and bridge were bought by Wasco and Sherman Counties.

The Sherar House hotel no longer stands by the roaring Deschutes. It was closed in the 1920s. A few months later it was reduced to ashes by a mysterious fire. Within a short time the old bridge was replaced with a steel structure which still stands over the chasm but now carries motor cars and trucks instead of stagecoaches, wagontrains, and men on horseback.

Grass-Grown Streets

(Continued from page 21)

six during 1849 qualified for the honor. And multiple executions were popular—three Italians were hanged the morning after they robbed a Franchman; two Frenchmen and a Chilean swung together for a crime of unrecorded nature; but Irish Dick Crone was dispatched without company for fatally stabbing a man during a game of monte.

Murder, robbery and hangings notwithstanding, Hangtown grew and flourished. By 1854 it had become the most important trade center of the gold rush country, and rivaled San Francisco and Sacramento in population. The name was changed to Placerville that year, and the town settled down to produce more than its share of industrial giants including Mark Hopkins, J. M. Studebaker and Philip Armour.

Many of the old buildings, dating back to the Hangtown era, still stand—some partially cloaked with new facades, others remaining as they were—each presenting an unequaled picture of Early West architecture.

The twenty-mile reach of Mother Lode Highway between Placerville and Plymouth winds through some of the most picturesque rural countryside in the Sierra. At one time many small communities with colorful names nestled in the canyons and crawled up the spurs of this area. Today, however, Suckertown, Hogtown, Helltown, and Shirt Tail have all disappeared. Only the skeletons of Diamond Springs and El Dorado are dimly visible, and very soon they'll be gone.

Diamond Springs dreams its dreams in a pleasant valley three miles south of Placerville. The townsite is evidenced only by the Odd Fellows' Hall, built in 1852, and the Wells Fargo building.

Two miles southwest of Diamond Spring the tattered foundations of El Dorado are barely discernible. Once known as Mud Springs, this village was the hub of many rich placer operations in the '50s. As recently as 1956 an entire block of original structures, including the old Occidental Hotel, sagged glumly alongside the highway, but today huge trees nearly shroud the old place from view. Diamond Springs and El Dorado were tiny, but don't pass them by. I found them lucrative hunting grounds for the metal detector.

PLYMOUTH is rich in not only its own legendry, but is the nucleus of several ghost towns which encircle it like faded spatters—all within short drives, and in every direction. El Dorado, of course, lies fifteen miles north; Fiddletown and Volcano are to the east; Drytown is only three miles south, while State Highway 16 passes through Michigan Bar and Sloughhouse to the west.

A small community called Pokerville was established in the mid '50s at the site of present-day Plymouth. History reveals nothing concerning Pokerville—not even the reason for its curious name—but one writer did record that the last remaining house was only a "collapsing frame" in 1880. Plymouth itself was the location of the famous Plymouth Empire Mine, a deep operation credited with a production of millions in gold. Its rotting headframe and a handful of the old buildings still stand beside Highway 49. The present town has masked the

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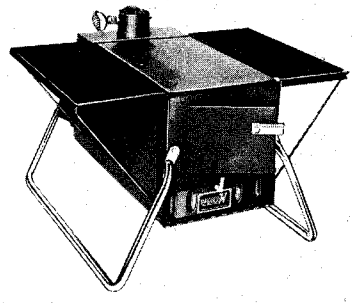

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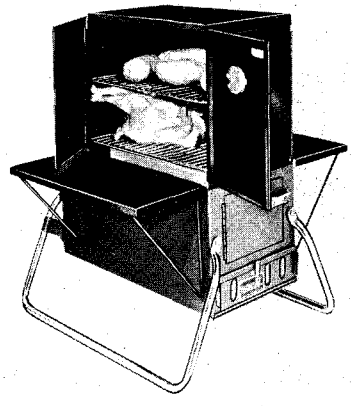

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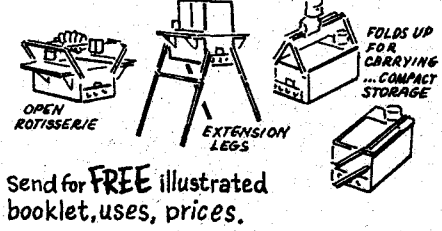

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charm and gingerbread of its century-old buildings with new fronts, thus making it something less than a ghost-towner's dream. However, some of yesteryear's photographs and memorabilia can still be found in several stores and museums. If of no other value to a hinterland buff such as I, Plymouth did offer the opportunity to resupply depleted stores of food and film before starting on the side trip to Fiddletown.

In 1849 a wagontrain of Missouri emigrants halted in a lush little valley six miles east of Drytown. They examined the land, found it good, and declared their long journey ended. Houses were erected, orchards and vineyards were planted on the surrounding hills, and a new community was born—one destined to become the most colorful in the area.

The Missourians were a carefree lot, spending most of their leisure hours playing the fiddle and dancing, so when one of the elders complained that there was too much "fiddling around" the name Fiddletown was adopted forthwith. And by such the town was known until 1878 when the state legislature changed its name to Oleta at the request of one Judge Purinton. His Honor objected to being identified as the "Man from Fiddletown" when visiting San Francisco and Sacramento. In later years Bret Harte immortalized the village in *An Episode in Fiddletown* at which time the townspeople had the original name restored, and appointed Dave Rubinoff, famous violinist, as honorary mayor.

As time passed Fiddletown acquired a large population of Chinese. These industrious and peaceful people engaged in farming, mining and as merchants and herbalists. Crumbling remains of the adobe forts which they built as protection against Mexican bandits still stand above the old townsite.

The most historied building on Fiddletown's Main Street is the Chinese Joss House, built of rammed earth adobe. This was the home and office of Dr. Yee, herb specialist, and its dusky, cobwebby rooms still contain his faded shrine as well as a jumble of drawers and bins where strange potions were stored long ago.

Fiddletown's best remembered character was Fong Chow Yow, known most of his life as "Jimmy Chow." Born in 1885 Jimmy was left to fend for himself at an early age when his parents returned to China. He was adopted—figuratively—by the town in general, by the local herb doctor in particular, and spent his entire life in Fiddletown, working as a blacksmith and miner. During his later years he became a close friend of actress Anna May Wong who often traveled from Hollywood to visit him in the tiny Sierra village.

Jimmy Chow—the last Chinese resident of Fiddletown—died there in 1965 at his quarters behind the old Joss House. His stove, utensils and handmade cot are still as he left them.

Nearly every ghost town has its own lost treasure legend, but Fiddletown's seems to bear the stamp of authenticity in that its details were perpetuated in writing. The treasure tale involves a Spanish prospector who lived as a recluse north of town in 1875. That he had a cache of gold hidden in or near his cabin was a fact accepted by the townspeople. One day a friend called on the old man to obtain a loan. The prospector left the room—perhaps even the cabin—and returned with a large pan heaped with gold coins and nuggets, inviting his visitor to take what he needed. The borrower counted out $1,500 in twenty and fifty dollar coins and departed. Shortly thereafter the miser died suddenly, without revealing the location of his cache which many subsequent searches failed to uncover. Existence of this treasure seems to have been confirmed several years later when an Indian woman found several large gold nuggets in the stream bed below the prospector's cabin. These were not of a character native to the area, so it has been presumed that they were washed down from their original hiding place.

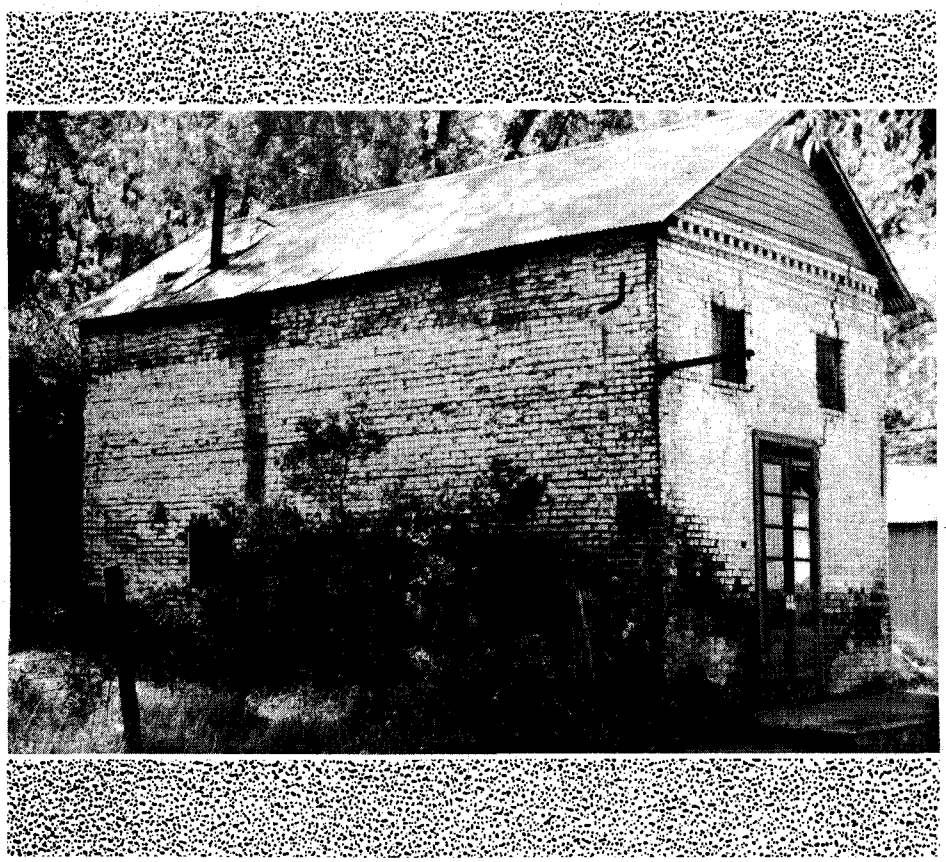
So, the quaint little village of Fiddletown—one of the best preserved of the Mother Lode ghosts—is abundant in legendry, and an interesting study in century-old architecture. A splendid example of the latter is a two-story brick building, once a Chinese store, which stands across Main Street from the Joss House; another is the Schallhorn Blacksmith and Wagon Shop, built in 1870, which dozes behind its original stone front and wrought iron sign at the opposite end of town. And between these, along both sides of the street, huddle many abandoned huts and shacks, windbleached by the gales that sweep through the valley.

Drytown, the oldest town in Amador County, lies only three miles south of the Fiddletown turnoff in Plymouth. Don't be deceived by the name, as it describes neither the old camp's boomtime virtue nor its present-day vegetation. In fact, during its heyday Drytown had twenty-six saloons, and today the nearly deserted townsite is verdant and lush. When founded in 1848 it was named for Dry Creek along whose banks it was located.

Except for crumbly foundations and scattered boards the village is virtually lost. However, the structures which have endured for so many years are gems indeed. One of these—a tiny red brick one-time butcher shop with genuine marble floors—is thrown into relief by a dense background of ancient trees alongside the highway. Another—also brick, and miniature in size—hides under huge oaks in a tangle of undergrowth east of town.

I bade Drytown goodbye with reluctance. The few hours of wandering its shady byways and grass-grown streets had been a respite that erased distant cares and frustrations. But the dusking woods had already come alive with the many voices of night, damp was creeping up from murky ravines, and it was time to go. So I pulled out of the tiny camp, and as I drove south along the highway, my thoughts rambled ahead to tomorrow's sally through Amador City, Sutter Creek, Jackson, Mokelumne Hill, San Andreas and Carson Hill.

This store located on the main street of Fiddletown was also run by a Chinese businessman.



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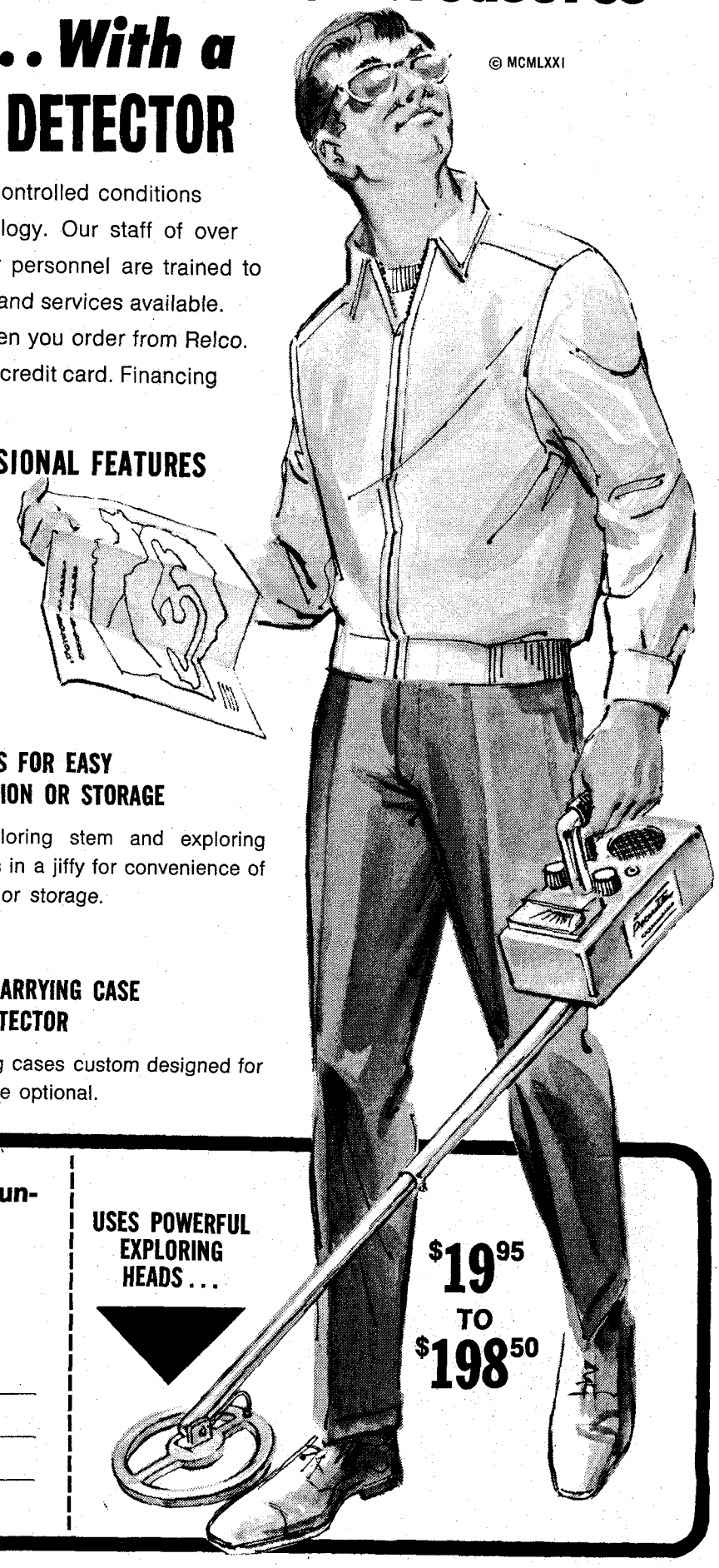

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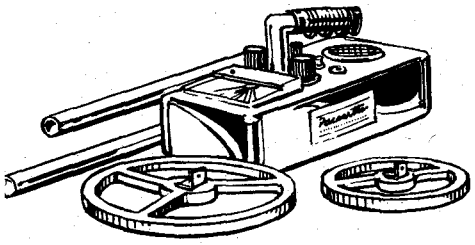

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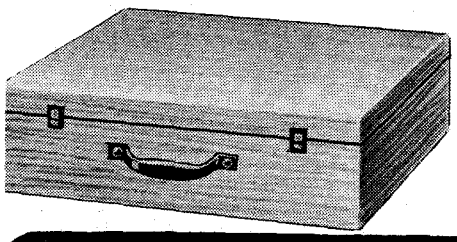

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Victoria's Gayest Rogue

(Continued from page 31)

dismissed. Only John Butts, despite acquittal, would inform the newspaper of "his intention of receiving visitors at the city prison a few days longer"!

A month later he was in trouble again, charged with having foully threatened and assaulted one Frederick F. Davis with a kick in the rear. On this occasion John's eloquence failed him, the magistrate fining him three pounds or a month in jail, not believing his defense that he was victim of a conspiracy.

By now John was well on the downhill path to iniquity. Reported the newspaper in May 1860: "Alas poor Butts . . . has again fallen into the hands of the Philistines. Yesterday afternoon Sergt. Taylor nabbed him in the very act of selling liquor to Indians across the bridge, and marched him off to jail. John will hardly escape the chain gang this time."

He was a victim of misfortune, said John to the magistrate, using for the first time an excuse he would belabor to death. He had, by "patient industry," saved the grand sum of $4.87 toward the $5 needed to buy passage for Australia. Unable to raise the balance of a quarter, he had in desperation stooped to bootlegging. The judge unsympathetically sentenced him to six pounds of iron around his right ankle.

No sooner was he released than John was again in durance vile, charged with selling tangleleg to a squaw on Johnson Street. In a rare moment of humor, the austere Magistrate Augustus Pemberton gave him "three moons."

Word of his latest tragedy evidently did not reach San Francisco, as only two weeks later a Bay City newspaper warned its readers: "John Butts announces his intention of paying us a visit from Victoria. Secure your mutton!"

With December, a blushing Butts again graced the dock in the police barracks, accused, as usual, of selling whisky to Indians. Looking the "picture of injured innocence," John heard his arresting officer inform Magistrate Pemberton that the principal witnesses were not present.

This was all he needed. Surely such a fair man as His Honor would not convict him on the word of a mere constable? After all, he sobbed, "Haven't I always pleaded guilty when I was convicted? Did I ever grumble at Your Honor's decision? Never! Never! Allow me to remind Your Worship of a good old saying—one that I learned at school—that says: 'While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return,' and do not convict me of a charge of which I am totally innocent."

Replied Pemberton, "Well, Butts, I don't wish to injure your *good* character; you may go." With that a beaming Butts danced from the dock to the laughter of the galleries.

This time liberty lasted all of two weeks when Sgt. Taylor accused him of vagrancy and bootlegging. For once, John had no defense, pleaded guilty, and begged Magistrate Pemberton to let him leave for Australia. Delighted at a chance of being rid of him once and for all, Pemberton instantly agreed.

IT WAS a slight error in judgment, as John bounded from the court and disappeared—without the slightest intention of forsaking Victoria. Nothing was heard of him for three weeks, when a suspicious soul, signing himself "Fort Street," wrote the *Colonist* of John's newest dodge as a missionary!

It seems Butts had turned his modest cottage into the "Congrational [sic] Church." Collecting a group of devout natives, he would "lead off with a prayer, followed by singing a hymn. John then makes a short and feeling address; follows it with another hymn, a collection is taken up and the congregation is dismissed with a benediction.

"After the services, dancing, smoking and drinking whisky are the order of the evening—Butts acting as barkeeper with as much grace as he a few moments before officiated as clergyman. It is quite an ingenious plan, and the inventor is, no doubt, making a 'good thing' by administering spiritual comfort to his flock in two totally different ways." The editor recommended "Fort Street" inform police.

Despite this advertisement, however, officers did not act until three weeks later, arresting John for bootlegging and "a general inclination towards loaferism."

As ever, he had an answer. John's eloquent speech was liberally spiced with biblical quotations and poetry, ending with the promise that if freed he would catch the first boat to Port Townsend, there to board a ship to Australia. But that was not all. Pointing to fellow prisoner Scotty, charged with being "too drunk to navigate," John magnanimously offered to "take this poor, lost wretch with me to the American side and thereby relieve the town of a nuisance.

"I'll buy him a new suit of clothes before he leaves here, and I'll give him one pound before he gets there, in order that he may not land a pauper. As for myself, I have only one ambition left: It is to reach my native land and die in peace at the old homestead."

An emotional Magistrate Pemberton bound John over in the sum of fifty pounds to appear a week later. Stirred by Butts' description of his unfortunate friend, he ordered Scotty freed.

Pemberton apparently changed his mind about the week-long remand, for three days later John was sentenced to three months.

HORRIFYING news then shocked Victoria. John Butts was dying! The poor soul had been found in his cell, paralyzed from the knees down. Doctors pronounced no hope of recovery and sadly gave him but a short time to live. Taken to hospital in a handcart, John received that institution's earnest attention. Upon arrival, he was subjected to various painful tests to determine the authenticity of his ailment. Finally satisfied he was, indeed paralyzed, the staff showered him with every care and luxury at their disposal. Most of the time John lay in his soft bed, reading "religious

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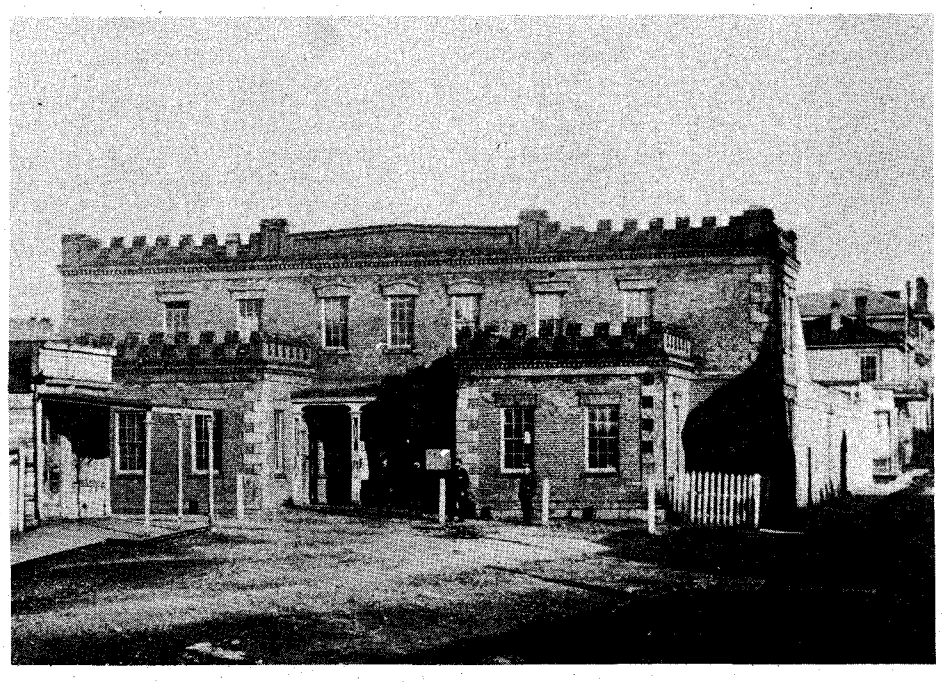

Courtesy B. C. Provincial Archives

John Butts was a frequent "visitor" to Victoria's grim looking police barracks.

works." On fine days he would painfully drag himself by his hands to the front steps to bask in the spring sunshine.

In short, John played the part to the hilt until the eagle eye of Dr. James Trimble detected a suspicious movement of his lower limbs. Instantly assuming the worst, the practitioner ordered John seized, stripped, and placed in a chair in the yard. Then, from a second-story balcony, attendants laughingly poured the contents of eighteen buckets of frigid sea water over John's head!

"Butts shivered and shook, but declared that he could not budge an inch, although he begged the doctor to discontinue the treatment. It was no use. The doctor was inexorable."

Eight more buckets followed, the trembling patient moaning all the while that he could not move. It was not until the thirty-sixth that John threw in the sponge, leaped from the chair and hid, to the laughter of the staff and inmates. Any lesser man would have then dressed and shuffled away in shame. But not John Butts!

Leisurely pulling on his trousers, the impudent scamp "deliberately, in full sight of a dozen or more persons, laid down on the grass and slowly dragged himself again into the hospital!"

The *Colonist* informed readers "much fun" was expected the next day when eviction of the humbugging patient was to be effected. But this time Butts, still dragging himself about the hospital on hands and knees and occasionally uttering a piteous moan, lowered his colors without a struggle when alerted by another patient, who had been carefully prompted by Dr. Trimble, that he was to be subjected to the water cure again.

When John sneered defiance, his informant whispered, "If that does not answer you are to be bound to a red hot stove and kept there till you're roasted!"

That was enough for John! Forgetting his paralysis, he bolted for the door. Once outside, he proceeded to roundly curse the institution and all within until an attendant appeared with a club. By this time John had drawn a large crowd, so commenced to entertain by hobbling away, leaning heavily on his cane and stopping every few steps as if very weak.

Back on Johnson Street, his old comrades greeted him with cheers and laughter, at which John held forth on how he had hoodwinked one and all with his malingering, and that he fully intended to bootleg as much as ever.

"Whisky," said he, "is an old enemy of mine; it killed my big brother, and caused me to serve nine months on the chain gang. Consequently, whenever I see a bottle of it I feel as if I'd like to catch it round the neck and take satisfaction out of it!"

Moaned the *Colonist*: "We don't believe a greater villain ever drew breath. He was a nuisance in California and he is a nuisance here. We cannot get rid of him because he is so great a scamp no captain can be found to take him to a far distant country aboard of his vessel for fear of a mutiny or something as bad; at San Francisco detectives want him as a state prison recruit; and our American neighbors on the Sound say that if he comes there they will box him up and send him back. If he is put in prison he is continually raising a row and causing trouble among the convicts.

"In short, he is a blot, a disgrace, a moral leper and a curse. The authorities feel, when thinking of him, like the man who bought the elephant and didn't know what to do with it. What *shall* we do with him?"

A week after, John again faced the magistrate. Not, as in the past, for vagrancy or bootlegging, but on the cur-

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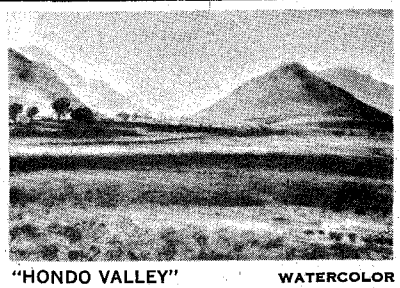

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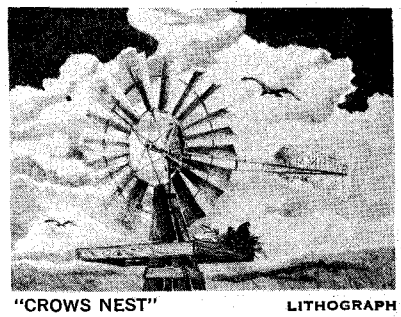
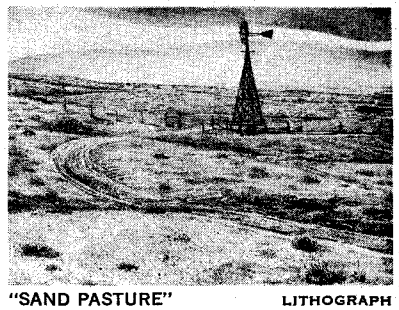


"CROWS NEST" LITHOGRAPH

JOHN MEIGS



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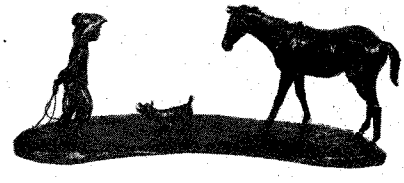

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ious complaint of being a "rogue and a vagabond." It would almost appear that the weary court was inventing charges to be used exclusively against John. He faced the magistrate calmly, made his usual speech in which he denounced the *Colonist* for exposing his malingering and promised to leave the colony. This time Pemberton was not falling for the old line and gave him three months.

Released in time for July 4, when most Victorians attended horse races in Beacon Hill Park, he celebrated by stealing three turkeys from the house of John Yermen. Hence another three months on the chain gang.

Upon liberation, the "reformed" John Butts found himself in court again to answer a charge of having assaulted an Indian and his squaw. Despite testimony that he had been provoked beyond endurance by the couple's having called him names and thrown rocks at him, the magistrate fined him fifty shillings.

Miraculously, however, John really was a new man. Re-elected to his former position of town crier, he fulfilled the duty with zeal and nary a misdemeanor. But, typically, it was too good to last. Six months later he was ending his "cries" with unflattering remarks concerning one Capt. Simpson before a delighted audience. He was enjoying himself immensely until none other than Capt. Simpson chanced along, heard his name linked to a "celebrated banjo-player" (the significance of which has been lost, sadly) and promptly proceeded to beat John lustily with his cane.

The bruised Butts answered the "foul and cowardly" attack by having that gentleman arrested for assault. Much to his chagrin, Pemberton made short work of his complaint, delivering "a most scathing rebuke." Then, to his regret, Pemberton was obliged to fine Simpson forty shillings; the captain paying "with the air of a man who had got his money's worth."

John's subsequent arrests are many, the *Colonist* ruefully noting "his habits require a kind of moral tinkering from the magisterial hands of Mr. Pemberton at least once a month." For biting an Indian assistant, he was fined one pound; he had only pushed the native away for fear of catching smallpox, he said.

For slandering another leading citizen John was charged court costs and released after a tearful apology. He left the court "with smiles of joy illumining his jocund face and the teardrops glistening like a puddle of dirty water in a Yates Street gutter when visited by a gleam of sunshine."

The excitement of election day in August, 1862, caused John to erupt again, spewing forth insults in the direction of a Mr. Carswell. By the time of his court appearance, John was repentant, blaming his outburst on overwork and drink. Carswell, a forgiving soul asked that he be released. Noting he was "not so great a nuisance as formerly," but that the jailors could tolerate him no longer, Pemberton agreed.

The charges seem endless: Theft of two bottles of brandy, of which he was acquitted; appropriating a photographer's equipment; looting a building at the corner of Douglas and View; possession of a stolen bed. For theft of a goose, he received a month at hard labor. John's "hard labor" lasted precisely a day when he rebelled, indignantly informing guards such toil was beneath his station as a gentleman. Placed on a diet of bread and water, he whiled away the time in his cell by singing hymns and the national anthem in "the most penitent tones."

OUT exactly a week, he was arrested for stealing 200 newspapers. The result—a severe lecture and a month. However, informed a ship had been found to take him to Australia, the magistrate spoke softly to the sobbing prisoner, and "besought him to mend his ways before he became too hardened in vice." John should have been an actor, for by now there was not a dry eye in town.

Then—almost overnight—the notorious John Butts was "gone from our gaze!" With two other worthies he had signed aboard the ship *Rodoma* for China. There had been a tearful farewell ceremony at the jail. A sobbing John bidding farewell to convicts and guards. All the way to the dock, where a large crowd had gathered to see him off, he wept freely. But upon seeing his reception, he regained his spirits, shouting jokes from the ship's rail. Then he retired from view, never again to be seen by Victorians.

Even the *Colonist* was moved to regret the loss of the city's gayest rogue, saying, "Adieu! poor houseless, homeless vagrant. Your offences against society have been many, and your punishment often severe; but God created you for some purpose, and you may yet become a shining light in the national councils of the land of Confucius."

We can be assured that it was a long, long time before pioneer Victorians forgot their incorrigible town crier who was fired for ending his spiels with "God Save John Butts" instead of "God Save the Queen!"; the inebriate who ended a temperance meeting of churchwomen by spiking the teapots with two bottles of brandy; the rascal who lost a contract to clean mud from Government Street when caught dumping it in Yates Street!

Pity the poor Chinese!

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 38)

out for one of his stallions. Leighton, in twenty years, had built up his bunch to 1,500 head.

When Von Strallendorf finally got home to High River, he bought a spread and told his rider, Ward, to go find the five mares and trail them home.

Ward headed for the Big Hill Creek country to look for the mares. There were no fences; open ranges ran from Calgary west to the Rockies. Leighton's range took in a big hunk of that country—the Ghost River bounded it on the south and the Eau Claire timber limits the north—so it covered quite a few miles.

Ward kept going, inquiring here and

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there about the stock. One day he hit the Indian reserve at Morley and had a word with the Indian agent, Tom Noble. The agent told him the mares might be with Leighton's bunch. Ward figured there might be trouble if he was caught scouting around the Ghost River range, so he decided to ride up to Leighton's place and hit him for a job.

He mailed a letter to his boss, telling Von Strallendorf what he was going to do, then rode north for fifteen miles or so, crossed the Ghost River, and got to Leighton's layout about sundown. As it happened, George was needing a man and Ward got the job.

One day Leighton, Ward and an Indian were bringing one of the stallions in and they ran across the Von Strallendorf mares with their foals, all of them carrying Leighton's brand. Ward had to manufacture an excuse to get to town and let his boss know what he had found, so after supper he told Leighton he wanted to pick up his clothes. George wasn't too pleased with the idea but, as the next day was Sunday, he told Ward to go ahead, but not to waste time getting back.

Ward got a wire off to Von Strallendorf. The Lazy V rancher wired back that he was on his way. He had to ride all night to meet Ward the next day. The two of them went to the Mounted Police detachment and filed a charge against Leighton "for unlawfully branding strays."

"Happy" Jack Davis was the constable in charge. The Mountie got a local man to ride with them. After an overnight camp they reached Leighton's place. Ward and the other rider rounded up the evidence and headed for town, Davis and his prisoner following behind. When they got to Cochrane, Leighton was formally charged before a justice of the peace and remanded on bail.

WHEN THE CASE came up, Leighton appeared with Paddy Nolan, a lawyer known for his Irish wit and ability to confuse an opposing witness. Von Strallendorf swore when and from whom he had bought the mares; Ward swore that he had branded them and turned them out on the Big Hill Creek; the Mountie swore that he had found them in Leighton's possession. It all looked cut-and-dried until Paddy began to cross-examine Bob Ward.

"Do you know what a brand is, and how to use it?" asked Nolan.

"Of course I do!" answered Ward.

"You branded the five mares with the Lazy V brand owned by Mr. Von Strallendorf?"

"I did," replied Ward.

"Now," said the lawyer, "I show you a certified copy of the brand registration certificate. In reference to a brand, just what does the term 'lazy' mean?"

"It means lying over on its side."

"So that if applied on the animal in any other position it wouldn't be a legal brand?" asked Nolan.

"Yes," answered Ward.

The lawyer approched the magistrate and handed him the brand certificate. "I submit, Your Worship, that proof of ownership must exist in the brand itself, and that in this case the branding of the

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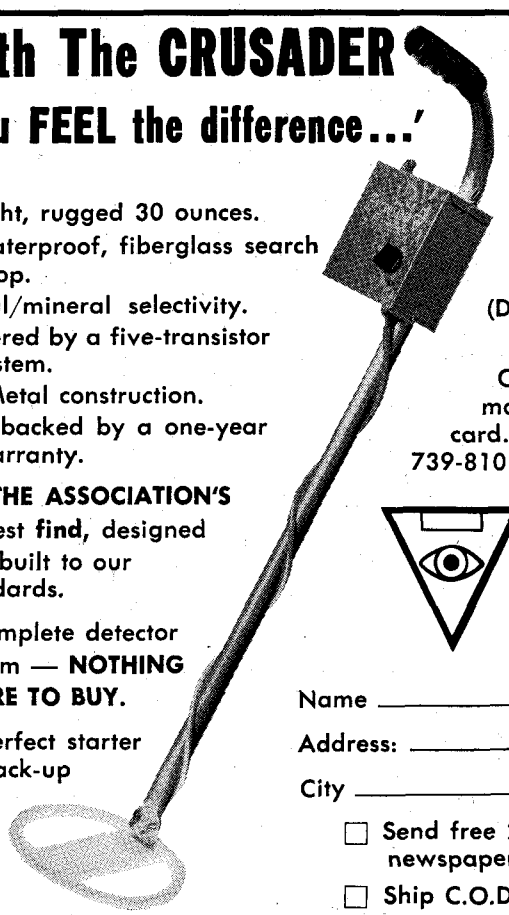

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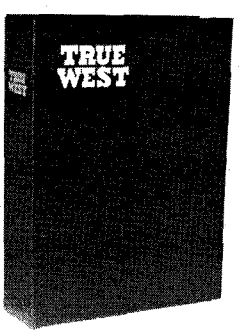

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mares must correspond with the registration certificate. If you will go over to the livery barn and examine the brand used, you will find that it is not the certificate brand at all. The brand used has been applied as straight up as the courthouse chimney!"

"Court is adjourned for half hour so that the brand on the mares can be compared with the certificate as tendered in evidence."

When court reconvened, the justice said, "I must agree with Mr. Nolan's argument. The best evidence of ownership is the brand itself, otherwise the brand reader at the stockyards would be out of a job. The case is dismissed."

There really wasn't much doubt that Leighton was guilty, but no one could prove it. Somehow, as he was using the brand for the first time, Ward had stamped the V upright instead of sideways. So both those purchases Von Strallendorf had made the year before had gone awry.

But there is a footnote to the story. Nolan told Leighton the JP's decision might be reversed if Von Strallendorf appealed, so the lawyer arranged a deal whereby the Lazy V rancher got his mares back but left Creighton the five foals.

As Frank Sibbald, an old-timer of that area, remarked: "Law and justice doesn't always look down the same gun barrel, but justice usually comes pretty close to hitting the mark, even if she has a wink in one eye."

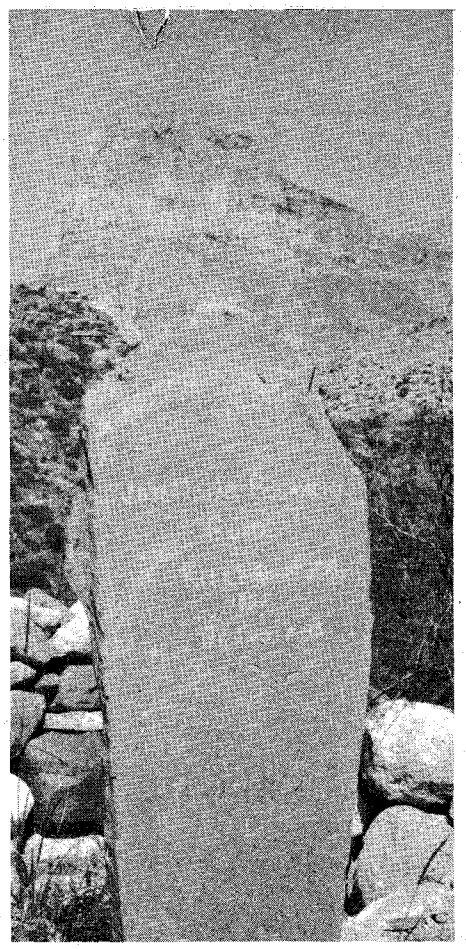
Jose Polancio

(Continued from page 23)

permanent sources for water during certain seasons of the year. The Hueco Tanks were known by prehistoric man as evidenced by the extensive Indian pictographs in the rock shelters. Today the Hueco Tanks is a public park of El Paso County.

On the 28th Captain Longstreet reported a march of twenty-five miles from Cornudas Tanks, an igneous rock area similar to the Hueco Tanks and approximately thirty-five miles to the east. "On the 28th I marched twenty-five miles, from Cornudas Tanks to Cuervo Ponds [later identified as Crow Springs]. At half after one of that afternoon I discovered a smoke in the direction of the Guadalupe Mountains, apparently beyond. The guide [Jose Maria Polancio] reported it beyond. At half after six one of the non-commissioned officers, who was in advance with the guide, came back and reported a large trail coming into and apparently following the road. It appeared to be the trail of about forty cattle driven by eight or ten Indians. The guide thought that the party was yet at the water in front of us. I made arrangements for attacking them at once; and with the hope of surprising them I marched down to the water by moonlight leaving my wagons behind. We were disappointed, however. The Indians had gone on in the direction of the mountains.

"The guide still thought that they were but a few miles from us. I ordered Lieutenant Follett with twelve non-commissioned officers and men, and the guide, to follow the trail by moonlight and try and ascertain the whereabouts of the Indians; but not to attack them if it could be avoided till I joined him and not to go more than ten miles ahead. At ten o'clock I received a message from him stating that he had followed the trail into the mountains, about six miles from the water. I sent him food and water for himself and men with orders to remain where he was till I joined him."



A close-up of the marker.

THE SPRINGS where we now find Captain Longstreet and his command were not the oasis one might expect. The water was highly mineralized and would act as a strong purgative when consumed in any quantity. One can only imagine the problems this must have created although no mention is made of the water except its availability and use. From Crow Springs, where this phase of the pursuit was taking place, the terrain changes from the rolling hills to the west to the rugged and foreboding foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains.

The mettle of their guide, Jose Polancio, would be put to its first real test. As best as can be determined from the information contained in Longstreet's report, the Indians must have traveled east-southeast from Crow Springs and entered the western escarpment of the Guadalupes along a trail which has since been obliterated by rock slides and erosion. This particular area of the Guadalupes was extremely rough, making tracking difficult. The fact that Jose was able to follow the trail speaks highly of his competence as a guide. To stand today in the same general area of the old trail at the base of the sheer cliffs on the southernmost extremities of the Guadalupes is an unforgettable experience. The aesthetic beauty of the barren, treeless wilderness of these western slopes cannot be described in words or pictures. On the eastern slopes of these same mountains, Polancio would soon die carrying out his duties.

Here also, Captain Longstreet apparently recognized the problems he would have in proceeding. "Having two non-commissioned officers and twelve men with my wagons I prepared the rest of my command, with six days' rations in haversacks, and canteens filled with water, to go into the mountains. I got up at two in the morning and started on the trail at half after three. Reached the mountains at daylight. We found, of course, that the Indians had taken the roughest parts of the mountains, frequently crossing them where footmen could scarcely climb.

"At noon some of the men were out of water, and before dark all were so. I marched till night hoping to reach water, but in vain. It was my desire, and instructions, to march several hours by moonlight. But my men were so much exhausted being up and marching a great deal of the night before, that it would have been exceedingly hard for them to have gone even a few miles further. So I concluded to rest for the night in a pinery on top of one of the highest mountains where night happened to come upon me.

"I called up the guide and asked him the prospects of getting to water on the trail. He said that I might find it in twenty-four miles but that he was not certain that I would." From this statement in Captain Longstreet's report it would appear that Jose Polancio was not familiar with these mountains and was unsure of what might be found on the other side. The fact that the Indians were moving around the mountain would indicate the presence of water about a day's ride which would have been something near twenty-four miles.

THE UNCERTAINTY of a water supply beyond changed Captain Longstreet's original plans and according to his report he "at once determined to turn back at daylight in the morning and sent my mounted men back at once to have water sent out in the canteens to meet us. My intention then was to move around the mountains with my wagons, leave them again and take up the trail afresh. I thought by packing a saddle mule of one of the teams, with water, I might yet be able to overtake the Indians, and at least recover the cattle.

"Soon after leaving the Cuervo Ponds we came into very heavy sandy roads, and very soon the mules began to fail. Before night one team gave out entirely, and I had to send other mules to haul the wagon to camp." (In the spring of 1967 the remains of a wagon train were discovered in this same area of heavy sands as mentioned by Captain Longstreet.)

"We could make but twelve miles traveling all day. After traveling six

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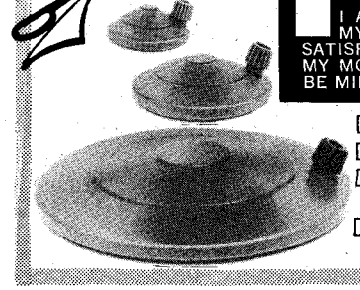

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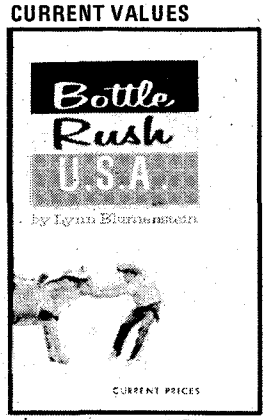

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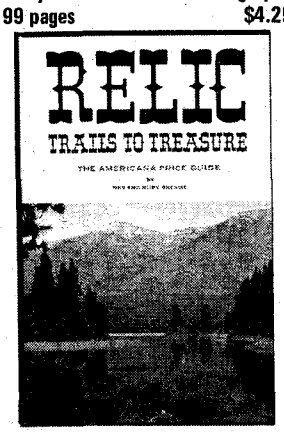

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miles the next day [the 1st] the same team gave out again, and again I had to send mules back for the wagons. Traveled nine miles this day. Encamped at the 1st spring in the Guadalupe Mountains. Here I abandoned all hope of being able to reach the trail at all, and resolved to wait for Captain Ewell or Major Simonson [it is assumed that Captain Longstreet was expecting either a Captain Ewell or a Major Simonson and their command somewhere here in the Guadalupe Mountains].

"That afternoon our guide was missing. Some thought that the Indians might have killed him, but the general impression was that he had left us and returned home. I had given him a scolding the day before for leaving the two mounted men and the men who were most with him supposed that I had frightened him. I concluded that such was the case and that he had run off and left us.

"On the morning of the 2nd, however, I ordered a sergeant and six men to go on his trail and try and ascertain whether he had come in. When the sergeant returned he reported that he had found the track of the horse and had followed it some distance and supposed from its course that the guide had turned a point of the mountain and come in. I was then quite satisfied that such was the case."

Their guide's disappearance actually meant something quite different. Longstreet was aware that the Indians had "taken the roughest parts of the mountains, frequently crossing where footmen could scarcely climb," and Polancio must have been making a reconnaissance of the general area at the foot of what is now called El Capitan, the majestic southernmost extremity of the Guadalupe Mountains. To the Apaches this was home and they knew every trail, cave and spring.

Jose was apparently trying to determine how many Indians were actually in the mountains at this time and if they posed an immediate threat to the command. The Indians had been known to leave a trail indicating there were only a few in the group, leading the soldiers into a deliberate ambush. It would appear, from the evidence as later contained in the report of Captain Longstreet, that the Indians laid such a trap for Jose and he met his untimely death while attempting to prevent the same thing from happening to Longstreet.

The captain first learned of the death of his guide on the afternoon of the 2nd. "About four o'clock of that afternoon one of the men came to my tent and reported that the naked body of the guide was lying on the mountain side near the spring. Lieutenant Follett and I went up and found the dead body stripped and pierced with seven arrow wounds. I had it taken to camp and buried. We could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion as to how the Indians got upon him. They must have ambushed him, I suppose."

The spring near where the body of Jose was found is now known as Guadalupe Spring and is approximately one and one-half miles above the scout's final resting place. The camp where Jose's body was buried is in a narrow pass just below the Guadalupe Peak and was somewhat protected from the elements but was in a very dangerous place for any protection from attack by Indians. The campsite would have been difficult to defend as the numerous rock ledges above would have afforded perfect protection for the attackers.

IT WAS NOT fear of attack, however, but the lack of wood which prompted Captain Longstreet to relocate his camp. "As fuel was scarce around this camp I determined to move and sent out a sergeant and six men on the 5th to look for some suitable place to move to. The sergeant returned in the afternoon and reported a spring and fine timber and grass about seven miles in advance. On the 6th I moved to this spring."

The spring referred to is now known as Pine Spring and for some twenty years various military commands used this same campsite. Numerous artifacts have been collected from this spot by one of the local ranchers. In 1857 the contractors for the Butterfield-Overland stage constructed a stage stop and change station here and it was known as Pine Spring Station.

The burial of Polancio a few days before did not end his involvement with either the Indians or Longstreet. "On the 9th at 12M.," the captain reported, "Major Simonson's advance party came into my camp, and in a short time the Major and most of his command. I at once gave him all the Indian news that I had; and a party of his that came through my old camp reported that the Indians had been to my camp after I left it and taken up the body of the guide, scalped it and robbed it of the buffalo robe that was around it, and shot fresh arrows into it."

Immediately the question comes to mind, why would the Indians dig up the body of Jose and desecrate it by scalping and shooting more arrows into it? A possible explanation could lie in certain facts contained earlier in Captain Longstreet's report. It was mentioned that "on the morning of the 26th the Mexican Guide, Jose Maria Polancio reported." The fact that Jose was of Mexican descent and in all probability looked very much like an Indian dressed in the clothes of the white man may have prompted their action. To have been an Indian serving the horse soldiers, as all military were known to the Indians, branded him as a traitor.

The body of Jose must have been discovered immediately following ambush and death at the hands of the Indians and they had not completed their revenge for what they believed was a betrayal. The Indians were probably watching the entire activities of Longstreet's command and when the campsite was moved to Pine Spring, dug up the body, scalped it, removed the buffalo robe, and shot the body with additional arrows to be sure the spirit of Jose would never leave the body.

Who buried the body the second time is not recorded in the military reports. We do know that someone felt Polancio gave his life in the performance of his duties and they may have realized that his death possibly saved many of their

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own lives. For years the grave and native sandstone marker were the personal responsibility of any passerby through the formidable pass of the Guadalupes. The Butterfield Trail passed in the shadow of the tombstone. The grave of Jose was mentioned by a special correspondent to the New York *Herald* in a news item posted San Francisco, October 10, 1858 and read in part, "Just before the bottom of the canyon is reached there stands by the roadside the grave of a Mexican guide, who had ventured in advance of his party and was murdered by the Indians—a thrilling reminder of another of the dangers of this dreadful pass."

What more fitting tribute could be paid to Jose Maria Polancio, Guide Killed Feb 1855, By Indians, than the well-kept grave standing its lonely vigil in the shadows of Guadalupe Peak? A grave kept immaculate for over one hundred years by persons unknown.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 39)

Mrs. Long was in touch with her husband for a few years, but gradually lost contact.

The son, Bruce Long, went West and died in California a few years ago. His mother died in recent years. If anyone has any information on Eli Long I would appreciate it. His wife was my aunt. If still living, Eli would be past eighty. I wrote the Bureau of Statistics for the State of Montana, but they have no record on death or burial of anyone by this name.—Claude Callaway, 1114 W. Seventh Avenue, Gastonia, North Carolina 28052

Bart and Bill Scott

I would like to hear from descendants of Bart and Bill Scott, born in Tennessee or Missouri between 1827 and 1835, the sons of William T. Scott of Texas County, Missouri. My father, Arthur J. Scott, was their youngest half-brother. Bart and Bill were known to have been in Texas County in 1888 at their father's funeral. —Mrs. Iva Virgils, 1023 No. 2nd St., Yakima, Washington 98901

William F. Bonn

William F. Bonn served in Kansas and other western states in the 3rd Cavalry, Troop C, from 1891 to 1894. Then, as sergeant, Troop E, Third Cavalry, 1894-1897. He later served in the Spanish-American War in Puerto Rico and Cuba with the First Kentucky Volunteers. He is said to have been with the Border Patrol after the Spanish-American War and to have run a distillery in northern Mexico. Any information about him would be greatly appreciated.—Billy Wilson, 600 Seneca Ave., Louisville, Kentucky 40209

Thomas James Verner

Can anyone give me information about my grandfather, Thomas James Verner? He left home at Bee Cave, Texas near Austin in 1940, going to Albuquerque, New Mexico to look for a job. We heard later that he had worked for McKee Construction Company in El Paso, Texas as late as 1960, but were unable to confirm this.

He was born March 11, 1881 near Chalmette, Louisiana. He moved to New Mexico when he was a young man and went to work at a logging camp near Cloudcroft, New Mexico and later became a U. S. Forest Ranger. He was first appointed October 1, 1907 and served at Gila National Forest, New Mexico. He also served at Datil National Forest, Magdalena, New Mexico and at Jemes National Forest at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

He married Fannie Belle Herridge at the home of her mother at James Cañon, Otero County, New Mexico on November 18, 1902. They had four children, Ethel Alma, Edward Charles, Corrine, and Ellen Almeda. I surely would appreciate information of any kind—Mrs. E. F. Bales, 4322 Randall Drive, Corpus Christi, Texas 78411

Sugg or Suggs

My great-grandfather, Charles L. Suggs, was born January 4, 1844 and died April 10, 1922, Van Buren County, Arkansas. He married Nancie Fisher, born March 10, 1848, died January 1, 1936. Three children, Miles, Betty and Lucy were thought to have been born in Missouri; Dovie in Arkansas. Lebley Coal Mines were mentioned by Aunt Betty who passed away in 1967 at ninety-seven in Arkansas. Dovie is still living at Long Beach, California.

Charles L. Suggs was possibly one of six brothers. Pleasant Miles, born June 5, 1851, died June 19, 1927, came to Arkansas, origin unknown, married Sarah Lucretia Jobe and had seven children. Jim or James, last known to be ranching in Texas, unmarried. Mike was said to have been ranching in north California as late as 1940. Verlena Suggs Wright, only sister, also was in California and had one son, Lee, and a granddaughter living in Napa, California.

Information about any of these people or their ancestors will be greatly appreciated.—James B. Suggs, Box 221, Aspermont, Texas 79502

Bray-Humphries

I am very interested in obtaining additional information concerning my father, William David Clinton Bray, and his family. My great-grandfather, Rev. Bannister R. Bray, and grandfather William A. Bray, who died in 1888, lived in and around Gordon County, Georgia as did father's brothers and sisters. They were Bannister R., Frances J., Aminea L., James Me., Josaphine, Norris A., and Malinda.

I also hope there are some descendants of Mary Humphries Brown Walling who can give me some information about her parents and family.

Mary Humphries lived in Ramhurst, Georgia prior to her marriage to Tom Brown (around 1897) who was a drummer for Peeples & Trotter Wholesale Grocery Firm of Chattanooga. Their children were Effie Lee, Jake, and Robert. After being widowed, she was employed by Hall Brothers Department Store where she met and later married a Mr. Walling, a salesman from Texas. In 1961 she was ninety-two years old and living in a nursing home in Carrollton, Georgia. —Jay B. Humphries, 321 Archer Street, Hot Springs, Arkansas 71901

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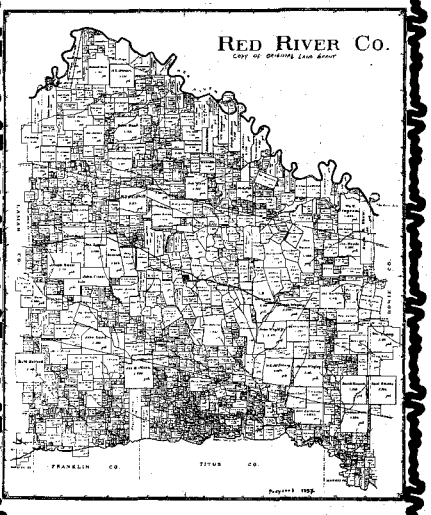

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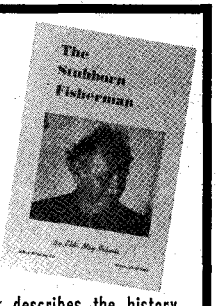

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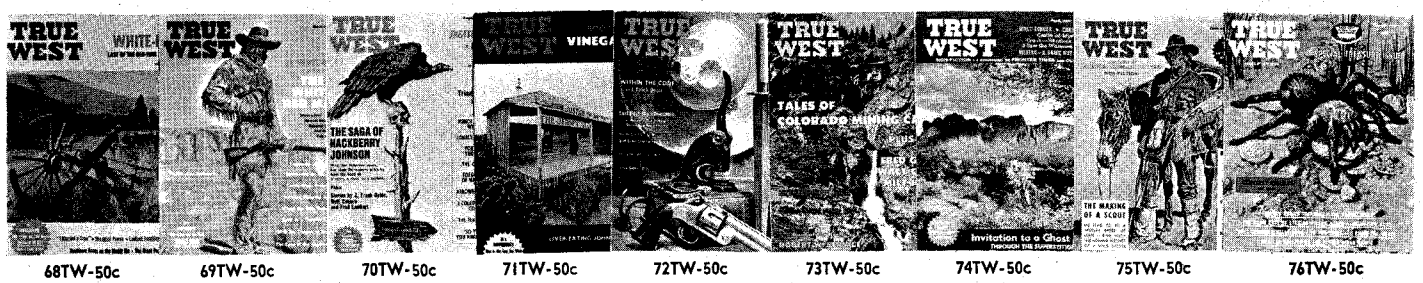

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Loopholes and Nooses

(Continued from page 25)

bed clutching a bloodstained smear on her nightdress.

Aspland rushed to his wife's side. She had been wounded by a bullet ripping into her body about stomach high. Aspland attempted to stop the blood flow but, realizing the seriousness of the wound, called out for Webster to go for help. Receiving no response he dashed into the bedroom to find Webster in a sleep stupor.

Bolting the kitchen-bedroom door, Aspland gave a few hurried instructions to his two daughters, then rushed to his barn. There he mounted one of his work horses and went racing across the fields to his nearest neighbor, George Spence. At the Spence ranch, Aspland detailed what had happened.

Spence immediately saddled a horse and headed for Cheney where he located Deputy Sheriff M. T. Coffman and told him of the shooting. Deputy Coffman, with Doctor Pomeroy, immediately started for the Aspland ranch, picking up Constable Abel Brown on the way.

Arriving at the Aspland ranch, they found Andrew still attempting to stop the blood flow of his wife's wound. Aspland had rushed back to his home from the Spence ranch to find his wife still alive but in great pain. Webster was still lying across his bed asleep.

While Doctor Pomeroy attended Mrs. Aspland, Deputy Sheriff Coffman attempted to wake Webster. When he turned Webster over on his back, the lawman saw that he gripped a .38 revolver in one hand. Deputy Coffman quickly disarmed Webster and placed handcuffs on him. Mumbling as he came out of his sleep, Webster listened but made no reply when Coffman officially placed him under arrest.

Meanwhile, Dr. Pomeroy was preparing Mrs. Aspland for transferral to the hospital at Medical Lake where surgical facilities were available.

AT the Medical Lake hospital, surgery proved futile. Three days after the ranch house shooting, Mrs. Aspland was dead. Before her death, however, she made a death-bed statement in the presence of witnesses, naming George Webster as the man who had fired at her through the kitchen window. She further stated that Webster on his second trip to the kitchen had made an insulting proposal to her and had attempted to lay his hand on one of the two daughters in bed with her. Mrs. Aspland had ordered Webster from the kitchen and, as he left to enter the bedroom, had bolted the kitchen door behind him.

Minutes later, according to Mrs. Aspland, Webster had begun pounding on the outside kitchen door and demanding he be given his hat and coat which he had left hanging in the kitchen. Afraid to open the door, Mrs. Aspland attempted to pass the coat and hat out through a broken window pane. A pistol shot was the reward for her efforts. At this point, Mrs. Aspland mentioned seeing the shadow of a second man standing with Webster outside the door.

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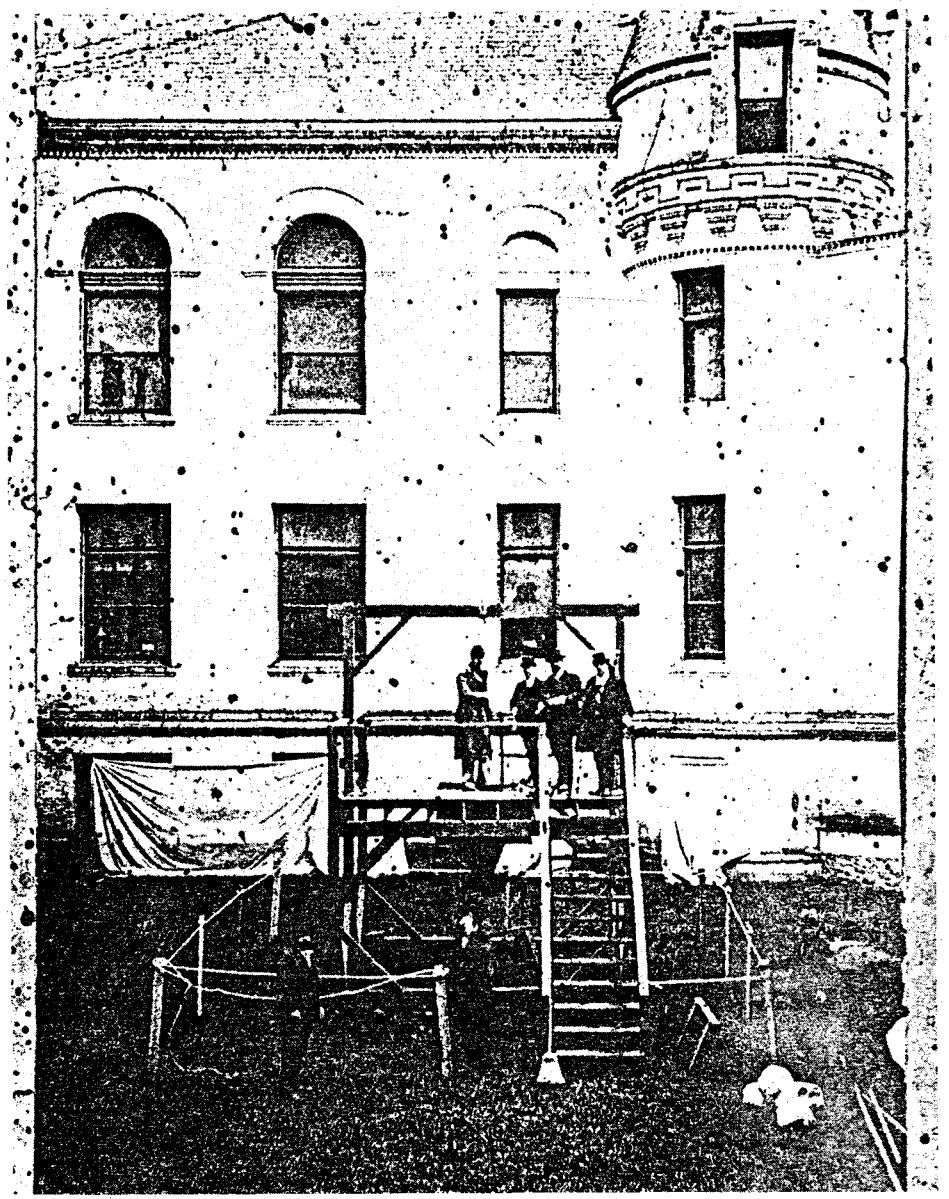

Immediately after the hanging the crowd dispersed.

Meanwhile, Webster had been taken to Spokane and placed in the county jail. A coroner's inquest was held at Medical Lake, following which a charge of first degree murder was filed against Webster with Justice Backus permitting no bail. At this hearing George Webster was represented by Del Cary Smith, one of Spokane's leading attorneys.

Nine days after the crime Judge Prather set the trial date for May 26. Later, after considerable argument and protest from defense attorney Smith that public opinion in the community at the time was such that it would be impossible to secure an unbiased jury, the trial was reset for late September.

Webster's trial in the fall of 1897 filled the columns of Spokane's two daily newspapers. A jury of ranchers, wheat farmers and town tradesmen was finally selected and the trial got underway. Witness after witness upheld Mrs. Aspland's deathbed statement of what had occurred on the night of the shooting. That the Aspland family was a most respectable, hard working couple was most thoroughly established. Attempts by the defense to question Andrew Aspland's action that night were countered by the prosecuting attorney in presenting witnesses to Webster's own statement—that he was drunk and remembered nothing of the evening's events from the time he first went to bed until he was sobered by handcuffs being snapped around his wrists.

The loaded .38 pistol on the bed beside Webster did not help his case. Nor did the prosecuting attorney's summary to the jury, after Webster himself took the stand and repeated his claim that he remembered nothing of the night's events.

In all solemnity, the prosecutor detailed the hospitality code of the West. No rancher, no matter how poor or how meager his status, ever denied a stranger food, water or shelter. Even the worst outlaws and gunhands respected that code. No matter how remote or how isolated a ranch might be, few drifters were ever known to abuse or violate the hospitality privileges. Yet here was a range hand who had murdered his benefactor's wife and now pleaded for mercy

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on the grounds that he had no memory of the act.

The sober look on the jury's faces as they filed from the box made the verdict obvious. The week-long trial ended with finding the accused guilty of murder in the first degree. A day later Judge Prather pronounced the requested death sentence.

THE real fight for Webster's life was now to begin. For the next two years Webster was to remain in the Spokane County jail, where from his cell window he could look down on the jail yard gallows. His attorney left no legal possibility untried. Webster's fate became the talk of the county.

So passed the weeks and months until the early spring of 1900 when came the final blow to Webster's hopes. The supreme court denied his attorney's application for a rehearing. Instead the date was reset for Webster's hanging—March 30, a Friday.

During his more than two years in the county jail, Webster had made many friends among the church groups and ministers. The sheriff's deputies allowed him all possible privileges, and visitors were permitted to talk with him in his cell. His only statement on the crime for which he awaited the gallows was that he remembered nothing of the fatal night's happenings. On any other subject he talked freely. One frequent visitor to his cell was Canon Perine of All Saints Cathedral. The canon soon became Webster's spiritual advisor.

Webster's attorney now played his last card. A petition signed by a hundred attorneys, businessmen and even two judges, pleading for mercy for Webster and requesting a review of his case, was presented to Washington State's governor Rogers. The Governor responded by referring the petition back to the original trial judge, Judge Prather, and a judge appointed by him, Judge Moore. If the two magistrates decided there was justification for further consideration of Webster's case, they were to submit their recommendation directly back to the Governor.

Three days later the answer came. It was negative. The two judges saw no reason for a change in the original verdict. Webster had been given a fair trial. No new facts had been presented. Webster must hang.

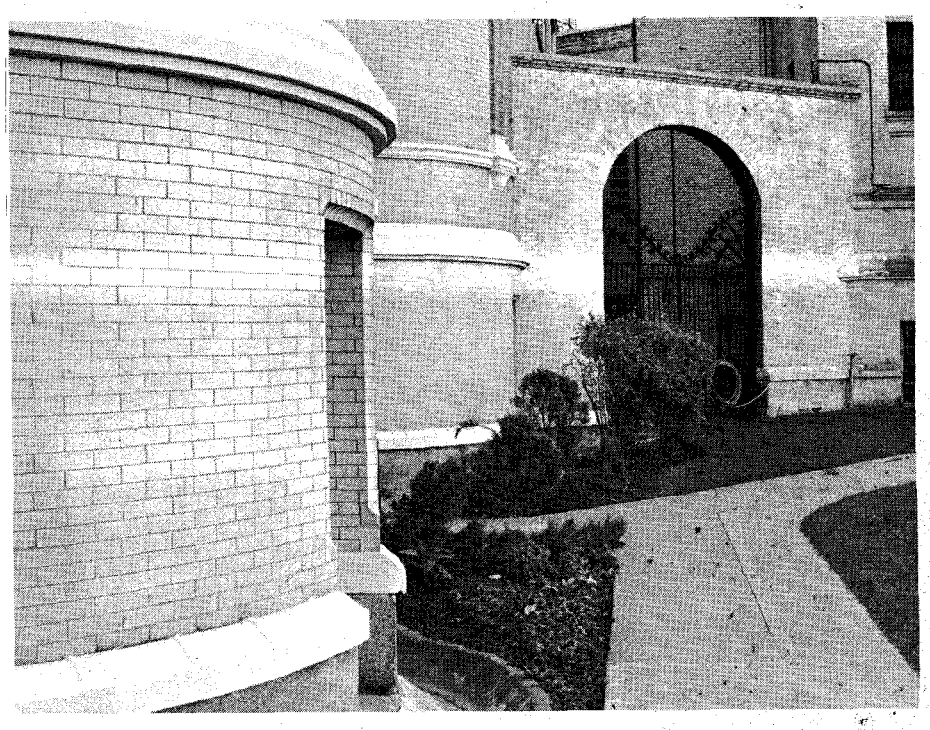
After the loss of Webster's first appeal the year before, his execution had been set for July 28, 1899. At that time the Spokane County sheriff had issued some 300 invitations to the public execution. Meanwhile, a new sheriff had been elected for the county. With a new execution date set for March 30, 1900 a new printing of 300 invitations was made and issued by the newly elected Sheriff Cole.

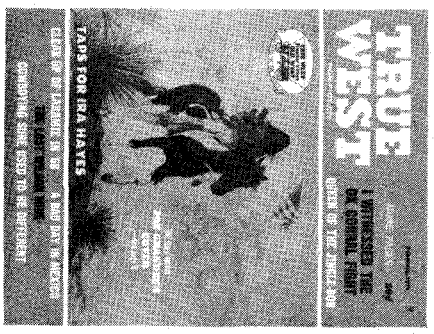
As the execution date approached, both the new and the old invitations began to show up. At some saloons and cigar stores the invitations were available at scalper's prices. Rumors had it that a counterfeit run of invitations had also been made. The crowd which began to gather along Mallon Avenue early on the Friday morning of the hanging gave evidence that the affair was to be well attended.

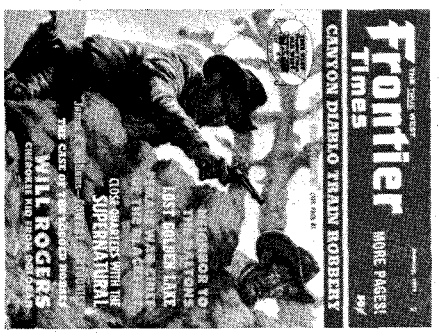
Inside the courthouse canvas drops had been placed over the windows facing the inside jail yard. All courthouse offices had been ordered closed for the morning. A canvas curtain had been draped over the high iron gates to screen the gallows from the street. Admission to the inner jail yard was being allowed only through the entrance to the jail proper.

An hour before execution time, 11 a.m., Mallon Avenue, facing the courthouse

The gates which close off the inner jail courtyard. It was in this jail yard that the hanging took place.







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from Madison to Jefferson, was jammed with people.

Inside the jail yard, the area around the gallows was filled by mid-morning. No more invitations were being honored. Some late-comers, if known to the sheriff, were being sneaked into the courthouse halls to be allowed peeking sites through cracks in the canvas-draped windows.

Suddenly, inside the jail, a hush clamped down. Webster was being led from his cell. His attorney, Del Cary Smith, had been his last visitor. Flanked by Deputies Pugh and Desrange, Webster began his walk across the jail yard to the foot of the gallows steps. Canon Perine and Captain McClelland of the Salvation Army, his spiritual advisors, followed. At the head of the gallows platform Sheriff Cole waited. Behind him stood the hangman.

With quick short steps Webster climbed the thirteen steps to the platform. Sheriff Cole asked Webster if he had any last words. Webster's head moved slowly from side to side. There was nothing more to be said.

That night a few inches of the hangman's rope was legal tender at any Spokane saloon.

Free "Homes" in the Pecos Valley

(Continued from page 33)

Getting back to Roswell after homesteading east of the Pecos, Dad began selling sewing machines, and everything within two hundred miles of town was his territory. One of the sewing machine advertisements placed in the Roswell *Record,* March 3, 1893, by J. H. Carper read:

Homes! Homes!
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I have just ordered a car-load of the justly celebrated New Home Sewing Machines, and I desire to place one with each family, absolutely free of expense, whether they expect to buy at present, or not. I desire to make them acquainted with the New Home, for I know when they have once used it, they will not buy any other. If I should fail to call on you, and you wish to take a machine on trial, *you will confer a favor by notifying me* of the fact, and you shall have the machine at once. I also wish to state that I am now in a position to take country produce, chickens, eggs, butter, grain, vegetables, cows, horses, sheep, hogs—in fact, anything that has a market value, in payment for sewing machines. To make a long story short, I am now in a position to treat you better, and give you better value for your money, than any other person, or company, can, or will. All I ask is an opportunity to show my goods, and let you try them.

Thanking you for past favors I am,
Yours very truly,
J. H. Carper

IT WAS NO soft job to make a living selling sewing machines in that country when Dad was in business there. On his longer trips of several hundred miles, he would be weeks on the road. I was with him on many of these trips. I was about eleven or twelve years old.

We traveled in a light spring wagon. We usually took three machines, bolted to cross timbers in the wagon to keep them in the wagon over the rough roads. We took our camp outfit and a shovel. No one started on a journey in a wagon, spring wagon or buckboard, without a shovel if he knew anything about the roads of that time. It was a very necessary and often used implement. Some travelers also carried a pick ax or mattock. These were handy to dig mesquite roots, if they were available for fuel for the camp fire.

We made all of the towns and all of the country where there was any human habitation. On one of our trips to the mountain country I had a scary night and a race for life with a band of Indians. I knew the Indians were not really hostile, only drunk and dressed up and having fun, but I wanted no part of them.

We had been to White Oaks and were headed back toward home. We were traveling down a long narrow valley in a very sparsely settled country. About noon we came to an old abandoned adobe house a few yards from the road. Dad said, "We will camp here."

It was a rather large house and the outside door to one corner room was standing open and cattle had been sheltering in the room. We unloaded the machines and camp outfit, swept the floor with the shovel, and moved in.

After we had a bit of cold lunch Dad

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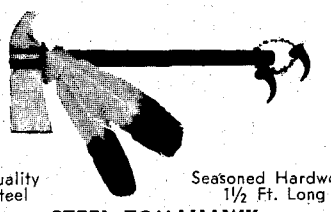

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said, "You stay here and watch camp. I have to go a few miles up this canyon. I won't be long."

We had seen some Indians racing their horses and yelling, and though I knew they were not dangerous I did not relish the idea of facing them alone. I thought that was the most desolate place I had ever seen. I suppose that was about the longest day of my life.

Night finally came, but not Dad. Black storm clouds boiled up over the mountains. The rain came in torrents, lightning flashed and thunder crashed and echoed from the mountains. I was a badly scared boy!

Cattle came and tried to get in the house out of the storm. There was no latch on the door so I got the machines against the door and myself against the machines and kept them out. After the storm abated the cattle went away.

I crawled in the blankets, with a candle on the floor by my bed, and went to sleep. When I woke up in the morning the candle had burned down to the floor and Dad was in bed with me. I don't know how he got in with the machines against the door.

After breakfast he said, "You take a rope and go up this side canyon; about three miles up there you will come to a house. I bought a pony there. She is gentle; you can ride her back. Then you stay here and watch camp. I have to go a few miles up the road we came down. I won't be gone long." I had heard that "I won't be gone long" before.

I TOOK the rope and went for the pony. I found the place, and they could not talk English. I showed them the rope and told them I had come for the *caballo*. They brought the pony and I mounted and headed back for camp.

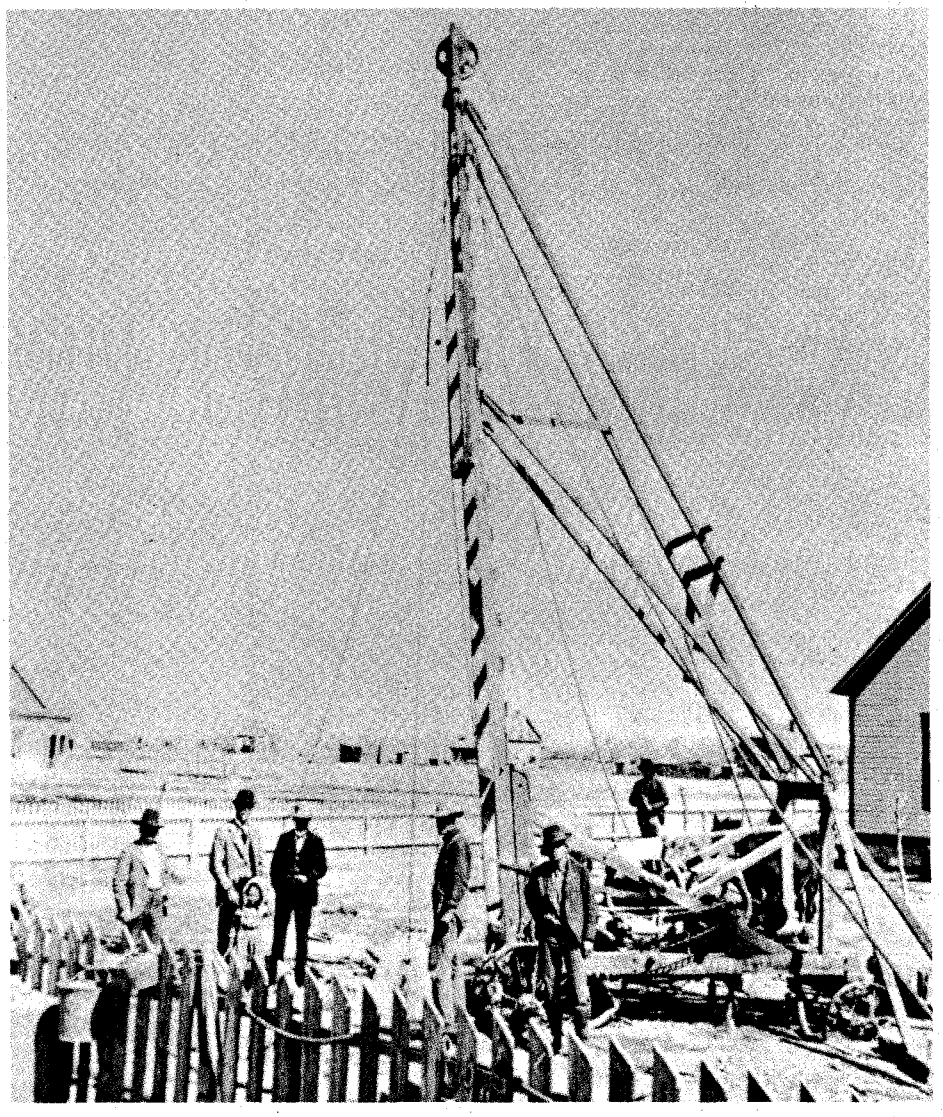
Just as I got to the main road near camp. I heard yelling and the clattering of hoofs down the road, and coming around the bend about one hundred yards away were Indians, both bucks and squaws. I don't know how many. It was no time for counting noses. I turned my pony's nose up the road and came down on her flank with the double rope. We were off in nothing flat.

That was fun for the Indians. There is nothing they like better than a horse race. But they were not in that race. We left them so fast it was no contest.

Several miles up the road I saw Dad's

Drilling an artesian well at the corner of Kentucky and Fourth Streets in Roswell. Captain J. C. Lea and daughter Ella, second from left.

Dow Collection



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wagon in front of a house, not far from the road. I went over and got on the wagon to wait for him.

After a while the Indians trotted by, very subdued and docile with never a glance in my direction. I knew I would catch it when Dad came out, but what was more important, the Indians had not caught me.

When he came out and saw me on the wagon he was mad as a hornet. "I told you to watch camp," he said. "If them Indians come by there they will steal everything we have."

I could have told him the Indians did not stop at our camp, but I made no comment and he never did know why I did not stay.

Ranch house doors were never locked. If you came along at meal time you were supposed to eat. If no one was at home you were supposed to cook your own meal, wash the dishes, fill the wood box and go on your way.

It was a red letter day when we could stay at the Casey Ranch. (This ranch was on the Hondo about five miles west of Picacho.) Old Mrs. Casey was the only "grandma" I had and I loved her like she was my very own.

Frank Coe's home and the Dolan Mill was familiar ground. On one of our trips Dad bought some wheat and we had it ground at Dolan's Mill and thereby got in bad with the old Dutchman who had the mill in North Spring River. (This was Blashek who for many years was the miller for the Roswell area.)

Not long after we had the wheat ground at Dolan's Mill we harvested our corn. Frank (a brother) and I took two sacks on horseback to Blashek's mill. Blashek was in a very unfriendly mood. He said, "I can't grind it. My mill is broke."

We told him there was no rush about the grinding; we could leave the corn and come back for the meal later, and asked him when the mill would be fixed.

He said, "I can't grind it. Take it to Dolan's Mill."

As Dolan's Mill was sixty-five miles away we took the corn back home.

After selling sewing machines for a few years Dad got hold of a well-drilling rig. We were among the early well drillers of the Valley.

From the age of about fifteen to about thirty-two my time was spent in the well camp. I had little time to spend at home and none to attend parties or associate with other young people. I just grew up with the weeds, a bit of a lone wolf, and half-civilized.

The first well in Roswell to hit the main flow was one Dad and we boys drilled for Ernest Wildy. It created quite a sensation. The water boiled up about three feet above the top of a six-inch casing. Someone wrote a story about it and sent a phony picture of it to some eastern papers. It looked like a picture of the well, except the water was going up six or seven feet above the pipe and fish galore were coming out with the water. According to the newspaper story Roswell would have a fish factory as soon as it could be built.

I suppose it was Wildy's work to get notoriety for the town. I don't know how he got the fish in the picture.

There were three stratas of artesian water in Roswell. The first strata was a very weak flow. The second was better and the third was very good. Out of seven wells I drilled east of the Pecos, five were too salty for stock water or any other purpose. One of the five was just a saturated solution of salt. It had all of the salt that the water could dissolve. These were only shallow wells to the surface water.

A lot of years ago the Bloom Cattle Company drilled a well twelve miles south of Roswell (southwest). They were trying to get artesian water but did not know they were too high above the level the water would rise to. So they could have drilled through the artesian strata and never know they had reached it. They went down to a depth of 1,700 feet. My brother Eugene was operating the well rig when they gave up and quit. He told me that he drilled through fifty feet of rock salt in the bottom of that well and quit in the rock salt.

About 1912 I quit the well-drilling business because of bad health. The doctors advised me to go to a lower altitude. I went to El Paso where I regained my health within about nine months. I then drifted into Arizona and began mining. I have lived in Arizona since that time.

Note from J. D. Shinkle: James Oliver Carper worked at many things after he went to Arizona. Much of the time he was a miner or was trying to develop mining property. He made some successful mining strikes but never hit the big pay. His profits on his mines were usually spent in developing the mine or other mines. He was one of many of his kind and time who spent a lifetime at hard work trying to develop the Southwest.

William S. "Bill" Hart

(Continued from page 27)

1914, he agreed to do Westerns, but only after being assured that he could do them as he knew the West, its men and action. He was determined to put the real article on the screen, and in his very first production a new and indestructible life for the Western began.

Hart's sets were basic, the way the early towns of the West had been—dusty, dirty, ramshackle. His actors were dressed realistically, not for show. Hart himself played a character of his own creation, the "good" badman, drawn from his memories and experiences of the earlier West.

So well did he establish this character, and what was later called "the documentary-like realism" of his Westerns, that French movie critic Louis Delluc wrote: "I think that Rio Jim (as he was called in France) is the first real figure established by the cinema. And his settings are so real that they must be filmed in existing communities."

Bill Hart's films supported the basic code of the early West. Murder was not a major crime on the early frontier because frontier justice and very often life itself rested on a quick trigger-finger.

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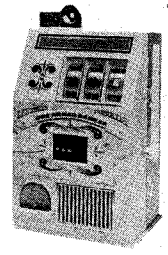

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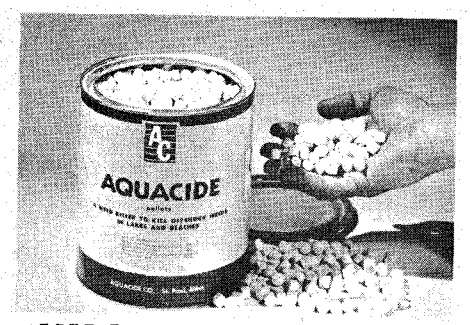

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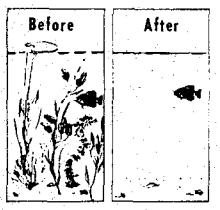

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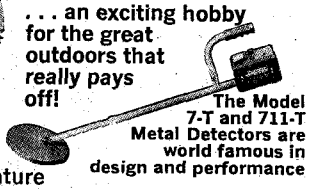

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But claim-jumping, horse stealing and going over to the Indians as a renegade were considered *social* crimes and a threat to the whole community.

So while Hart cinematically fought, killed, drank and gambled, he made sure that he never committed a social crime. In most of his films, he was reformed by the "good" girl after having shown (in a time of crisis) that there was a basic goodness in his own character.

As for sex in his films, Louise Glaum usually played the seductive gal who made no bones about what she was selling, and Hart paid for it, no questions asked. This was an authentic part of the frontier town, and Bill Hart did not leave it out. This was the era of the "man," and his wants were not denied or restricted. Hart made this plain in all his films. Saloons were there. Gambling went on around the clock, and the ever-present dancehall girls were around to please, entertain and satisfy.

WHILE WOMEN were a precious item on the frontier, they were not regarded as highly destructible and fragile as the woman of today. Hart was truthful in the handling of his women. He was gentle to the gentlewoman who, in his films, represented what was fine in womanhood, but he was hard in dealing with the kind who aroused his wrath.

A notable example of this treatment was vividly displayed in his film of 1916, HELL'S HINGES. While he was against a young minister's establishing a church in the town of Hell's Hinges, he respected him for attempting to carry out his mission in the face of strong opposition. And when Louise Glaum, the town's foremost Lady of Joy, seduced the young minister after having plied him with whiskey, Hart broke in on her and thoroughly manhandled her.

From the thirties on, Westerns deteriorated, eventually becoming nothing more than film fare for children. They leaned heavily on gaudy outfits, flashy horses with silver trapping, the sterile hero, and his equally sexless female companion.

It is quite understandable that to a man with Hart's ability to film the lusty, true West, these demands for the gutless, sexless wonders caused him to withdraw from picture-making after twelve years as the undisputed king of the cowboy stars.

Hart's success derived from the fact that by 1920 the West of the frontier days was fast disappearing. Territories had become states, and Indians were on reservations. Highways crisscrossed this vast land and large areas were being set aside for parks. Nostalgia for the lusty life of the daring, fighting man of the West filled the movie houses.

Hart not only portrayed this person but was, to a great extent, the man he played. He was an expert horseman, well-versed in the use of firearms, and quite capable of taking care of himself in physical combat.

His pinto, Fritz, was the most famous horse in the world. At one time there was a "Fritz" club (everyone belonging had to own a pinto), and by 1921 the club had 11,000 members. One member was a Moroccan prince who had imported two pintos from North Dakota. Fritz is buried at the William S. Hart ranch in Newhall, California, his memory commemorated by a suitable monument.

A studio portrait of William S. Hart.

Soon after Hart arrived in Hollywood

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he found living in the city too restricting. He needed the outdoors, a place where he could keep his horses, ride, shoot and have the freedom he had known as a boy on the prairies. One day on location he found exactly what he wanted. Beautiful rolling acres under a clear, sunny sky, with a high point which was perfectly suited for a great ranch house. He bought the land and laid out his spread soon after—barns, corrals, riding trails and finally the great ranch-house on the hill.

The rough schedule of making dozens of pictures a year was highly demanding of his energy, and Hart stayed in trim by living a simple life. If there was no shooting schedule for that day he usually spent hours in the saddle, riding his range, helping with the many chores and attending to the business of running a ranch.

WHILE Hart's movies were "Western," it would be a mistake to casually dismiss them as such. Joe Franklin in his *Classics of the Silent Screen* says of HELL'S HINGES, Hart's film of 1916, "This film more closely resembles the Swedish THE ATONEMENT OF GOSTA BERLING or Somerset Maugham's RAIN that it does the traditional Western. . . ."

Not only did Hart star in HELL'S HINGES, he directed it. Critics of the day lauded Hart on his directorial capabilities and wondered why his talent in this line had gone unrecognized so long. Camera placements, the handling of mob scenes, and the final burning of Inceville, which was cleverly filmed to symbolize the Inferno, led the French critic Jean Cocteau to write: "M. Ince may be proud of himself for allowing M. Hart to create such a spectacle as this which seems in recollection to equal the world's greatest literature."

And so, while Hart's films were Westerns, the stories could have been adapted to almost any locale. Each film contained a story dealing with *people*—their loves, hates, ambitions and sorrows. He insisted on a strong story; then it was adapted to the Western setting, and in the process, the finished product benefited from the colorful West and its singular breed of people.

Then the early twenties began tolling a faint knell for the William S. Hart productions. A new type of Western had appeared on the scene, and a new type of cowboy hero. The new idol appeared in the form of Tom Mix who gave the Western showmanship, color and excitement. And no one has ever quite equaled him in these categories.

As early as 1921, film makers and distributors were warning Hart to change, but Bill paid them no heed and continued making films his own way. With the advent of Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson, his movies returned less and less revenue, and when Paramount asked him to turn over the production of his movies to someone else, he refused and left the studio.

Then in 1926 he made his most ambitious film—TUMBLEWEEDS. It was to be his last. When the picture was less successful at the box office than he had expected, Hart was convinced that moviegoers were no longer interested in realism and an honest portrayel of the great West. He retired to his ranch in Newhall.

Approaching sixty, he was a little tired, and there was a great deal that he wanted to put down on paper.

On June 23, 1946 William S. Hart died, leaving behind a collection of motion pictures that will live not just as Westerns, but as fine films—films which opened the door to the vast, colorful panorama of an exciting land and its exciting people in an era that had just slipped over the horizon.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

eyes when reading May's books. Whether it is Dodge City in the seventies, San Francisco a decade earlier, life on a Texas ranch or at a Ute village, stage and train holdups—one can feel the author was there. And yet it is all fiction and it was not proved that Karl May visited all those places prior to writing his books. He visited the United States in 1908 when the Wild West was considerably tamed. He met his red friends for the last time shortly before his death. They were the members of the Sioux group touring with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show with circus Saransani in Germany and other European states. According to witnesses May talked to the Indians in their own language. He had a minor dispute with William Cody as May apparently maintained his notorious humane approach toward the Indians. May's knowledge of languages must have been enormous. In his books one can read sentences and Indian names of a great number of North American Indian tribes.

More than 40,000,000 copies of his books have been published in Germany alone—the same number can be added as far as the total of his books in other European countries is concerned. Thirty-odd movies were filmed on the themes of his books. The names of his chief heroes appearing in most of his books include a young European—May portrayed himself in this character—former greenhorn, later on an experienced scout and hunter called in the West, Old Shatterhand. The second is Winnetou, Shatterhand's adopted brother and a chief of the Mescalero Apaches. The movies were made in Yugoslavia in a region resembling the Rockies and plains. Lex Barker plays Old Shatterhand and the French actor Pierre Brice plays Winnetou.

The famous guns of Old Shatterhand were a big gun called bearkiller and the Henry rifle presented to him by Mr. Henry himself. Winnetou used a nice rifle with silver nails in its butt. Now those famous guns are the most cherished items of the Redebeul Indian Museum. Thus May has become a legend. It is indeed most difficult to part the fiction from the reality as far as May's works are concerned.

Mr. Small, I would be obliged if you would publish this whole letter of mine for I am sure that all your readers, i.e.

(Continued on page 72)

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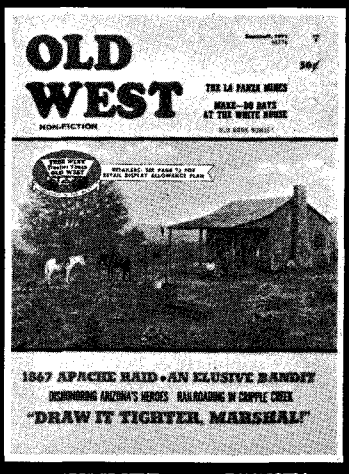

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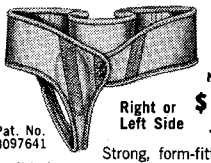

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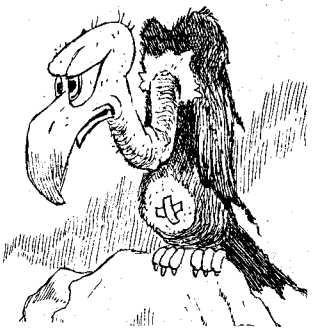

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(Continued from page 69)
all real Westerners at heart, will be glad to know that the Old West tradition does live in Europe—and going strong. Let me close with the greeting of all Karl May fans in Europe, which is the greeting of the Dakotas, Hau kola!—Pete Schmitz, 20 Mierove Nam, Trencin, Czechoslovakia

The Lady Likes Us

I'm a new subscriber to Western Publications, and to be honest with you, my housework is neglected whenever I receive each magazine. I especially enjoy reading about women of the old days. We are in the process of building our own home and don't have power or plumbing at present—so I can well imagine what those women of the old days had to make do with.

I'm wondering if any readers can tell me of a way to keep snakes away from the house. The area in which we live is desert type country, complete with sagebrush, cactus and rattlesnakes. Also, I'm searching for some of my husband's relatives. Anyone with the name of Cowan, please write; we may be related. —Mrs. G. Cowan, Box 130, Savona, B. C. Canada

Back Issues

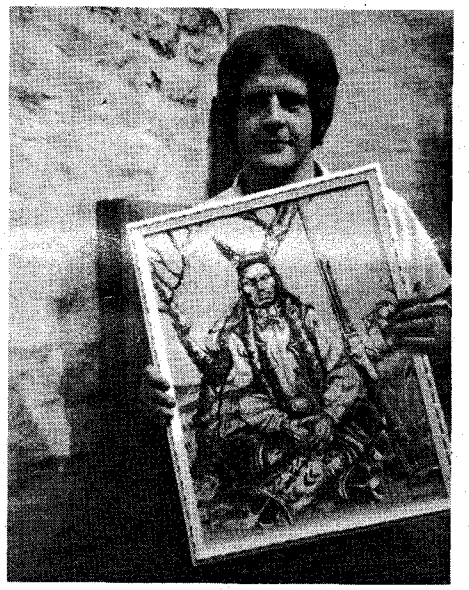
I want to thank the many readers for sending their back issues of western magazines to me for the domiciliary. I also thank everybody for the greeting cards that they send to me.—Rae West, c/o V. A. Domiciliary, White City, Oregon 97501

Jesse James Kin?

Would you or your readers tell me if the "Templetons" or "Henegars" were any kin to Jesse James? I would appreciate any knowledge of this. Would also like to know if they were related to any famous character.—B. N. Templeton, 2506 Dodson Avenue, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37406

Artist Wants to Exchange

I am writing this in hope of finding a pen pal with the same interest; that is, drawing western material. I am fortunate in having sold a lot of my efforts. I used to buy every copy of your fine magazines, but now it seems it is no longer



Roy Wallace holds one of his creations.

distributed here. I find it a great help, for I consider the photographs to try and make my work as authentic as possible. C. M. Russell, Remington, Brummett Echohawk and Joe Grandee are my favorite artists.

I am twenty-three years old and have been drawing for as long as I can remember. Having a pen pal from your country would be a great help. The exchange of magazines, etc. would give me the chance to get at new material and give me more scope to work on. I am enclosing a few photos taken recently. The picture I am holding is one I have done of a Crow Indian. I used black, brown and white ink. I also like Johnny Cash and Buffy St. Marie and John Ford and Sam Peckinpah as film directors. Well, I hope to hear from somebody soon.—Roy Wallace, 4 Little Ship Street, Belfast 15, Northern Ireland

Joseph Fish

I am seeking information on the old fort that was built on land belonging to Joseph Fish in Williamson County, Texas. Joseph Fish owned 4,425 acres of land that lies astride the North San Gabriel River about four or five miles above Georgetown. The patent to this land was dated 11 February 1846 and signed by Anson Jones, President of the Republic of Texas. This old fort was described in 1892 as a fallen down house, but with a cellar under it, with walls of hand-hewn rock, large cedar supports, port holes in the sides for defense against the Indians, surrounded by a high rock wall also containing port holes and with an adjacent pen for livestock, also of rock. Nothing now remains except piles of rock wall defining these outside walls or enclosures. The old fort was torn down so that the hand-hewn rock could be obtained and used in a dwelling house some two miles south. In 1934 Judge D. B. Wood acquired some 1,500 acres of the old Joseph Fish original league which contained this house which Judge Wood improved and now occupies.

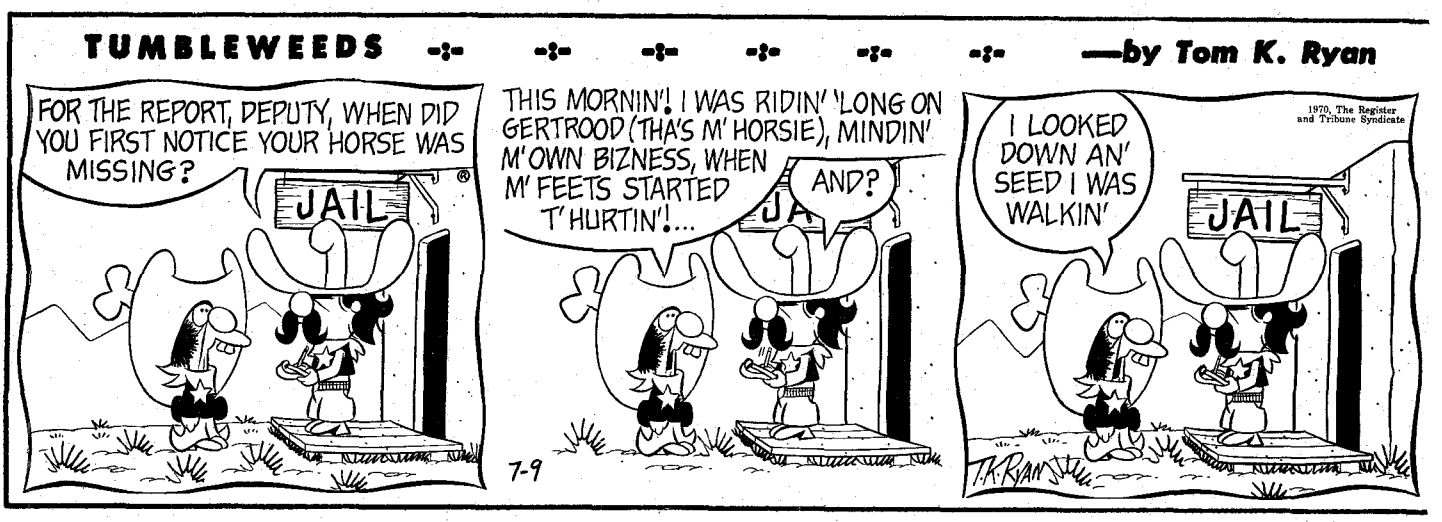
I would like to know if the old fort was built by Joseph Fish or by the government. There is a record in the Georgetown courthouse which is a bond for title by Joseph Fish dated 13 May 1836 in which he covenants that he is entitled to a "Sitio of land as an emigrant and settler in Zavalla's Colony."—Mrs. Nora Cox Drennan, Rt. 2, Box 52-A, Winnsboro, Texas 75494

It Pays to be Handy!

We did not know about your magazines until just before Christmas when a friend from California included two of them as packing in a box of nuts she sent us. We subscribed to FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST which are now coming okay and now we find there is a third magazine and we want to subscribe to it too—OLD WEST which I understand is out quarterly.—Albert N. Hamilton, Rt. 3, Box 149, Millville, New Jersey 08332

Traveling Aid

I am a subscriber of many years back, and here I am again. I have set aside about twenty issues to take with me on vacation. Each issue carries a story about some of the places I shall visit. When I am at that particular place, I shall reread the article, and this will enhance my visit. I've done this for years.—Robert J. Des Roches, 703 Avenue B, Marrero, Louisiana 70072



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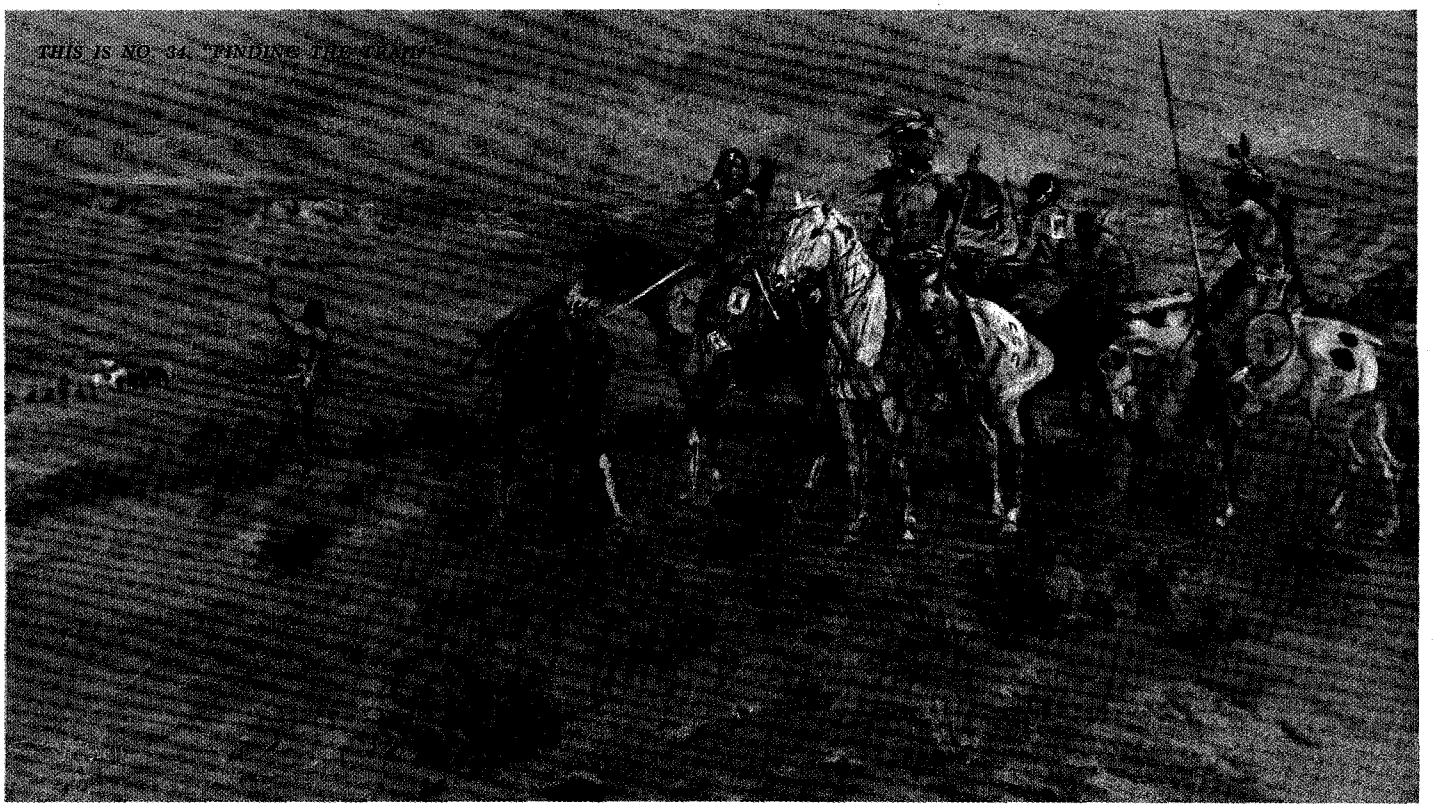

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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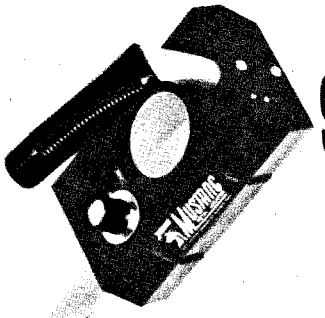

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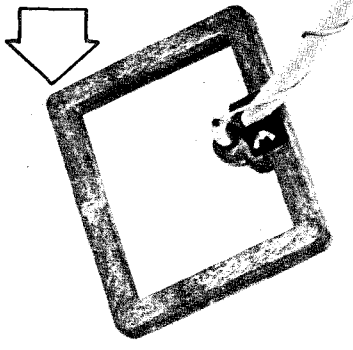

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